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LEONE B. MOATS

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THUNDER IN THEIR VEINS

A MEMOIR OF MEXICO

By
LEONE B. MOATS

Edited by Russell Lord



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NEW YORK

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TO
ALICE-LEONE
AND
WALLACE

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PART ONE

DIAZ

I

ENTRY

NINETEEN, the bride of a few days, I found myself on the threshold of Mexico, strangely alone with Wallace, my husband. All his inheritance money was invested in Mexico, so we had come here to live. At the time we placed five years as the limit of a sojourn which has lasted more than twenty years. We love Mexico. We have come to think of this mad and gorgeous country as home.

I offer it only as a coincidence, but the fact is, I have never on any of my journeys out of Mexico missed a revolution, and never have recrossed the border without being rewarded shortly after by another spectacle of civil disruption. Conspiracies were afoot as usual at the time of my first entrance, but they were very much under cover. The government of Mexico seemed as stable as that of the States. No one felt that the Generation of Peace, under Diaz, was to end.

Our train crossed the border at nightfall and started climbing. All you could see from the windows were low clambering mountains and a luminous sky. Occasionally we stopped at towns that were only shadows; remote, humming voices, dim scattered lights. The feeling of another land and time took hold of me. Our familiar Pullman looked foreign now, indecently plushy, intrusive. I was terribly homesick. The train crept on.

Toward midnight we came into Monterey, a hundred miles down from the border and a quarter-mile or so above the sea. The station was dark and dirty. The air was icy cold. Cabmen besieged us, almost silently. It was as if hundreds of brown faces with smoldering eyes suddenly were lifted from under huge sombreros. Their faces were so blanketed, their hats pulled so far down, that all you could see were those eyes, dark and piercing. Wallace explained that the Mexican fears night air and breathes it by preference strained. The peons wrap their noses in blankets; the somewhat better classes employ long woolen scarfs.

We engaged a rickety old victoria with two rabbit-like ponies. Our driver helped with the luggage. His every movement was measured and stately, as in some grave dance. He drew himself slowly up to the box, and lashed his ponies savagely. Away we went at a rattling pace over cobblestones through narrow streets, pitch black. The houses seemed to press and swirl across in front of us. I crowded up to Wallace and told him I thought Mexico was marvelous. What I really was thinking was, "Why did I leave my mother? This is awful!"

The hotel was of an immense medieval simplicity. We were ushered into a big, cold room with six windows twenty feet high, reaching all the way from the ceiling to the floor, and all facing the street. As a bridal chamber it was a veritable show-case. We had choice of four beds, one in each corner. The floor was of stone. There was no bath. The latrine of the hotel was for men and women alike.

A great wave of loneliness swept over me. I threw

on a heavier wrap, and stepped out upon one of the balconies overlooking the square. It was midnight. The city seemed perfectly empty. The only sounds were the striking of the hour by the church bells, the whistle of the policeman on the corner, then the more distant tinkle of other policemen's whistles, answering. (In those days, such signals echoed every quarter-hour. You learned to listen for these nightly sounds, and to love them. I miss them in these late revolutionary days more than anything else.)

But the hush of peace was upon Monterey that evening. I stood there for a long time on the balcony enchanted by the stillness of the town. After a while Wallace came out and stood beside me. The night struck upon our mood with a note of harmony, and quieted my childish grief. Now and then cloaked figures went up or down the streets. The slap-slap of their sandals was like the snapping of distant whips. Where, I asked, were these people going, at this hour? Nowhere in particular, Wallace said. They were homeless people, without care or purpose, insensible to discomfort and to hope. When they had tired of wandering in the night, they would roll themselves into their gaudy-colored *zarapes*, or blankets, and sleep under some trees.

Back in the room, I watched the Indian maid who came to turn down the bed. She, too, had that quiet, soft, guarded manner—so quiet, so dense.

NEXT morning we breakfasted under the hotel portales on thick native chocolate, which has a strong cin-

namon flavor, and hard buns. The coffee looked too black and strong to me; I didn't risk it. The whole square reeked with life. Boot-blacks darted in and out, offering to polish my white-kid oxfords. Vendors sprang up on all sides like mushrooms, faintly malodorous. Every city Indian considers himself a potential merchant. The ambition of their lives is to sell something, no matter what. Among the vendors that morning was an old woman. She offered drawn-work handkerchiefs. Wallace asked her in Spanish how much they were a half-dozen.

"Five pesos," she said.

"How much for one?"

The old woman figured a long time, then answered: "Seventy-five centavos."

Wallace took one and paid her seventy-five centavos. Then, "Let me have another," he said, and paid for it. This went on until he had six handkerchiefs at seventy-five centavos each. Finally, winking, he said to the old woman.

"Now, count your money and count my handkerchiefs."

Finding that she had parted with six handkerchiefs for only four-fifty in Mexican currency, the old woman protested that something was wrong, and called upon Heaven and all hearers for that other fifty centavos. So Wallace took back his money and gave her back her handkerchiefs, and they started the thing all over again. They kept this up until the poor old woman was nearly frantic and I grew tired of the joke.

As to questions of time and money alike, most Indians are possessed of a marvelous vagueness. Wallace

told me of an incident that had happened while he was running a lumbering project on the west coast. In the camp were two French Canadians. They insisted upon having salt pork. Wallace told them that salt pork was impossible to obtain in Mexico except at a great expense; if they wanted salt pork, they would have to make their own. They answered, "All we lack then is the pig, sir." They were good men, and Wallace wanted to keep them happy, so word was sent out that the "gringo" yearned for a beautiful fat pig.

Sunday is market day in that far rural district. At five o'clock the following Sunday morning Wallace was awakened by a loud squealing, and equal sounds of human agitation. Annoyed, he arose in the chill dawn and bargained for the pig. After much haggling, the price was set at five pesos and fifty centavos, and the Indian merchant agreed for this price to kill the animal and dress it. Wallace arranged for his *mozo*, or man-of-all-work, to make the payment; then he went back to bed.

He had hardly fallen asleep when he was re-awakened. Furiously he stuck his head out of the window and shouted for peace. A loud argument was raging between the *marchante* and the *mozo*. Before the *mozo* was a pile of money, and before the *marchante* a great pile of pieces of the pig. The argument was over the head of the pig. The *mozo* wished eighteen centavos for it. The *marchante* was broke. The *mozo*, little by little, had sold back to the Indian all the offal of the pig, the tongue, the ears and other parts. The *mozo* still had all the lard, the side meat, and the hams, as well as the five pesos and fifty centavos which he had

originally paid the Indian for the pig. Wallace, very amused, told his *mozo* that after all, taking everything into consideration, he thought he might be generous and give the poor peon the pig's head. Most grudgingly the *mozo* did so. The Indian left, elated, feeling that he had made a fine bargain. For days the *mozo* nourished the feeling that he had quite got the worst of it because of Wallace's interference. Neither Indian had the least idea of the absurdity of the whole transaction.

MY first morning in Mexico persuaded me of its uniqueness. Monterey was utterly different from anything I had ever seen in Europe or the United States. We wandered in the streets. I bought pounds of delicious pralines. I was fascinated with everything. I wanted to have dozens of those brightly colored hand-woven baskets, but Wallace dissuaded me from buying any until we had arrived in Mexico City, where we were to make our home. He said it would not be impressive for us to arrive at the capital laden like peons with all manner of possessions—bundles, rolls of blankets, and great favors of baskets filled to overflowing. (To me, who always need three or four porters when I travel, the idea appeals; and so does the peons' philosophical indifference to destination. Imagine; they step up to a ticket-window and say, "Please sell me a dollar's worth of ticket," and go as far as their money will take them.)

"I shall understand these people," I told my husband.

"The more you try to understand Mexico, the less you will know," said he. "The only thing to expect here is the thing you're least expecting."

At eleven that morning he took me with him to the office of Don Ernesto Madero, the uncle of the man who was destined four years later to overthrow the Diaz government, and who was to become Minister of Finance in his nephew's cabinet. A charming man, speaking distinguished English, he welcomed me to Mexico; then he and Wallace had a short chat about everything but business, it seemed to me. Wallace suddenly arose and said, "Well, Don Ernesto, do we do business?"

Madero answered, "I will take one hundred cars of wheat at the price you have quoted me."

"*Hecho*," said Wallace. "It is done."

The don invited us to lunch with him and his family at two o'clock. We departed amidst many handshakings and adios.

"What!" said I, outside. "Do you mean you sold him all that wheat without a signed agreement?"

"Don Ernesto's word is worth more than any paper," said Wallace.

Two weeks later wheat had dropped and Don Ernesto's word did mean just twenty-five thousand dollars to us. He never as much as referred to it afterwards.

We went to the luncheon and were ushered into the midst of "a small family party," only thirty-seven Maderos in all. They were seated in a great circle, Grandfather and Grandmother holding places of honor on the sofa. All were in dead black, even to their under-

wear; at various times I saw a black chemise indiscreetly peeping out. Every time I looked at them the old nursery rhyme ran through my head—“*Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.*”

Mexican mourning is the blackest black in the world. It tinges their olive complexions a bilious green. When I offered condolences and said how kind it was of them to receive us in their sorrow, I was told that the deceased was an elderly cousin, nine times removed. In her memory the family would wear black for three months. By that time another of their large connection would surely be dead. A Mexican family is usually in mourning from one year's end to the other.

The Maderos were gay, notwithstanding, and quite open in their admiration of me, the bride. That, of course, I liked. They told many amusing stories about their annual shipment, by car-loads, of the children to schools in the United States. The grandfather had never, he said, felt the need of owning a private car, because it always required at least two Pullmans to take even a part of his family anywhere.

The luncheon was of twelve courses. I wrote it all out in letters home, and have the record still; lentil soup, followed by rice with eggs, fish with Hollandaise sauce, string-beans served entirely alone, roast chicken, ham with spinach, roast ribs of pork with potatoes, then huge dishes of fried beans with onions and cheese over them, served with baked tortillas (the native bread of Mexico). Two kinds of dessert, then fruit and coffee. I thought it was a special feast, but no, it was only the frugal midday meal of any well-to-do Mexican family. I was young and hungry, and ate a lot

of everything—so much indeed, that Wallace worried about my digestion and made jokes about having taken on an expensive woman to feed. Everybody was so friendly and happy. I was more delighted than ever with Mexico. We promised to meet the Madero family in the Plaza at seven o'clock to listen to the band.

There, to a new-come gringo, is a spectacle. Imagine carriage after carriage going around and around the Plaza in opposite directions, the occupants calling "Adios" to each other and screaming in high, shrill voices the gossip of the day. And in the center of the Plaza, around the bandstand, you see the young men slowly walking in one direction and the girls with their duennas slowly walking in the other. The young things mildly wiggle the three middle fingers of their right hands in the universal gesture of informal greeting, smiling coyly at their sweethearts the while.

This, at the time—except for very occasional balls, severely chaperoned—was the only mating maneuver that respectability allowed. The poor maidens were never left alone for one minute until after they were thoroughly married to suitable fiancés.

In all the Plaza I was the only girl on the arm of a young man of her own choosing. This identified me at once as a foreigner. People stared. Suddenly tired, I begged to be taken back to our bare hotel room. We were leaving early the next morning for Tampico.

II

DISCOVERIES

SLOW, dirty trains trundled us down to Tampico on the eastern coast, then lifted us by interminable stages straight across Mexico to Guadalajara, the second city. I wouldn't offer it as a map, but if you incline the palm of the right hand before you with the fingers together and the thumb jutting upward, it may help you get the general bearings. Our trip was down the first finger, then southwardly across the palm.

Except for coastal strips of muggy plain which luckily are narrow, Mexico is a mountain of mountains, highest at the south. Mexico City, and all of Mexico that is most opulent in beauty and plunder, are gathered within a swirl of small states, south, central, and very high.

The thumb is mostly jungle. At its tip is sufferable Yucatan, with a breeze. The fingers, touching arid Texas, are desert and waterless mountain, and so is the greater part of the palm. There is plenty of land for everybody, but most of it isn't worth having. Mexico used to be the world's fourth largest country; only Russia, Brazil, and China took in more territory. And Mexico even now is bigger than Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal and the British Isles, combined.

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One awful night on the way from Tampico to Guadalajara, all we did was to go to bed, get up, change trains, arise and dress again, only to miss connections and in the end creep again to bed at a miserable hotel in Irapuato. How those insects did bite! I was food that night for everything that flies or crawls. How I writhed and whimpered; I was so unhappy! So tired!

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Then like a flash, in the morning, when I stepped out into the glowing sun, all my wounds were forgotten. At the station the sight of luscious strawberries packed in leaf-lined baskets made me again love Mexico.

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But the hotels in small towns are really to be avoided. They have few paying guests, but almost without exception are densely inhabited. Wallace told me of a friend who had once been stranded for the night in Celaya. A German commercial traveler, similarly situated, had to share the same room. All through the night the old German muttered and threshed around tremendously. At dawn he arose, and holding the sheet by its four corners, peered in at something, vigorously shaking whatever this something was toward the middle. This done, he deliberately tied it across one way in a hard knot and across the other way, then threw it viciously into one corner of the room, crying, "Now stay there und starf, damn you."

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Mexicans *en route* give evidence of as ardent a hunger. At every pause of the journey, dozens of women rush from window to window, offer highly seasoned, dreadful garlic-smelling dishes. They plead with you to buy them. Their black eyes with no centers suddenly

light up. You refuse them; their faces go blank just as quickly as they have brightened, and they run on to the next passenger. They never lack customers for long.

The uninitiated, no matter how hungry, will do well to avoid these chile-seasoned, greasy foods. Only a Mexican can keep up with the vendor's touching expectations, and live. In the dead of the night, when the train suddenly stops with a bump, you will be awakened by the sudden opening of car windows and hear the native passengers ravenously crying: "*Que tienes?*" "What have you to sell?" And the whole time the train is in the station they will be buying these terrible concoctions of grease and garlic. The smell is terrific. A Mexican sleeping-car can become very easily no place for the fastidious.

But even in those days, when my nose was more delicate and the trains more primitive, Guadalajara was worth traveling far to see. It is such a lovely, half-tropical town, with many gardened squares in which to sit and watch the people. Wallace had business, so I sat there often. Already it was the peons of Mexico who excited my interest, those white-clad peons who sit for hours saying nothing, doing nothing, so detached, enigmatic, void. It fills me with a fear to watch them, they are so still, so weighted down with mortality. There is about their bodies an empty inertness which gives you the feeling that only the moment before their souls have struggled free. Their eyes smolder with life, but their every thought and movement is enveloped in an impenetrable wall of quiet as secret as the grave. Their low musical voices, which sound like the swarming of

the honey-bees, with rarely one voice rising above the deep murmur of the others, hold me spellbound.

I can sit for all of an afternoon watching these people and never be weary. Their gentle politeness, so often manifesting patience and kindness to each other and to the world in general, is so beautiful that it arouses wonder. Where have they been taught all these beautiful manners? Where have they learned all these charming graces? And how can one reconcile this Indian gentleness and love of beauty with their savage cruelty, and their absolute disregard of death?

Their love-making takes on the same enveloping silence. They will sit or stand close to each other, murmuring a word now and then, for hours on end. Gently from time to time they touch hands, then suddenly you see the Indian girl look up; their eyes cling as in an embrace; and they move off slowly together. No promises, no arguments; Nature's command answered and obeyed.

WHILE we were in Guadalajara, Wallace absolutely forbade me to go on the streets without him, as Mexico at that time was almost like Northern Africa. Only women of the servant class were ever seen walking, except during the early morning hours of attendance at mass. One day, growing very restless, I disobeyed orders and set out for a short stroll. Suddenly I felt that in some way I was attracting attention. Turning I found a solid phalanx of well-dressed Mexican men, at least thirty strong, following me. My first

impulse was to run or hide. But on second thought I decided to ignore them and to walk as unconcernedly as possible back to the hotel. When I reached there my chagrin was complete. There stood my husband; he had just driven up to the hotel in a *coche*, and stood there waiting, with a stern, proprietary mien. At this sight my solid phalanx disappeared like magic.

Wallace tried to be husbandly about it, but under it all, I think my lord was pleased. That suspicion deepened the same evening when we went for after-dinner coffee to the smart café in the Portales. As we entered, the room to a man seemed to rise and say: "A-a-ah! *Que linda! Que bonita!*"—"How lovely! How beautiful!" Vain as I was, as vain as youth—the demonstration was beyond anything I had expected. "I do think you might do something about it," I told Wallace.

"Do what?" he said. "They are only paying you the highest compliment in the only way they know how to. Besides, I'm not Hercules. I can't fight Mexico."

Such at the time was the custom of the country. In the theaters, the men would stand between the acts and with their opera-glasses stare fixedly at any one woman they might single out. Gallants of the period had, moreover, the habit of pouring beautiful speeches in your ear as you passed on the streets, and of following you untiringly for days. This didn't mean that they would ever try to make your acquaintance. Many a time I have later met one of these anonymous admirers in some friend's drawing-room, but never by the bat of an eye did they disclose to me the fact that they had ever seen me; and none of them showed the least embarrassment.

While we stayed in Guadalajara my greatest amusement was to walk with Wallace at night looking for what in Mexican slang are known as "bears." These were young men ardently making love to a señorita so well hidden that even if you passed the house a dozen times, you never so much as got a glimpse of the tip of her nose. Sometimes the girl in the case would play bear from her bedroom window by an improvised string and tin-can telephone. For hours one might watch one of the bears standing with head tipped back, in the pouring rain, making love through this improvised telephone. I have seen a Mexican standing alone on a corner with that aloofness of the savage, motionless for hours, like a powerful statue, waiting only for a glimpse of some girl that he had seen at church or in her carriage, with no hope of ever knowing her.

Since the women of Mexico, emancipated, have bobbed their hair and taken to wearing their skirts short, the custom has vanished into a more romantic past. This is free Mexico to-day—but it seems only the other day that the daughter of a very prominent Mexican general had to play bear or not talk at all with her *novio*, who did not meet with the family's approval. After they had caught her playing bear through the drawing-room window, they closed that window and made a barricade every night across it. The barricade was an ancient what-not, covered with a hundred and one small breakable articles. This did not deter young love. After the household was in bed and asleep, the girl would creep down to the drawing-room, in the pitch dark and remove one by one these pieces of bric-à-brac; then she would open the window to the

width of a crack and talk with her lover. At dawn she would replace all the bric-à-brac precisely, and scurry back to bed. But one night her dressing-gown caught on the what-not. Like a shot the whole household was up, confronting her. Custom prevailed. It was not until some years later, when her father had died and her lover was a widower, that she was able to marry the man of her girlish choice.

It made me sad to leave Guadalajara, even to go to Mexico City, which had been painted for me in glowing terms. I was surprised and amused when we got on the train to find that most of the men with whom Wallace had been doing business were there to see us off, with presents for the bride. One of them with a whole case of tequila—a drink distilled from the pulque plant—all, he said, for me! Since at the time I had never tasted liquor, I wasn't quite sure what I was to do with a case of one of the strongest distilled liquors in the world. Our drawing-room became so filled with presents that it looked for a while as though we would have to go outside to sleep.

The Mexicans are generous on impulse, but if you wish to remain friends with them, be sure to distinguish between the real gift and the gesture. It is an offense against politeness not to offer you everything from house to food. They always say "*La casa de usted!*"—"My house is yours!"—or if you admire anything, "It is yours!" they cry. A friend of mine, new to the country, once glanced with approval and a pleasant word upon the only bowl of chocolate and piece of bread that existed in the small thatched hut of a tiny

village. The unsuspecting Mexican made the rejoinder that etiquette demanded. His astonishment was beyond words when my friend accepted the proffered gift, and rode away. Signs were not lacking, even to such a greenhorn, that he was a gringo none too popular in that particular neighborhood. But to have remanded the error and returned the offering would have offended them mortally.

I HAD to find that out myself. Soon after we arrived in Mexico City I was looking madly for a house, and had to depend unduly upon hired *coches* and my few words of Spanish. At the Country Club I met a fascinating Mexican, with large liquid brown eyes. Eagerly he told me that he was putting his Rolls at my disposal; it would be awaiting me, he said, at the hotel, nine sharp, next morning; and my house hunting would thus, he hoped, be made agreeable. I was delighted beyond words. But no car arrived. Quite possibly he didn't even have one. Nor did I see him again for months.

Soon after I was invited to go for the day to one of the most beautiful haciendas near Toluca. Be ready, they said, at nine; they would call for me and drive me, with other friends, to the hacienda. I waited until noon; the day went by and not one word from them. The next morning my friends arrived on the dot of nine. They simply could not get it through their heads why I seemed annoyed. "Why," they said, "we were only a day late. What is a day? Nothing!"

MOST of the principal towns of Mexico are a mile above sea level, and Mexico City is even higher; its altitude is 7,200 feet. Since Wallace was an old resident and had warned me, I had not come as do so many Americans with a gauzy tropical wardrobe to dwell in the high Sierras. Warm autumn clothing is what you need. Only gringos and dogs, they say in Mexico, take the sunny side of the street. It is only when one is directly in the sun, or during the middle of the day, that one feels the heat. In my servant-hunting, house-hunting, and all exterior activities I soon learned to moderate my ardor to a towering altitude and to the height of the tropic sun.

Seeking servants, I ran up against another admirable but to the newcomer exasperating trait of Indian character—the great respect they bear their fathers and mothers. Just when you think you have won your point, they will unexpectedly look up at you in a most childish manner, smile sheepishly, and say, “*Pues sí, señorita*, but I can’t do it; I can’t leave *mi mama* and *mi papa*.” If you have lived long in Mexico you will not go on any further with the argument, you will know that the apron-strings of this tribal people are stronger than all the logic you can summon, even if you are a housewife who knows her Freud. Be wise; yield gracefully; admit that there is something enduring and beautiful about this unassailable and ancient wall of *mi mamá* and *mi papá*; and order your affairs accordingly.

III

CAPITAL

THOSE were great days. Mexico City was at its zenith. Everywhere you turned you felt the wealth and grandeur of the place.

There were no billboards, no filth, no death-trap *camiones*—ramshackle motor-buses—careening along. Mexico was not gas mad; the great middle class and most of the aristocracy had still to attain to the insanity for the machine. The city had much more atmosphere than it has to-day. It could have been perfectly lovely if they had only continued to build the typical Spanish colonial house with a patio, instead of permitting José Ives Limantour to impose upon it the horrible bourgeois French house that was later to be the pattern of taste.

That great white elephant, the National Theater, which was built after Limantour's ideas, may have been one of the most legitimate reasons for the revolution against the Diaz government. This horror would have been better suited to some *nouveau riche* oil town in Texas. Among its other grandiose adornments was the largest glass drop-curtain that Tiffany's ever made for a theater.

The city was well-kempt. Each house was compelled to keep its sidewalk and half the road in front of it

clean and sprinkled twice a day. You did not have to tell the servants that this was part of their duty. They knew it. I remember seeing a young woman of the Mexican aristocracy reprimanded by a policeman for having thoughtlessly thrown an empty box from her carriage.

The streets of that day were alive with beautiful carriages drawn by high-stepping horses, with coachman and footman in livery on the box. Occasionally you would see expensive imported automobiles, in perfect taste, but most of the women still preferred the elegant victoria and rode with daintily poised parasols in the charming manner of the time. At twelve and at seven each day a double file formed a solid procession up and down the Plateros, the Avenida San Francisco, and the Avenida Juarez. One established point of review for this whirling social parade was the Jockey Club, then housed in the beautiful Spanish-colonial house called the *Casa de los Azulejos*, or the House of Tiles. Its large doorway was filled with chairs occupied by lounging members, watching the world go by.

A gallant lot they were, those gentlemen of the old club. We had a tremendous joke on one of them who happened to be short-sighted. On alternate Saturdays, first he, then his wife, were accustomed to go for luncheon at the house of Don Telesforo Garcia, a delightful Spaniard. One Saturday, when it was his wife's turn, in he came. We were all in the drawing-room having our sherry, when he was announced. The family chorused, "This is Lola's day!" He made his greetings, and added in a low tone, to the eldest daughter! "Do let me stay. All the way from the club I have followed the

most lovely woman! She must be lunching here. She just preceded me up the stairs." At that moment Lola came into the room. He stifled an exclamation and, recovering himself at once, crossed the room and raising her hand to his lips, murmured gallantly, "Dear Lola, I find I have been completely misled by your beautiful new Paris costume and hat."

On Sunday afternoons they have the biggest bull-fights—and dedicate them, often, to the honor of the Virgin. The first I attended seemed to me the most exciting spectacle I had ever seen in my life. The *entrada* was magnificent, a medieval pageant. The *alguacil*—the man to whom the key of the bull pens is thrown—was dressed in a thirteenth-century costume of black velvet heavily embroidered in jet. He rode at the head of the procession on a magnificent black stallion that never once had all four feet on the ground. He saluted the judge. The judge tossed down to him the heavy wrought-iron key to the bull pens. Behind him marched the bull-fighters of the day. They were dressed in the Goya bull-fighter costumes—very costly, bright-colored satin suits heavily embroidered with gold thread and sequins. Four mules, harnessed abreast with gay trappings, brought up the rear. Their office was to drag from the arena the dead and vanquished bull.

At that time Montes was the favorite fighter of both the shady and sunny side of the ring. He had felled his first bull in a most spectacular manner. He was just bowing to his great audience, when the bull got suddenly to its feet, catching him from the rear and goring him mortally. It took years to get me to another bull-fight.

CRUEL, sordid—and magnificent—those words link so much that, to me, signifies Mexico. Nothing seems commonplace; the ugliest and most brutal reality never seems vulgar. Here in the street is an old woman delousing her young. She crouches. Her paws go through the thick black hair of the young girl with exactly the gestures of a monkey. The sight does not fill me with repulsion as it might elsewhere. In Mexico, it all seems natural, charming, even romantic.

Everything here seems so much more dramatic than elsewhere—more like a stage setting. For example, the churches: inside, I admit they are usually a disappointment, vulgar and barren; but outside they decorate the scene. Some are remarkably beautiful. San Agustin Acolman, near Mexico City, is the finest example of the plateresque on the North American continent; Puebla, the City of Angels, has over one hundred beautiful churches. Cholula, near Puebla, is said to have a church for every day in the year, and there is not one downright ugly one. The settings of Mexican churches are almost always dramatic. One will be driving along a lonely road with not a hut in sight, then suddenly across the fields you see a lovely Spanish colonial church nestling in among green trees at the side of a mountain.

The different Catholic orders have always built their monasteries, or their more magnificent temples of worship, in lucrative districts where parishioners could be counted upon for liberal support. The church in itself was the best thing the Indian inherited from the Spaniard, but all too often the *padre* betrayed his trust for

unholy gold. There are devout and saintly priests, but many others have been turned from the "straight and narrow" by the great natural wealth of Mexico, plus the persuasion that Indians, at heart eternally pagan, stand more in need of physical than of spiritual care. The clergy have always been the go-between for capital and labor. From capital they have derived great benefits; and capital in turn has controlled labor through their holy offices, because the people trusted them.

IT is strange how safe one felt during these old days in Mexico, not only in the capital, but throughout the country as a whole. A woman could walk the streets at night in any part of Mexico City and be entirely unmolested. At each corner stood ever-present, vigilant policemen with their lanterns and whistles. Every fifteen minutes their exchange of signals resounded throughout the city. They were a high type of Indian, those policemen—courteous, but rigid in matters of duty. Those lanterns were supposed to stay lighted at their sides throughout the night. To keep the force alert, any one who could steal one of these lanterns was paid, without question, one peso and fifty centavos for it, at the nearest police station.

One night two young men-about-town who were a little the worse for drink decided to take a coach and see how many of these lanterns they could collect. At each corner one would go to the back of the coach with a ball of twine. He would wait until the other had engaged the policeman in earnest conversation, then

stealthily fasten the end of the twine to the lantern. As they drove on to the next corner they would then let out the twine gently so as not to disturb the lantern. Then suddenly, zing! the lantern scampered away. After thus hooking six lanterns the young idiots tied the cord to the coach, got down and paid off the coachman. The coach then drove off with the lanterns bobbing gaily behind it, the young men following at a distance. They say it was sight rewarding all their effort—those little short-legged policemen trying to make out what it was all about, cursing, gesticulating, and running after the coach. The legs of the law fairly twinkled with fury and astonishment. But a little later, when the young bloods wended their way back to square things, these little Indian policemen were ready to laugh.

The good old *coches*—how one misses them! In those days there were three classes, distinguished by their colored flags. The yellow ones were too dilapidated to be on the streets excepting at night, and they were drawn by wrecks of horses that one could sometimes identify the following Sunday in the bull ring.

A prominent American-born three-hundred-pound railway official, illuminated as usual, hired one of these coaches early one morning, and started home. As soon as the pace reached a fast trot, bang, out went the bottom of the coach. The huge man grabbed frantically at either side to save himself from falling under the carriage, and was thus rushed along at a great rate, running down the street. The coach went about four blocks before the coachman heard his angry roarings. He claims that he roared and ran himself so sober that his wife hardly knew him when he reached home.

DON PORFIRIO DIAZ did everything in the grand manner and with a great deal of pomp and splendor. He felt that this was due his country and the other great nations that had recognized his country as a power. This concept was reflected in the life and manners of the people who surrounded him. One never had the feeling of middle-classness that one gets in so many other republican countries. Another reason for that is that the Porfirian civilization, like that of the old South, was agricultural.

In 1910, when Don Porfirio celebrated the Centennial of the country's independence, the balls, garden parties, and dinners could not be surpassed for splendor and perfect appointments in any capital of the world. Under the Diaz régime Mexico City had become one of the most brilliant capitals on earth. The women were famous for chic, their natural and acquired elegance, and their beautiful clothes.

The last ball of the Centennial, given by the President, was worthy of any country's ruler. On the night of this ball, which was given in the National Palace, the entire patio was roofed, floored, and made over into a bower of roses, concealing countless lights. Ten thousand people danced in the patio to an orchestra of one hundred and forty-eight pieces. The scene and music were so lovely that it all bore an air of enchantment, you simply floated, dancing, through the crowd.

Count Hadik, the Austrian Minister, escorted me to Madame Diaz's drawing-room which had been improvised by silk cords drawn between the great pillars of the patio. Leaving the drawing-room we paused to look at the great, gay crowd, beautifully dressed, bejeweled,

decorated. Count Hadik said to me: "Leone, you are young. Youth is inclined to take things for granted, but pause now and look thoughtfully about you. You will perhaps never see anything finer than this in the world. Here to-night are important men of all the great countries of Europe and the Americas who have been sent as special envoys to pay respect to this splendid statesman and his country. Great nations do not pay these honors unless the man and his country are worthy of them. The jewels and gowns of these women could not be lovelier. Only in St. Petersburg could this ball be surpassed, and then only by the furs that the women might wrap about them."

I often think back to that night. It celebrated so gorgeously the beginning of the end.

Of Don Porfirio I shall say more later. He was a kingly figure; and when Mexico turned on him, and shipped him off to Europe, Kaiser Wilhelm did well to invite the exile to a great review of the German Army, and in the presence of crowned heads and the highest dignitaries of Europe, to seat this Mexican ex-president at his right.

Diaz did great things well and small things gracefully. When Señor Alcorta, who had decorated the palace for the ball, went up that night to pay his respects to Don Porfirio and Doña Carmelita, they both expressed their appreciation delightfully. "Carmelita and I," said Diaz, "wish personally to prove our gratitude. We have put our box at your disposal for 'Madame Butterfly' next Sunday night. Do invite any of your friends whom you may wish to enjoy it with you."

A small thing! I am not so sure. Eighty years old,

with affairs of state going badly, Diaz still had time and strength to remember this gesture of acknowledgment to one who had served untiringly in advancing beauty and dignity in Mexico.

The United States' special envoy to the Centennial was the late Curtis Guild of Boston, a most cultured and charming man. There was also a delegation from the United States, some fourteen men and women, with Mr. James W. Gerard (later Ambassador to Germany), at its head. He was accompanied by his very charming wife. Except for the Gerards and two or three others, these men and women had come without any sort of preparation in the way of proper clothes for these occasions, which were most formal. Most of the women had come with thin dresses, in many cases washable ones, and some had brought no evening clothes at all. They did not know what to expect in Mexico. Mr. Guild's private secretary, a most capable young woman, had to take them in hand. It was the representatives of the newer America, not of the Amerind, who had to be coached and outfitted for the sake of appearances on that occasion.

IV

GAY DAYS

NOWHERE is society more diverting than in Mexico. It is a native society, with a fixed base—rich families of Latinized Indians, highly cultured, long established here. As in Washington, the social fabric of the capital accommodates itself to an enlivening flow of momentary officials, certain of whom are charming, others of whom pick their teeth in public, shoot people, and go to other social excesses undreamed of even in Washington, as we shall see.

Indians have, however, as a whole, a greater natural dignity and much better manners than most white Americans, the Spanish infusion lends to their native stateliness a courtly tone, and the diplomatic corps injects into the composition of Mexico City's official society a little something of everything else that is colorful and diverting in the wide, wide world.

The foreign colonies are out of this picture socially. Each lives in a little whirl of its own. The American Colony is the largest. The Britishers play along with the Americans, so much so that the American and British colonists may really be considered as one. Bridge, golf, and tennis are their chief pleasures. They live as

nearly as possible the life they would be living if they had never come to Mexico at all.

During my twenty-four years in this country I have never been regarded as of their Colony. Wallace had Mexican friends who soon became mine, and since early girlhood I had been enough around embassies to have formed a taste for the various. No one race, certainly—not even one's own!—is as amusing as many racial cultures mingling, with a certain degree of old-world urbanity and hidden fire: warm attractions, fierce repulsions, sheathed words, diplomatic undertones.

But everything down here is, thank God, a little mixed up—enough so, that even if one “goes native” socially, and accepts superior Mexicans as equals, one still sees quite a lot of the American Colony, at its bridge and so on, in the course of twenty-odd years. Some of my best friends are of the Colony. Some of the persons I most smilingly abominate are of the same genre. I feel that I may claim the right of informed, objective comment on the Colony as a whole.

I think that most of the serious-minded writers who come down here from the States for a little while, and then dash back to write books about it, are too solemn in their comments about the Colony, much too harsh, and ridiculously unfair. If these scowling critics are so upset and disgusted by the sight of a small and rather above-average group of their countrymen minding their own business, trying to make some money, and amusing themselves according to home customs—what must be the pain of such writers when they get back to the United States, to the same thing multiplied a million-fold?

The traits of one's countrymen, to be sure, stand out more emphatically in a foreign setting. But even I, who consciously do not believe in democracy, hope never to be one of these Americans who don't go certain places abroad, "because so many Americans go there." That, to me, is *touristism* at its apex. Of course, there is nothing especially sinful about it; it is perfectly human; we all like, especially when we travel, to show ourselves superior to our kind. Writing, I am beginning to find out, brings out the same impulse. But, seriously, I believe that the reputation of the American Colony of Mexico City has been run down unduly by traveling writers on holiday from the States.

The Colony is with few exceptions a cheerful aggregation of decent, friendly people. They are neither extremely rich, miserably poor, nor at the moment highly hopeful of gaining immense fortunes. They are generous people, loyal to their own, and self-respecting. Very little need be done in a charity way for any of the members of the Colony. Their days are of luncheon and bridge, dinner and bridge, golf and bridge—with talk of children, servants, clothes, food, and drink. They never meddle in Mexican politics; they have learned better. They handle labor better than any one else in this country, and do not run with their troubles to the Embassy. I do not find them actively contemptuous of Mexicans. Most of them like Mexicans, but recognize that for the long pull, socially, they have with Mexicans no sustaining social background or common interest. This recognition works both ways. The Mexicans don't want to be bothered, either. But the minute a Mexican takes up golf, bridge, or tennis, you will hear



AUTHOR AND DAUGHTER

"Mexico had still to attain to the insanity for the machine. . . . The good old coaches; how one misses them!"

all the American Colony exclaiming how delightful he is.

Some of the colonists never change at all; most of them change enough to make it interesting to see them gradually shedding small town mannerisms and prejudices, and taking on a touch of the *mondain*. Sometimes the transformation is close to miraculous. One particular gentleman I remember "went brown." He acquired a brown limousine, dressed his chauffeur in brown livery, himself appeared always in a brown suit with a brown derby. He is said even to have used beige paper for his correspondence and signed all his letters with brown ink. This brown ensemble was topped off by solid gold upper and lower teeth. In later years, he was persuaded, I am told, to give up the teeth, but in the days when I saw him, they were part of him, and I regretted to hear of him without them.

The British colony also produced a weird one. Her wit had the bounce of a bludgeon. She was impossible. A certain man having been presented to this lady for the second time, remarked: "Madame, I fear you do not remember me."

"On the contrary," she answered, "I remember you perfectly. You are the man who is married to the second ugliest woman in Mexico."

Gasping, the unfortunate man parried: "And pray, madame, who is the first?"

"Your daughter!" she answered promptly.

As a matter of fact, she was surely herself the ugliest woman in the republic, and for a while the most talked of. To recount her latest outrage usually animated the dulllest dinner, and made the evening successful.

I REALLY liked the Mexicans. Never at the back of my mind was there even a trace of that mingled wonder and condescension which leads a certain number of newcomers to make awkward overtures with one foot always on their side of the line. The Mexicans knew that I did not approach them as curiosities, and that I would not gossip about them and make fun of them behind their backs. I liked them; I liked their country; I expected, naturally, to be accepted, and they accepted me quite as naturally as, under the same circumstances, would people anywhere else. They even spoiled me a little with their kindness. I was not yet twenty; people paid me compliments and I firmly believed them, and felt that I had a right to be spoiled. Such vanity ought perhaps to have been chastened, but as a matter of fact, I had the time of my life.

As I look back on it all, my most vivid memory is of the Mexican balls. Long rooms rimmed with mothers dressed in black, their hair, ears and necks bedecked with diamonds. Electric lights in high crystal chandeliers. A crowded floor. Gusts of perfume. Large-bosomed women elegantly dressed from Paris. Elderly diplomats laden with decorations. And then the important part—many, many well-groomed young men who danced beautifully. Girls who giggled. Throbbing music. Gold furniture, invariably upholstered in pinkish plush. Mile upon mile of huge gold-framed mirrors, multiplying the spectacle.

Always while dancing I had to keep an eye out for Wallace, so that my dancing partner could deposit me with him safely until the next dance. The girls were solemnly led back to their mothers and left there until

the next young man came to claim them, in due form. With no mother present, I had to use Wallace as one.

Invariably, the parties were large. Mexicans can't entertain simply. Throngs are essential to Mexican revelry and champagne must flow. Dinners ran from twenty-four to one hundred and fifty places. Gold plates are by no means unusual.

Picnics were conducted on the same elaborated scale. Food and all equipment was sent ahead, and served by from four to six servants at table in the open, as if at home. Roller-skating, then the vogue, was another of our diversions. All the *grande dames* of the period gave roller-skating parties for the young at Luna Park.

We were happy. Plenty of money, lots of sunshine, and something to do every minute.

The Polo Club supplied one of the few small social events on the calendar; at intervals some female relative of a member would serve tea, by turns, at the grounds. The Automobile Club parties might have been just as amusing, had it not been for a bordering horde of fat mammas who materialized out of nowhere, and sat by critically, looking on. I think it was the invasion of mechanization that aroused them. In any event, their vigilance was deadening.

Also there were horses. Paper chases were held on Sundays, following a big breakfast at some given point. Pink coats, spills—many rode badly—and stirrup cups before and afterwards. From luncheon on, throughout the week, there was never an idle hour. The Diplomatic Corps filled in such chinks as the Mexicans allowed them—dinners, luncheons, teas, but it was understood that only Mexicans could give balls and private bull-

fight (the latter usually held on some hacienda near by). When luncheons were given in restaurants, the whole place was taken over for the affair. One, in particular, whose balcony faced the castle, was a favorite noontide rendezvous for the horsey crowd. We drank sherry flips and cocktails and discussed animal husbandry. I was there nearly every noon. Being a great flirt, and moderately amusing, I had a gorgeous time.

MOST of all I enjoyed the hacienda house-parties. The guests were mostly diplomats and Mexicans. The country houses where we gathered were built in the old Spanish colonial style, with a patio, and there was always the lovely chapel and a school. The food was simple but delicious, and the amusements offered about nil; although sometimes bull-fights were staged, the bull-fighters being the young men in the house-party. Again there might be a *jaripeo* or rodeo. These were always great fun. One felt very happy and gay on these parties.

The hacienda life has now been practically done away with. Under the strong hand of Calles rural order has been restored, but ten years of chaos and murder leave memories, and no one feels particularly safe on an hacienda at the present time. The days are bland and friendly, but they are followed by nights of remembrance and terrors. Even by day, the country seems not so restful and comforting as of old. Again, many of the old properties were reapportioned, in the Revolution, and are gone. We went to Palizada, passing through one of the large haciendas. The *administrador* came

out to greet us from the courtyard. He was sorry, he told us, but he did not feel it would be safe to ask us in; the place was overrun with officers and soldiers celebrating the advent of the new governor. As we wound our way around the foot of the hill on which the house was situated, we saw a group of soldiers in the garden firing off their revolvers. Such exuberance, probably now quite harmless and jovial, makes one think of the terrible murders done on the haciendas not so long ago.

In the time of Diaz these estates were composed of thousands of acres, and at that time there were hundreds of peons working on them. I was not conscious of any unrest among these Indian workers. Quite the contrary; the people seemed happy, and at the Sunday morning services the churches were crowded. They seemed to respect their *patron*, to have a real affection for him—and yet, even then, one felt in them an attitude of terrible negation. Something older than acquiescence to what we call civilization was in their soft responses, and in the way they stood. I think that one reason we played so hard when we went out into the country, is that, otherwise, the country gave one an overwhelming, sinking feeling of hopelessness. A people born without hope, dying without hope. Death seems always to be lurking. A country of death!

When on an hacienda I always did a great deal of riding—the great emptiness of the Mexican countryside with its sun-baked plains, *barrancas* and *arrayos*, impresses the most urbane. Only at intervals does one see a herd of goats or cattle ranging over it. The silence of these plains! The whole country is like that of a great empty cathedral entered at dusk, when not even

the verger is moving in the shadows. There is something awe-inspiring about such stillness. It is like a religion one wishes to keep near one always, but at the same time a mystery which makes one afraid. Wherever Indians are the only inhabitants, the plain—or the village—is silent as a tomb.

I remember riding out one afternoon when I was visiting at an hacienda in the State of Morelos. That afternoon it rained for the first time since I had arrived there. It was a delicious downpour. The sun stood back far enough in the clouds so as not to get wet himself, while the tropical rain came down in sheets, pelting the hot dry earth. As soon as that ended, the sun came out again, making everything look beautiful and green and fresh.

We had ridden a short distance down the road toward the lovely little town of Cuernavaca to see the huts that the peasants live in. We saw a peon bringing in his herd of goats, running through the rain with his body half bent over to protect the little baby goat that he was carrying in his arms. He had on the "Indian rain-coat," which is made like a cape of many thick ruffles, of rushes woven together. The Indian ties it around his shoulders, and this with his great wide straw sombrero affords him excellent protection.

I asked the peon boy when he arrived at his hut if he would show me his *casa*. He said, "*Como no!*"—"Certainly!" The Indian always so polite, so kind, always so willing to do anything to please you! The hut was made of stones loosely put together, with a thatched roof and a hard dirt floor. Such a floor is always cold summer and winter, and usually damp. In the rainy

season the water leaks through and the whole hut becomes wet, and the floor muddy.

This one room with its few cooking-pots, was a typical peon family's kitchen, bedroom, and sitting-room. In such a room from five to twenty-five people will sleep, with their dog, pig, and chickens, if they have them. Throwing straw mats down on the floor at night as beds, they roll themselves in their single blankets and lie there shuddering in the cold and dampness, immovable for hours.

They do not live to be very old. The hot chile food and the exposure soon kill them off. Poor wretches! But then they seem so happy and contented. They want nothing. They are not eaten with ambition. As I rode back to the comfort of a magnificent hacienda, I thought about that. Are these Indians wise, and we the shallow and defeated, for all our striving?

V

DESPOT

NOT long after I arrived in Mexico, our ambassador, then Mrs. D. E. Thompson, invited me to a tea. I found there two very charming Mexican women whose father had been his country's ambassador at Washington. They left when I did, and asked me to their house for tea the following Tuesday.

There I found myself seated next to a very beautiful woman of uncertain age. Every one seemed to be much interested in her. They called her "Doña Carmelita." She talked to me in such a friendly way that, although she was the older, I ventured to ask her to come to see me. She accepted, and turning to a lady next to her she asked, "What day can we go?" It was arranged for the following Friday.

Imagine my consternation when Mrs. Thompson telephoned to me that evening and asked if I had any idea whom I had invited to come to see me. I told her that I hadn't the least idea, but that the lady was too charming for words. I hadn't caught her last name. She answered: "I thought you hadn't. She is no more nor less than the wife of the President of Mexico!"

Aghast, I told Mrs. Thompson that Madame Diaz would not come; surely, she was only being polite; and soon I would receive a nice note of excuses. "Not at all,"

she replied, "she told me after you left that you were so delightfully naïve and refreshing, and still so assured of yourself, that she was going to make an exception and go to your house." I begged Mrs. Thompson to come and stand by me.

We lived on the top floor of an apartment house. There were no lifts in Mexico at that time. On Friday morning I went to the flower market in the Zocalo. I bought great bunches of the lovely flowers of Mexico. In all the years I have been here I have never become used to their prodigal profusion. I smothered that apartment with flowers.

But when I heard the prancing of horses and the clanking of their trappings, suddenly my beflowered little apartment seemed almost shabby. That feeling did not last very long. Señora Diaz has the gift of putting you at your ease, of bringing out the very best that is in you; she seems able to make you fairly scintillate. I never knew whether she really enjoyed her visit, but I know that I did.

What might have been an embarrassing occasion passed off beautifully. Jesus, my butler, much impressed, served tea, in a manner wholly conventional. A few days before, when we had had some prominent New York bankers dining with us, I had said to Jesus, in my perfectly atrocious Spanish which has never acquired any verbs, that I should like to have him *muy elegante*—very elegant. He appeared for the occasion dressed in a bright red, gold-embroidered bull-fighter's costume and the whitest cotton gloves I have ever seen. As the bankers proved to be elderly and rather stuffy, I gave Jesus a vote of thanks for having made the eve-

ning memorable. We often say that if there are two ways of doing a thing, the Mexican will always do it the wrong way. But they do it wrong so beautifully and usually so amusingly that you cannot be too cross with them.

To return to my tea-party: As Señora Diaz left she said, "You know, I have practically brought up all of the young people of our Mexican society. I have helped their mothers to spank them and marry them off, and from to-day, I am going to assume the same attitude toward you. I shall expect to see you at my day at home, which is every Thursday, as often as you can come." She more than made good her word.

I found Don Porfirio altogether charming. Three-quarters Spanish, one fourth Indian, he had the cleverness and nimbleness of mind of the Spaniard, and that natural dignity and almost lurking insolence of the Indian. Short, he held himself with such hauteur that you felt his greatness. He had the dark skin of the Indian, with very straight wiry hair. His brown eyes had a glint in them, but they were gentle when he smiled. In this later time of his life, gentleness, indeed, dominated his character, and, as a ruler of Mexico, weakened him. Earlier, he had killed without trial or mercy whenever the situation called for it. But he was never sanguinary; he never killed from malice or envy, and never took joy in it. On one occasion, with a contemptuous gesture, he gave three hundred recaptured traitors their lives.

Some of his early adventures read like a page out of Dumas. Think of his escape, for instance, at Puebla, from the hands of the French. They had captured and

imprisoned him; the year was 1865; Diaz was thirty-five. For five months in the fortress of Loreto he dug at a tunnel from his cell. Just when he had it almost to the street they moved him to another prison in the same city. This time, he managed to obtain a rope, and to have confederates standing by. He cast his rope to the roof, made his way from there to the roof of an adjoining church, and let himself down to the street. Evading guards, he leaped to the back of a waiting charger, swam a swollen river on horseback, rejoined his forces, and escaped to the hills. In telling the story, he emphasized with dry humor how wobbly those stone saints were that he had to tie his rope to, and how, when he was descending, his one weapon, a dagger, fell out of his belt and wounded a pig in a pen below.

There was always something clean-cut, direct, and dashing about Don Porfirio Diaz, and the way he got what he went out after—command over men, and for Mexico, peace and security. He was ruthless, but never unprincipled, a medieval carry-over with a strangely modern mind. Implacable? Naturally. This was not Plato's Republic he was guiding and ruling; it was Mexico. His background was three hundred and fifty years of slaughter and rebellion. Beginning with Cortes, who came "for gold and not for good," and continuing on through the cruel years of viceroys, the crossing and recrossing of Mexican and Spaniard had multiplied a mixed breed of people with thunder in their blood. Don Porfirio Diaz was a *creole*, or high-caste Mexican. Next to the pure-bred Spaniards, the *gachupines*, "those entitled to wear spurs," who were few in number, his was the highest caste. At the other end of the scale crouched

the enslaved and contemptuous Indian. In between surged the great mixed mass, the *mestizo*, comprising more than half of the population. This middle caste was then, and is now, the cause of most of the trouble in Mexico, the fountain of that sinister unrest which is always surging silently. The *mestizos* despise the Indian, but the stamp of the Indian is upon them all. There is no peace in their veins.

Cortes, the Conqueror, was the first large-scale Mexican revolutionist, and a master of intrigue. A footloose knight of Spain, he helped to enslave the West Indies and later, in his thirties, on the island of Cuba, connived to obtain from a fat Spanish governor command of a raiding and christening party to a new-found West.

He also managed to worm his way out of a promise to marry the daughter of a family that the governor favored ardently. Twice in this last involvement they threw him into jail; twice he escaped; and twice he took refuge in a church as sanctuary. (The lady seems, almost uniquely, not really to have attracted him.)

In February of 1519, he cleared the western cape of Cuba, commanding eleven small vessels, a hundred seamen, and about five hundred foot-soldiers equipped with swords, lances, crossbows, and seventeen firearms. He had also sixteen mounted men. By the end of March he had landed forces on the lower shore of Mexico, had taken possession of the country with three ceremonial cuts of the sword in a tree, and had twice defeated the warlike Tabascans. The Indians advanced with trumpets, horns and drums, their bodies armored in quilted cotton. In the first brush, gun-fire, which they had never experienced, was too much for them. For the

second engagement, Cortes swam ashore his horses, the first to set foot on this continent. When the cavalry charged, the Americans thought that rider and horse were one, and the day was again to Spain. Worn and sweating, the *conquistadors* cut fat from dead Indians to grease their horses' wounds and their own.

Chiefs came into their camp with gifts—wrought gold, mantles, and the twenty native maidens I have already mentioned. The next day these girls were baptized. Conquest had commenced. All along the line of march thereafter, the same story was repeated: tribe set against tribe, idols rolled from the pyramids and smashed, mass baptisms, and more and more native maidens for the beds of the captains.

In our more orderly northern sense of the word, Mexico, then, was never properly settled. It was entered and sacked. A cross-breed was set up, not a new one. The white man-and-wife, plow, Bible, and musket combination which, together with placating rum for the dispossessed, prevailed to the north and east—did not conquer here. Fewer than a million of the country's present sixteen and a half million are pure white. "Mexico," writes Ernest Gueuning (whose figures, together with Stuart Chase's more recent estimates, I have followed), "is an Indian land."

Cortes fomented revolution. Landing and making camp to the north, near Vera Cruz, he found the country ripe for it. The novelty of his guns and cavalry were as nothing compared with his Latin adroitness in playing upon superstition and tribal hate. And he had an easy job to stir up hate against the Aztecs.

In 1519, when Cortes landed, these Aztecs domi-

nated Mexico. They demanded incessant tribute of the ruder tribes—tribute not only of gold but of living hearts, cut from writhing bodies as a holy sacrifice. Aztec pyramids and palaces rivaled those of ancient Egypt. Aztec astronomy and calendar-making were more precise and scholarly than in Europe and Asia.

Yet Aztec nobles ate prisoners of war. It was, "not the coarse repast of famished savages," writes Prescott in his history of early Mexico, but "a banquet teeming with delicious beverages and delicate viands, prepared with art, and attended by both sexes, who conducted themselves with all the decorum of civilized life. Surely, never were refinement and the extreme of barbarism brought so closely in contact with each other!"

Montezuma, prince of the Aztecs, held court in Mexico City, high in the gleaming central Valley of Mexico, and its capital and first city, then as now. In those days it was a mountain Venice with shining palaces and waterways. Toward this city, having burned his ships to discourage argument, Cortes led his men.

They tricked the Tontonacs into an alliance, they clambered up eight thousand feet into mountains, and fought the Tlazcalans and made allies of them. Reinforced, they marched on to Cholula, spoke fair words, penned two thousand unarmed warriors in the citadel, and slaughtered them.

On the eighth of November, 1519, they entered Mexico City and were pleasantly received. Montezuma sent first an envoy to greet them; "In the greatest pomp," writes Bernal Diaz, the expedition's chronicler, this envoy was "carried in a magnificent litter, borne by eight lords who assisted him out and swept the way by

which he was to pass." Then came Montezuma, "under a canopy of the richest materials supported by princes dressed in rich habits. 'Here you and your friends are at home,' said Montezuma, 'now repose yourselves.'"

A little later in his chronicle, Bernal Diaz brags: "What men on earth would otherwise have ventured, their numbers, not amounting to four hundred and fifty, to have seized and put in irons a mighty monarch, and publicly burned his officers for obeying his orders, in a city larger than Venice, and at a distance of a thousand and five hundred leagues from their native country!"

And still later, years after Montezuma had been stoned to death by his own people, after the white men, driven from that beautiful city, had returned in greater number to renew and complete their will upon it, this same Bernal Diaz, grown old, recalled:

"... Towers and temples and other edifices of lime and stone that seemed to rise out of the water. . . . Palaces, spacious and well built, with beautiful stone work and cedar wood, and the wood of other sweet-scented trees, with great rooms and courts. . . . Gardens so wonderful to see and walk in, I was never tired of looking at the diversity of the trees, and noting the scent which each one had, and the paths full of roses and flowers, and the pond of fresh water. . . . And of all these wonders that I then beheld, to-day all is overthrown and lost, nothing is standing."

The sway of sixty-one viceroys of Spain lasted for three centuries. The country was ravished and bled. In 1810, a humble Creole priest, Hidalgo, tolling first the bells of his own small country church, led eighty thou-

sand Mexicans in revolt. His Indians tried to silence the king's artillery by covering the mouths of the cannon with their straw sombreros. He was betrayed and killed; so then was Morelos, another village priest and revolutionist. Then came Iturbide, a quite different man.

A royalist colonel who delighted in butchery for its own sake. "I have signalized with abundant blood Good Friday, 1813," Colonel Iturbide reported to his viceroy, having in a local action slain of "excommunicated wretches"—which is to say, revolutionists—some three hundred and fifty. In 1821 he treacherously treated with the revolutionists, robbed a pack-train of half a million pesos, and led a desertion that carried along with it, at a price, most of the royalist army. He issued historic and semi-republican declarations that sounded all right on paper, a year later was enjoying the title of Most Serene Highness, an annual salary of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and perquisites.

He lasted for eleven months. Another royalist officer, the rapacious Santa Anna, advanced in six months from lieutenant to brigadier-general, considered that too slow. He led his command against Iturbide and was defeated. But so many other commanders by this time were tired of Iturbide, that the army again came over. In 1823, a republic was proclaimed and the Emperor Iturbide pumped full of rifle lead in July of 1824.

INDEPENDENCE began, officially, in 1810 with Hidalgo's "cry from Dolores." But independence re-



MADAME CARMELITITA DIAZ Y ROMERO RUBIO
"The marriage united two opposing clans."



DON PORFIRIO DIAZ
*"This was not Plato's Republic he was guiding
 and ruling."*

mained, for all the work of such great patriots as Jaurez, only so many syllables and a dream. Don Porfirio Diaz was born into a world actually governed by an army of cutthroats and traitors, with the highest officers the most ingenious villians of them all.

When that peg-legged hero, Santa Anna, for instance, had accomplished his *coup d'état* against Iturbide in 1823, it is said that he invited for dinner the three generals who had made his victory possible. When they had eaten and drunk, he said to them: "Now, gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have done for me. But I wish to live. Knowing my people thoroughly, and realizing that it will not be long before one or all three of you will feel that you should be in my place, I am now going to invite you to step into the patio, where a priest and a firing squad await you."

From the time that Santa Anna outwitted Iturbide, every president who has overthrown the federal government had done so on the cry of "No reëlection." Mexican presidents are usually assassinated. From the time a man becomes President of Mexico he suffers from the hate and animosity that the people silently send out to him. It is like a liquid, it becomes so heavy and so thick. The dominant man is hated for his success, and nearly every one tries to use him to further personal ambition.

Don Porfirio came in on this cry of "No reëlection," in 1878. He led a barrack revolution and rode into power. As he could not very well succeed himself at the end of his first term, it is supposed that he passed his place on to General Manuel Gonzales, on whom he

could depend to retire from office at the end of a term. Gonzales proved a jolly fellow, not much of a manager, but instinctively acquisitive. He left but one place clean, the National Treasury, and on his last day he was not able to resist removing furniture and fixtures from the National Palace. (Thirty-six years later President Carranza did the same thing.)

Rather than obey a constitution that allowed the country he passionately loved to be looted, Don Porfirio Diaz decided to ignore the constitution. This is my own interpretation. At all events, he never again, until finally forced to, relaxed a direct and iron grip on all Mexican affairs. And I don't think that even his most violent enemies will deny that he was ambitious for his country, not for himself, or claim that a personal greed for money entered into any of his decisions.

When he put himself into power he knew only too well that there were among the revolutionary element a certain number of bad men and killers. Instead of imprisoning or shooting them, he utilized them, organizing them into what was called the *Rurales*, or rural police, making the boldest bandits his police. He instilled into these brigands—which they were, nothing more or less—the desire to be not only law-abiding citizens themselves, but to keep the country-side in order. Later the *Rurales* were recruited from all walks of life. These were the world's most picturesque policemen.

These mounted *Rurales* of Don Porfirio's! To see them on parade, with General Ramirez at their head, was a sight to thrill the most apathetic. They rode proudly on fine horses with silver trappings. Their costumes were of gray with silver trimmings and adorn-

ments, broad-brimmed peaked felt hats heavily embroidered in silver, beautiful leather jackets, and skin-tight trousers likewise silver-trimmed. And their martial music—there was none other as stirring. I can hear their bugles now!

Diaz knew his people as no other Mexican ruler has ever known them. He governed sternly. His only idea in selecting a man to help him was not whether the man was his friend—*simpatico*—or needed the position, but always “Can this particular man do this particular job in the most efficient way, for the betterment of the country?”

In 1881, when he was entering his fifties, he married Carmen, sixteen-year-old daughter of Señor Romero Rubio, who had been in the Lerdo de Tejada cabinet. The marriage united two opposing clans. At this time Diaz was a widower with three children—two daughters and one son. The daughters were but a little younger than their beautiful stepmother. Yet the family was thoroughly unified, and the marriage proved an enduring romance. Madame Diaz was the best of wives; her sheltering affection and deep loyalty combined with her perfect tact, sustained her husband on the long, rough road of fame and exile. She was of pure Spanish extraction.

Money, Don Porfirio knew, was a vital necessity if Mexico was to advance, but money in relation to himself never had the slightest meaning. After more than thirty years of power, he left the country with only a very small fortune. I was told by a prominent foreign banker with whom Don Porfirio banked that in all that time he was never known to have personal interests in

any business whatsoever in the republic. He had never shown the least mercenary instinct and was above making money by graft. His merited reputation for honesty was acknowledged even by his most violent political enemies. He strove in every way to make Mexico rich, and he succeeded. Another banker had told me that Don Porfirio withdrew when he left Mexico, his total fortune, and that it was less than three hundred thousand pesos, accumulated as savings from his salary as President of the republic.

The height to which Diaz lifted the national credit of Mexico, both at home and abroad, is well nigh unbelievable. In 1907 the credit of Mexico was as good in London, Paris, and Berlin as that of the Russian Empire, then one of the great powers. All national obligations were punctually met, and the government had unlimited credit and public confidence.

Mexico's gains and progress on the financial side must also in justice be attributed to the very able financier, José Ives Limantour, to whose taste in architecture I have referred slightly. But it was the strong, honest, and wise nature of Don Porfirio that enabled Mexico to rise and flourish after some seventy years of strife, revolution, turbulence, and destruction. I cannot understand why the United States and other conservative countries have taken so much stock in the accusations of wrong-doing made against this régime. All these men prospered, but Mexico prospered at the same time, and for a perfectly legitimate reason. Diaz had given them the means by which the natural resources of the country could be developed. One does not think of the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and

other wealthy families of our own country as dishonest, but rather that their large fortunes came about naturally through the development and growth of the United States.

BUT even Don Porfirio, with all his experience and intimate knowledge of the Mexican people, fell into their hands in the end. In 1908 he gave an interview to James Creelman, telling him that at the end of his term of office he intended to retire from political life. There is only one really illegal thing in Mexico, and that is weakness, and the people all interpreted this statement accordingly.

Diaz well knew this, but he was old and tired. Those who say that he expected the announcement to bring him an outburst of loyal support from the people know nothing of that great dark void of Mexican public consciousness—a void which has never been filled. Diaz knew and recognized this void in his fifteen million Indian subjects, but he was eighty, letting down, weary of battering against the granite wall made up of hate, meanness, and envy. He knew only too well that fear alone kept these people from springing at him. The central fact of the whole thing is that, while young at eighty, he was old.

The interview with Creelman was the first step in a tragic maze of errors. The next was not following his thirty-year policy of promptly disposing of any political agitator who fomented a revolution. In civilized countries and by Mexican precedent, any one who rebels against his government is summarily shot. I per-

sonally would not have wished Madero shot, but looking back, one realizes that the saving of his life threw Mexico into twenty years of war and cost about three million lives.

VI

DIMINUENDO

AT this time Mexico had a real friend in Ambassador Thompson. He was built on the same lines as Don Porfirio. They understood each other and Thompson understood Mexico. One of the American secretaries who was there at the time has told me that Madero was always at the America Embassy, begging Thompson to take his hands off, and let the Maderistas have their revolution. This kept on until one day Thompson blew up. Then Madero came hastily out of the embassy's most private office wringing his hands, with tears running down his face. Thompson, very red in the face and angry, came close behind him shouting; "Never in my life will I take my hands off an uprising against this government! Never until you can prove to me that you are as good a man as the old man who sits up in Chapultepec Castle. I have not been sizing men up for forty years without learning something about them. You are not the man to govern Mexico. This country is not ready for your Utopian ideas and never will be!"

Thompson was one of those rough diamonds who arouse so great a horror among diplomats more subtle and refined. At Washington, where they had at that time a great social complex, his resignation would have been joyfully received. But he was a good man for his

job; his judgment proved terribly correct. I find it hard to understand, in the light of previous policy, why the Taft administration did not raise a hand to stay the revolution that was forming against Diaz.

And the Mexican gentleman—where was he, you may ask, during these dark days of Don Porfirio? In most civilized countries the aristocrats are among the first to come to the aid of their government when trouble is stirring. The Mexican gentlemen didn't raise a finger. Most of them scurried off to Europe. Had they benefited so much under the Diaz régime that they had gone soft and timorous? Or did they think that a change of government would further their personal fortunes? Diaz had to depend on conscript Indian soldiers.

For a generation war had been stifled. These Mexican gentlemen had put far behind them the dark turbulent days of revolutions. They had forgotten the thrill of the death lust. But they know it now. Most of them are poor and broken. They can only blame it all on the United States. One must blame some one when one is found so wanting. These gentlemen are no longer under the delusion that they can live in luxury out of their country, while some one back home takes care of their sources of income. And they have found that there is no longer a place for them in the scheme of things in the new "free Mexico."

A considerable responsibility for the overthrow rests on José Ives Limantour. Don Porfirio had commanded his presence in Mexico. It is well known that while in New York, Limantour was met by many members of the Madero family and by other sympathizers with this movement. He then came to Mexico, and going straight

to Diaz (who unfortunately was ill at the time), strongly counseled him to resign. It does seem that the advice was, for so experienced a statesman as Limantour, rather too prompt. He might first have taken a close survey of the ground. One cannot help remembering also that Señor Limantour had placed all of his own great fortune in Europe. In any event, he urgently advised for aged Mexico a major operation without an anesthetic.

I shall always believe that the Maderos and the Diaz régime could have worked out some plan between them that would have been better. But Don Porfirio was eighty, he depended greatly on his cabinet to advise him, and he was ill.

DON PORFIRIO had a tremendous contempt for Madero. It offended his every instinct to yield place to so weak a man. They met only once. Diaz arranged the audience and Madero came to him. In her "Intimate Pages of Mexican History," Mrs. Edith O'Shaughnessy, who talked with Diaz some years later, when he was an exile in Paris, gives this account of the brief conversation between Iron Man and Saint.

Madero told Diaz: "It is not against you but against your system that I am working. For you personally I have all respect, but the country is ready for democracy, and we must have unbiased elections, freely and regularly held. It is time that you relinquish the power."

"Into whose hands do you counsel me to give it, señor?" Diaz asked.

"Into the hands of an honest man. I," declared Madero, striking himself on the breast, "am an honest man."

"Señor," said Diaz, "a man must be more than honest to govern Mexico." Whatever his prejudices and infirmities, Diaz was still a judge of men. He did not question the motives, but he did question the capability of this hysterical half-portion, whose followers hailed him "Redeemer," pointing excitedly to the fact that he was just approaching "the Christ-age," thirty-three.

This Francisco Madero, Jr. (familiarily called "Pan-chito") was white. His grandfather had been a governor of Texas. He was generous, bookish, a good talker, but personally unimpressive. His smile was a neurotic smirk which some people found ingratiating, and his height was five feet two. In the fall of 1908 he published a book, "The Presidential Succession," and made a good many speeches that seemed to have upon the peons especially an effect both hypnotic and inflaming.

His admirers say that he was scholarly. I cannot see it. Both he and his wife were addicted to the ouija board. Like many rich Mexicans he had been educated out of his country, and he did not really know when he spoke of Mexico what he was talking about. But he did know how to stir people up.

The summer after his book came out, when he was a rival candidate for the presidency, Diaz had him jailed. Three days after the election, Madero broke jail and, disguised as a workman, fled to the States. There he made it known that he would launch a revolution against the reëlected Diaz government, and set forth his plan of San Luis Potosi. It read like a patent

medicine advertisement; it cured all ills and affected the people who read it as patent medicine advertisements do; they knew at once that they suffered from all the ailments the circular set forth. The mob spirit was up and going. There was no reflection or thought in anything.

In November Madero started the revolution against Don Porfirio in the north. Backers of Reyes, a militarist whom Diaz did not favor, found a chance to nourish a grievance and reap booty. They joined Madero. The conscript soldiers sent against the Maderistas turned against the government.

The situation as yet was local, threatening, not necessarily fatal. But now Diaz made another grave mistake. Up to this time the Madero family had in no way been in sympathy with Francisco Madero's movement. They were great land-owners, and owners also of many industries and state banks. Hard-headed men of business, going back to Portuguese Jew forefathers, the last thing on earth they wanted was to have their interests disturbed. They had never taken "Panchito" seriously; in fact he was considered among the family a moron. But now Don Porfirio issued a statement that the bank-bills of the Madero banks would not be accepted as legal tender.

This not only infuriated a large and powerful family, but allied with them all the other business men of the north. Business houses went so far as to place in their shop windows notices that they would take Madero bank-notes at a premium.

And now "Panchito" went to his uncle, Don Ernesto Madero, for half a million pesos. With this money, he

told his uncle, he would swing the revolution without shedding a drop of blood. That is one of the very few promises he almost kept. Only one battle was fought, the battle at Ciudad Juarez, during the entire Maderista uprising.

Note the irony of a family of business men acknowledging in fury and astonishment the now undoubted effect of the family fool and dreamer upon wholly practical affairs. Don Ernesto gave his nephew not only the half million he requested, but a quarter-million to boot. This 750,000 pesos, paid in cash, bought over the federal conscripts and the Reyistas. But, ironically, it proved a boomerang to the Madero family. They have lost riches and esteem. They are scattered to the four corners of the earth. Their power is gone, and most of them are poverty-stricken. In undoing Don Porfirio they undid themselves.

In May Diaz called for loyalty. But the Mexican gentlemen who had prospered under him were apathetic. The desire for something new seemed to be uppermost with every one. On May 21, Diaz agreed to resign. It was agreed that Francisco de la Barra, who had been called from Washington where he had been ambassador, and was then Acting Secretary of Foreign Affairs, should be *ad interim* President. Señor de la Barra's rôle was not an easy one. By this time the Maderistas were only too anxious to see themselves in high positions of state. Don Ernesto Madero took over the Treasury Department at once.

The last time that I saw the old-time aristocracy of Mexico together was at a most brilliant affair—the de la Barra's last day at home. It was almost as though so-

ciety had turned out *en masse*, not only to say good-by to them, but good-by to everything that Mexico had become accustomed to in the thirty years of peace.

Earlier in the afternoon the Austrian Minister had been received by de la Barra. Not a diplomat was missing. All were in full regalia. The Mexican women had outdone themselves in their smart Paris gowns and hats, and the famous Police Band seemed inspired. I do not remember ever having heard them play as beautifully as they did that afternoon at Chapultepec Castle. The appointments of the tea table were perfect. The guests remained on far into the evening. Every one seemed loath to depart. They acted as do people when they are saying good-by to a place they have loved and may never see again.

Señor and Señora de la Barra are of the highest culture, trained in all the amenities. They had carried off their very difficult position with grace and tact. I think that they were both glad—and lucky—to get out of Mexico alive. I often see Señor de la Barra in Paris. In any gathering he stands out as one of the most distinguished looking men in the room.

The enforced exile of Don Porfirio from Mexico on May 26, 1911, was quite another matter. In good faith he had relinquished his office. All he asked was to rest and die in the land he had served so well. If his personal safety be the excuse for his exile, he did not value it. He would rather have died in Mexico than to have lived in exile. Yet the first orders that de la Barra signed as President were to General Huerta to escort Don Porfirio to his boat at Vera Cruz. It makes one heartsick even to think of that departure, at four o'clock

in the morning, in the dark and cold. He knew that, at his age, he would probably never see his country again. There was not a dry eye among the people at the station, nor even among the curious onlookers. Diaz did not forget his faithful Guard. To the officers he gave an inscribed watch and to the soldiers a medal.

To-day, even those who were most radical, having had later experience with their own people, have begun to feel his real worth and to admit that although there may have been many abuses against the people, he was not the instigator of these abuses; he inherited them. And although many of the people to whom he had to delegate authority were so far away from the center of government that an absolute control was impossible, he established throughout Mexico a more general regard for order and honesty than has any other one man.

Wallace tells a story which illustrates how safe the country was for every one in those times. While at a place on the west coast he had to pay out a sum of eighteen thousand pesos in silver farther down the coast. As the Indian will only accept hard cash, it had to be sent by mules. Wallace had the silver loaded on muleback and sent his personal servant and a peon with it, with instructions that he would meet them at a small village about three days from the railroad. By schedule they were a day late. On demanding an explanation he was told that in crossing a river one of the sacks of silver had broken. They had spent the entire day making one dive after another until the last peso was recovered. This money was as safe with these Indians as in a bank.

Uncorrupted by demagogues and by the disease of

urbanism, Indians are rigorously honest. Their flat, disk-like eyes are void of greed or hope. It bores an Indian to be pushed in into advanced places. It only means more work. *Manana* is another day, equally vacant, another day of nothingness, and so to the end.

My husband has, himself, the blessed habit of never bringing his business home with him. I had been married to him a year and a half before I exactly understood, or thought to ask him, what his business was. It had principally to do with lumber, and so has taken him out into the far parts of the country. He lived in Indian Territory before he came to Mexico, and understands Indians better than any other white man I know. When in 1905 he was conducting lumbering operations over some five million acres in the west of Mexico, he paid his peon help the rate then current, thirty-three cents a day. That, assuredly, was very low, but it was customary, and the men worked along with stoical indifference, from holiday to holiday. Forced to make a business trip to the capital, Wallace gave over the running of the enterprise to a friend who had just come down from the States. When Wallace got back, nothing was moving. Two days a week, said the new manager despairingly, was all these worthless peons could be induced to work. The reason was soon discovered. Finding the wage level too low to be decent, the newcomer had raised all day-hands from thirty-three to seventy-five cents a day. The day after that, hardly a man showed up. Why toil all week when one could now, by the Grace of Heaven, work only two days, and live? The peon philosophy is unassailable; so also was the humanitarian impulse of our friend; but business,

unfortunately, is business; and the old rate had to be restored before things could be started rolling again.

It is the half-breeds, bred in the cities, filled with a lurking greed and played upon by political ambitions, who have put this really pacific, hopeless peon to their own use. They don't give a damn about the welfare of the peon, but his woes provide fuel for their agitations and his body good cannon fodder for their wars. In the days of Don Porfirio the peon was better off and more contented than he was afterwards, with revolutionists using flaming words to arouse in him the lust to kill.

Even now, many peons will tell you how they wish to have back their *patron* who fed and clothed them and looked after them when they were ill. No responsibility, work enough for everybody, money enough to live. What good is a bit of hard barren land with no money to cultivate it? School-teachers, clerks, artists—here too, are people who needed things changed for them. Endless promises are uttered. Little is done.

PART TWO

MADERO

VII

PORTENTS

MADERO'S original army and the armies of those who followed him were recruited among the Indians in the interior. At the beginning of the uprising one of the revolutionary generals took over the mining town of Concepcion del Oro, in the State of Zacatecas. He issued a call to all the Indians from that part of the country, inviting them to come along with him and share in loot. A friend of ours who was with this general said that it was the most amusing thing to hear the women who were to be left behind calling to their soldier relatives: "Pepe, don't forget to bring me a phonograph," or "Juan, be sure to get me a Singer," the "Singer" being a sewing-machine. No house or hut in Mexico is ever quite complete without a "Singer."

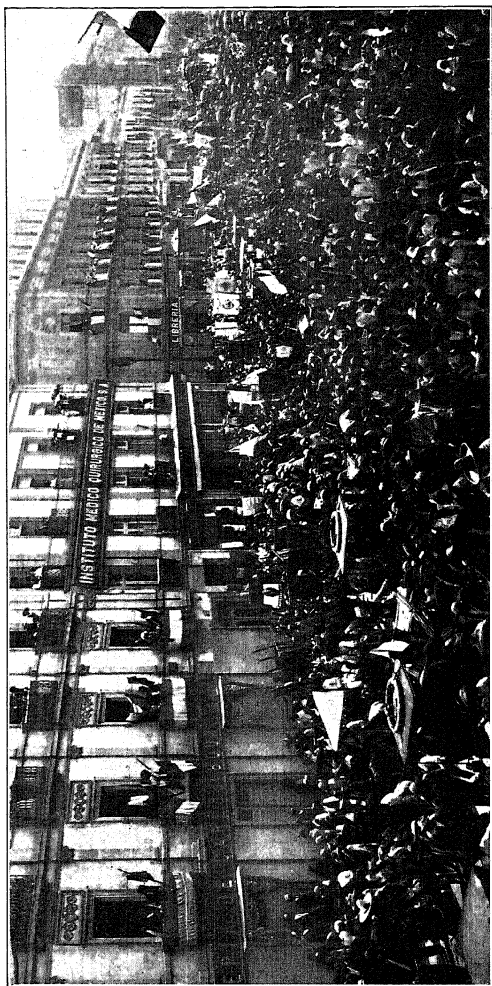
Amid so much cant, such simple directness seemed admirable. The generals told them that they would gain a peso a day if the revolution succeeded; and this they interpreted to mean a peso a day without work.

That was early in the history of the movement. Mob enthusiasm whipped to the uppermost, later raised the expected rewards of the populace to a more mystic plane. It is literally true that when Panchito finally set out upon his triumphant march to the capital he passed

through town after town where the people waved palms and shouted Hosannas. And the sick and halt were brought for him to touch.

All this was a good deal of a surprise to his early backers, even the most ardent. Their stalking horse had become the man of the hour. The people's choice. Their savior and hero! Just how it all came about remains still a mystery, but Madero touched off something in the mass of the people that was more than greed. As a man, one couldn't take him seriously. As a prophet he lacked stamina. If he were not such a tragic figure, he would have been funny. I think of him, myself, as a sort of grown up small boy, dreaming, and playing with matches in his father's house. He had barely started playing with them when they took fire, and the flames destroyed the house, full of precious antiques and old paintings which can never be restored.

The boy's first playmates hadn't the least idea that he would ever go as far as he did. They did not wish at first to be too outwardly identified with him or his dangerous dreams, so they forced the leadership upon him. For their part, they were out first, last, and always to clean up Mexico in a wholly material sense. Their own dreams at the outset never ran beyond a little shake-up in the government, and possibly the election of a new vice-president. Not for a moment did they think that Diaz would actually resign. Even Madero was surprised when that happened. All connivance apart, the fact remains that suddenly from it all, a mystical fervor flowered. The peasant of Mexico heard of a Utopia. He yearned to batter the Diaz régime to pieces and make this new dream come true. And if only



MADERO ENTERS THE CAPITAL (1911)

"He had passed through town after town where the people waved palms and shouted Hosannas. And the sick and halt were brought for him to touch."

half of Madero's promises had been realized, Mexico would have been a Utopia in fact!

I have spoken of this prophet's reliance upon spiritualists and planchette, or ouija boards. There were many fantastic stories going the rounds about nine dogs with which he and his wife communed. I was never able to get the exact truth about this, but that fact that they wooed the spirits is well established, and every one seemed to be positive that they did commune with the spirits of dogs. From the way things went, one can well believe it. But the rumors were disquieting to Mexican Catholics.

SIGNS and portents attended his arrival among us. On the night before he was to enter Mexico City as the savior of Mexico and a candidate for the presidency, one of the diplomats gave a dinner at Sylvain's. We were then living in the country, and my host kindly offered to motor me home. As we approached our place one of the other guests in the car cried: "Oh, let's drive on to Tlalpam!" So we did. Returning, a tire blew out. Our host, in no very diplomatic language, positively refused to change the tire in his evening clothes. We left the car at a near-by hacienda and tramped back over the hard road in our evening slippers. There were no trams until five o'clock in the morning. Luckily for me, I had only a short distance to walk, but I got in very tired and slept heavily as soon as I touched the bed.

I was awakened a few hours later by terrified cries of the servants and the creaking of the house. It was a

tremendous earthquake. Wallace was in New York, so for protection I had three servants sleeping on the floor in his room. With the oscillations of the house, the windows and doors were jammed and refused to open, and they found themselves prisoners. I could hear them calling, "*Ay-ee! Ay-ee!*" but I couldn't get their doors open. The watchman, greatly alarmed, advised me to leave the house at once. In a panic I grabbed Alice-Leone, the baby, from her bed and ran out into the fields.

The old watchman, very proper, put his *zarape* about us. As we sat there shivering with the cold, I saw the earth literally rising and opening up before me in great crevasses. I looked across to the Country Club. It seemed to be bowing to the ground and swaying backwards and forwards.

That was weird enough, but imagine the sensations of a young man, a friend of our family, who was returning, a little earlier, to that same Country Club from a rather large evening in town. He lived at the club and was, as usual, at this homecoming hour, *borracho*, the pleasant Mexican way of saying tight. A few minutes before this earthquake started, he was passing the club's pond, and was taken with the romantic notion of a plunge. Just as he plunged in, evening clothes and all, the water began to make tremendous waves and to splash out over the sides. Fish slid slimily across his face. He arose from the waters howling.

Madero's followers explained the earthquake very simply. Even the earth trembled, they said, on the eve of his entry into the capital. His enemies were just as certain about it. They said it was an evil omen.

I WENT into town that morning, as I had been invited to view the Grand Entrance from a window on Cinco de Mayo Avenue. On getting there, I was mauled, with the utmost good nature, but no less to my discomfort, by patriotic mobs. It seemed to me just another parade.

Although it made a very long day, I had arranged to dress in town for a dinner and ball that were being given that night. On leaving the ball, my friends dissuaded me from driving home to the country, as the whole town seemed to be drunk, and not only with joy, from celebrating the entrance of their hero. Too tired to argue, I went home with two daughters of one of the most delightful Mexican families of our acquaintance.

It was such an event for them to have some one spend the night with them that they had had a bed placed for me between the two which they occupied. Their beds were heavily draped, with canopies. I was the first in bed, and although I don't believe I have ever spent a worse night, it was well worth it to watch their preparations. In dismay I watched their maid hermetically seal the room against any possible invasion of fresh oxygen. First she closed the outside blinds, then the windows and inside wooden shutters, and afterwards drew across the windows the heavy velvet curtains. Then she stopped up the cracks at the bottom of the windows with long, sausage-like rolls placed close up against them.

Already I felt stifled, but I knew that protest would be useless. As soon as my friends were asleep, I crawled quietly out of bed, gently pulling the covers along with me. Stealthily I opened the door into the hall and tip-

toed into the drawing-room. Here I opened five large windows onto the street, and improvised a bed with the spindly gold Louis Quinze chairs and settees.

The next morning you would have thought that in leaving that sealed chamber of innocence I had done something scandalous. That drawing-room—it was almost out of doors, they said; and they were sure that I would be stricken with pneumonia before the day ended. I was promptly returned to my original bed and chatteringly scolded. From there I watched with some amusement their morning ablutions. They had slipped their nightgowns off, and were revealed in their chemises of the day before. They made their morning toilet with a small wash-cloth very discreetly used under the chemises, facing the wall and at the same time sending a rapid fire of conversation backward in my direction. I was literally in hysterics, as they were telling me how Anglicized was their mode of living, and how they adored it, and that I just should spend the night with some of my other Mexican friends! They finished off the toilet with such a spraying of perfumery that I was nearly suffocated.

I was less amused when I asked for my bath, and found that the only bathtub in the house was not equipped with plumbing. This in a house of twenty rooms! At that time it was quite customary to see a Sunday-morning parade of men walking along the streets with large bath towels over the shoulders, and the women rushing along with maids following with towel bundles, all on their way to the public baths. There is, I speculated sadly, a reason for everything, and marveled no longer that in other societies just

emerging from medievalism—England, for instance, in its Cavalier period—even warriors doused themselves with scent.

THE old style social life continued more or less undisturbed that summer of 1911. Madero was in the city, but Señor Francisco de la Barra, a man generally identified with the old régime, was President *ad interim*. Nobody felt that it would last, however, and the gaiety was forced and feverish. Mexico City began to swarm with Maderos. From all points of the compass they hastened to the kill. An immense family, immensely acquisitive, it is said that at least five hundred of them flocked into town. Most of these were given government offices at once, not waiting until their relative had taken the chair.

Madero rode on the crest of the wave. He could do no wrong. He had most successfully passed the buck to de la Barra and was doing nothing himself in the way of working out a future definite policy for his oncoming presidential term. He seemed to think that it was quite sufficient that the populace wanted him.

No more actual election had been held to elect him, of course, than had been held for any other preceding president. Ballots were cast but never counted. It was simply taken for granted that he was to be the next president after October 4, 1911; and that was that.

VIII

HOWLS

ALMOST from the day of Madero's inauguration as President, the high-pitched enthusiasm of the people began to dwindle and soon there were audible rumblings of discontent. The honeymoon was over. Now one must settle again into the mundane. The conservative people became especially restive. They wanted to see some work done. They began to have a suspicion that they had swapped a good sound horse for an unmanageable wind-sucker. The landowners, clericals, large business interests, and the American Embassy all saw real trouble ahead unless Madero settled down to the business of government instead of merely prancing around and courting applause.

Don Ernesto Madero, with whose family Wallace and I had lunched on my first day in Mexico, was now Minister of Treasury. He told Wallace he had done everything possible to make Madero see the seriousness of conditions, but that the little man had at first taste of authority dashed completely out of hand. To any suggestion or criticism he would answer: "I am legally the President of Mexico!" And that was that.

He was unfit to govern. I grant him honesty, but it was the honesty of a fool. He was so typically Latin, casually pledging his word right and left. No doubt he

meant it, but he outpromised himself. No judge of men, he favored flatterers. The crafty fattened; the candid got no plums. He had not the least business sense. The one thing he did do perfectly was to parade before the public. Mad for adulation, he would go to any lengths to get it. And with each new day, he had to go farther. The people turned sullen. There were strikes and disorder.

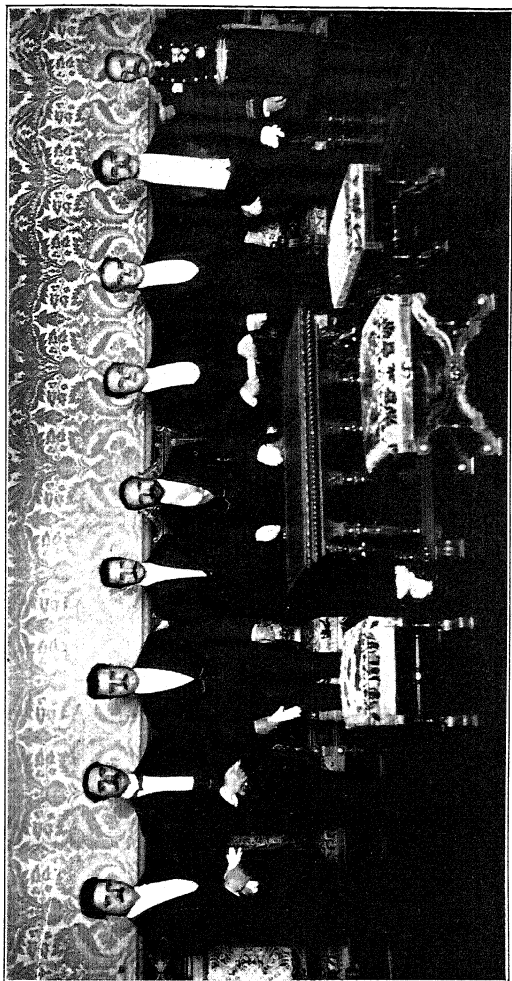
My first experience with the brewing revolution was indirect and minor. Our Chinese butler was shopping in town. During the afternoon a tram strike was declared, and at midnight he had not returned. I was very worried about him, as the Maderistas were persecuting the Chinese. Early the next morning I was awakened by a knock on my door. I called, "Come in." There stood the poor Chinaman, completely winded. He stood at the foot of my bed, gasping out excitedly the story of his terrible night. Having spent all his money, he couldn't hire a taxi, so he had started walking back to the country. Every few blocks peons yelled at him, "Killee Chinaman! Killee Chinaman!" Finally some of them made after him. Then: "I droppee in ditchee and then I get out and runnee like hellee and this I diddee all nightee!" Poor man, he had been doing this since ten o'clock the night before. Over three hundred of these poor creatures had been massacred in Torreon during the previous week, so his agitation can be well understood.

I don't know just exactly what the trouble was between the Maderistas and the Chinamen, but it started in the north of Mexico. A friend of ours who was in Torreon at this time told us that when the Maderista

troops entered the town of San Pedro, near Torreon they yelled for the blood of the Chinese. The town had the ever-present Chinese laundry, and these poor laundrymen, hearing that the Maderistas had arrived, were in a panic. They started jumping over their patio wall into a mattress factory next door which was owned by an old Spanish woman. She, like a flash, saw their danger, and as they fell into her place she sandwiched them in between her mattresses, which in the end were piled to the ceiling. The soldiers were furious not to find any Chinamen at the laundry nor next door, and in the end gave up the search. However, they nearly gained their point, as the poor Chinamen, packed between those mattresses, were almost smothered to death.

Industrial unrest and racial demonstrations ran along with a general sense of tension. You felt it everywhere. During the winter after Madero became President the people of Mexico City seemed desperately determined to enjoy themselves. Every one was very uncertain as to just what was happening. No one liked the changes which had come about in Mexico, but there was a spirit of "Let's make the best of it—to the devil with everything!" Sylvain's, the most conservative restaurant in the capital, even tried to have a midnight cabaret with which to divert us—a thing unheard of before that time in Mexico.

ON the night this cabaret opened I had an experience perhaps worth telling, as a sort of symptom of the time. When we left the restaurant our host invited us



MADERO AND HIS CABINET (1912)

"He was unfit to govern. I grant him honesty, but it was the honesty of a fool."

to return home in his car. His chauffeur was ill and he himself was driving. That made me uneasy, as he seemed a bit the worse for the champagne he had taken. Noticing that he hung on to the side of the car as he went to take his place at the wheel, I quietly asked Wallace to sit in front with him and to see that he drove carefully.

We started off. At that late hour, there was little traffic. But on Avenida Juarez, just before we came to the Iron Horse, another motor-car with some of our party passed us, calling good night. Our host let out a holla and gave chase. He did not realize that the street to the right of the Iron Horse was torn up. He saw it just in time to miss the excavation and swerved his car sharply. The steering-gear caught in the post that served as a barricade, which was lacking the usual red lantern, and we skidded with a terrific bang into a telephone pole, breaking it in two pieces over the car.

I hit the top of the car, and coming down struck my throat across the top of the front seat. Wallace shot through the wind-shield, but he was up like a flash, calling to me to run quickly around the corner. He had already heard the shrill, sharp whistle of the corner policeman calling for help. We caught a *coche* on the fly, and telling the man to drive like mad, left our host with his car to deal with the majesty of the law.

The next day we saw him, and found him, all in all, more amused than vexed by the whole occurrence. They had arrested both him and the car, as in Mexico it is the custom to arrest the automobile, carriage, bicycle, or whatever vehicle may be involved in an accident as well as the persons concerned. That is why Wallace was

so anxious to get me away from the scene. The two remaining culprits, car and driver, accompanied the policeman to the *comisaria*, or police station. Here it was found that he had no license to drive in Mexico City. He told the police judge that he did have a license for the State of Morelos, where he had property. He was entirely in the wrong as far as the law went, save for the omitted danger signal, and they would not permit him to discuss that at all. However, he was in white tie, looking very distinguished, so the verdict of the judge was: "Oh, let him go. He must be of decent people because he is in evening dress."

Only a few nights after, a very charming University Club man who had a weakness for liquor was picked up and likewise conducted to the police station. While he was waiting to be called before the judge he saw an old closed coach which had been arrested earlier in the evening. It suited his mood and condition to crawl inside of it. His sleep was sound. During the night the *coche* was released, and its owner drove it home. Our friend awoke with a start. A cock was crowing right in his ear. Picture his amazement at finding himself in a junk yard ten miles out of town, with chickens roosting all about him.

There is another law in Mexico which makes arrest easy for the uninformed and tender-minded. It is illegal to move a person who has been injured or killed until the police arrive. You can imagine how frightful this law may be in a case of injury. I myself saw a perfect example of its operation on one occasion; it makes me shudder even now to think of it. A man had been

knocked down by a hit-and-run taxi just as he was crossing the tram tracks. No one in the crowd who had seen the accident dared to touch him, but they did realize suddenly that a tram was coming toward him at great speed. The man was perhaps not badly hurt, but he was unconscious. Several people rushed up the track, waving frantically, but to no avail. Just as we drove up to the crossing the tram ran over the injured man, and killed him instantly. The motorman's excuse for not stopping was that he could not take on passengers in the middle of the block and he thought that was what they wanted.

SOON after Madero became President, Madame Ernesto Madero, his aunt by marriage, invited me to go with her to one of the President's days at home. Until that day I had hardly realized how dimmed was Mexico City's former urbanity. The reception was small, only a few people. Our Ambassadors, Mrs. Henry Lane Wilson, was there, looking very charming in her della Robbia blue afternoon gown. But most of the other faces were new to me. They were for the most part people from the north of Mexico—political hangers-on. The big room, turkey-red and ugly, looked almost empty. The President and Señora Madero sat on one of those little gold sofas. He was restless, always jumping about. I could have endured this if each time he jumped up Señora Madero had not risen also, forcing the entire room to follow suit. We would be no more than up when down he would sit again. I was half

up and down most of the afternoon, and after dropping my spoon, I finally gave it up, and handed my tea to a passing footman.

Señora Madero was small and brittle-looking. She was dressed in a most inappropriate gown, which gave her the appearance of a bundle wrapped for delivery. Her sittings down were elaborate. First she would gently smooth out her heavy velvet gown from behind, then pull it out at the sides, then sit down very gingerly and crossing her hands precisely, let them fall into her lap. She sat very straight; there was a certain quality to that woman. She had followed her erratic husband on his earlier campaigns; just as the *soldaderas* or wives of peons follow and care for their soldier-husbands in the field. Some one once asked her if she were never afraid in the dangerous places to which this led her. She drew from her thick hair a stout, sharp hatpin. "Not with this," she said. Seeing her there, triumphant and dowdy, one sensed in her at least the dignity of fidelity. Her confidence in her husband was fanatical and absolute.

Between leaps I managed to say to her a few of the banal things one says to the wives of presidents, and also to talk a little with the President. He said he remembered meeting me in Monterey as a bride. It must have been at that big family luncheon, with all the magpie mourning. The hopping up and down went on throughout our brief conversation. His every word revealed a thoroughgoing egotism. His sudden movements and fixed ingratiating smile made you think constantly of a marionette.

The reception dragged on. A great fat horror from



SEÑORA DE FRANCISCO I. MADERO, JR.

"She was small and brittle-looking. Her sittings-down were elaborate."

the Conservatory sang for us an aria from "Madame Butterfly." This was too much. I begged Madame Ernesto to come away with me. We went from the castle to the home of the manager of the National Bank of Mexico. There we found some of the old society and discreetly made no reference to our earlier call.

In her "Intimate Pages of Mexican History," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy draws an unforgettable picture of that strange, small, jerky figure—the "Messiah," the "Redeemer," the "Bridegroom" of unhappy Mexico—raptly pacing the high terrace of the Castle of Chapultepec, where Maximilian had reigned:

This terrace commands a far and sweeping view of the enchanted Valley of Mexico. Madero stood gazing at his kingdom. His expression was soft and speculative. He seemed strangely removed from the difficulties of the situation, lifted above them, as he was above the shining plain; but in the city, glittering in the distance, intrigues and dissolving forces of all kinds were at work against him.

He used to wear a brown suit, with a peacock-blue hand-worked vest . . . that summer of 1912 and he was doubtless still quite happy, living within the world of his own benignant desires, confident in his . . . "legality" . . . and his "luck."

IX

OUTBURST

NEXT to Villa, who took pleasure in tearing Chinamen apart between horses and who was a thoroughgoing ruffian in every particular, Mexican revolutionary balladry has most to tell about Zapata, a bandit, but an admirable man. Villa was spawned of the dregs of urban Mexico. Zapata was a farmer who until he became a general did not learn how to read. Throughout his career Zapata stuck to one cause, one quarrel. "Land for the Indian!"—that was all. He would fight for any one who promised that, then fight against them when, in power, they reneged.

Morelos is a tiny, rich agricultural State just south of the capital. Zapata was a small tenant-farmer there. He knew something about horses and, making a trip to the capital to look over some saddle stock for a rich hacienda owner, found them quartered in marble stables and the miserable habitations of the peons in his home country preyed on his mind, and he became in the years that followed a sort of village Bolshevik.

When Madero threw out, among thousands of other glittering words, a bait to the landless, Zapata got together a following and joined the movement against Diaz. Once Madero was in, Zapata gave him a year in which to redeem the promise; and when at the end of

that year land-hungry Indians were as yet rewarded only with handsome generalities about a Commission that was looking into the matter, Zapata revolted all over again.

Even before Madero was inaugurated, the Zapatistas were in the saddle, armed and out to collect. I had the rather uncertain pleasure of passing through their lines.

A group of us had been having a gay tea. While we were motoring home the moon came up so bright and lovely that it made us loath to shut ourselves away from it. Some one suggested that it would be great fun to drive to Cuernavaca. In those days one didn't drive thoughtlessly to Cuernavaca. This old road of Cortes, Governor-General—he used to drive over it to his sugar hacienda—was none too easy for even the best of cars. The man in whose car we were driving said, "Why not? But no luggage—a toothbrush and nightgown only." He left us at our different homes while he had the Café Colon prepare a picnic supper which we ate on the way.

We arrived at the outskirts of Cuernavaca before midnight, and started to coast down that sweeping road which leads right to the beautiful old sixteenth-century cathedral in the center of the town. On this night it stood out against the moonlit sky like a great fortress.

Suddenly the cry "*Alto! Alto!*" We stopped our motor. Soldiers appeared suddenly. An officer and ten more soldiers crowded around the car. They demanded to know what we were doing in Cuernavaca at this time of night. We explained fully, even going so far as to blame the moon. The officer smiled at that. He ordered

a thorough search of the car, even to the point of lifting its hood, and then very politely told us that we must make a detour to enter the town. He sent with us an escort of four soldiers—fierce-looking bandits, but marked by the same rural naïveté and honesty of demeanor that we were again to note, thankfully, twice later, when the Zapatistas for brief periods occupied the capital.

The next morning, Don Pablo Escandon, a good friend of ours, came to the Bellavista Hotel, and told us that he was virtually a prisoner. Zapata sent him notes saying that he was going to kill him. Don Pablo, who was one of the old and wealthy landowners in the State of Morelos, naturally felt nervous about these threats. We pleaded with him to return with us. He replied that it would not only be very risky for him, but would endanger us. The man who was driving our car promised to return for him the next day. This he did, but by that time Don Pablo had decided this was too unsafe a way to escape. Two days later he left by train, third-class, dressed as a workman, having been careful to give out a report that he was leaving the day after. The "day after" train was blown up, and a few innocent passengers were killed.

As Madero took no drastic steps against Zapata, the Zapatistas grew very quickly to be a great thorn, at the south, in the flesh of the Madero government. Less than six months after Madero took office, General Orozco, another of his greatest supporters, angered because Madero would not pay him a large sum for his services, sent the President an insulting message that he would soon be in Mexico City, there to hang Ma-

dero to the largest tree in the Zocalo. And so another revolution started in the north.

At the moment General Huerta had no command. Madero was annoyed at his outspoken view that the thing to do was to go out, thresh Zapata, and clean up the whole State of Morelos.

Huerta was never a man to dilly-dally. On the night that Orozco started his revolution a friend of ours was at the Café Colon having dinner. This was one of the general's favorite rendezvous. He was there that night, with a very pretty daughter of joy on either side, and a *copita*—a small glass of cognac—in front of him. It was evident that he was having a great old time. "To hell with everything!" was written all over his old Indian face.

An extra was being called in the street. The Minister of War had committed suicide. Not half an hour later an aide of the President came from the palace asking for General Huerta, and delivered his message in a voice which could be overheard by all.

"The President wishes your presence at the Palace at once."

Huerta looked up at the aide with a glance of smoldering insolence. "*Iré cuando pueda—estoy muy ocupado*"—"I will go when I can. I am very busy," he said. The entire room was highly entertained. Hours later he went to the palace, where Madero was still waiting to appoint him commander-in-chief. He refused to accept unless given his old loyal battalion, the 28th. This was granted. He took the field against Orozco at once.

Huerta was successful in this campaign at the north.

He captured both Orozco and Villa, and awaited only word from the President to have them shot. Villa, when he was captured and thought General Huerta was going to shoot him, groveled on the ground, crying and pleading for his life, and kissing the general's boots.

Don Porfirio, in his age, developed a fatal magnanimity, and set a precedent. And now Madero, who was never tough-minded, followed the same course. He intervened for both of these men. They were merely imprisoned, later escaping to make other revolutions, and kill.

Madero's presidency lasted a year and half—from November of 1911 on through 1912, and into the opening months of 1913. In February of 1913 came the *Decena Tragica*—the Ten Tragic Days. But a month before that, lead was swirling up and down the streets of the capital, and the city was in an armed camp.

PART THREE

HUERTA

X

DECENA TRAGICA

AS luck would have it, I was visiting that January in Puebla with the Countess du Boisrouvray. She was there from Paris, for the sulphur bathing. On our way to church we saw people thronging around proclamations newly posted. The news was exciting.

General Felix Diaz had entered Mexico City and taken the Ciudadela. At the entrance to the palace, General Bernardo Reyes had been killed. Madero had ridden with the cavalry guard from the Castle of Chapultepec to the palace. Riding a white horse, he had offered a perfect target, but his famous luck was still with him; it was a soldier who rode beside him that was killed.

Puebla seethed with apprehension. The federal troops stationed there, we were told, had gone over to the Felicistas. As a matter of fact, they did veer first to one side and then to the other four times in the next twenty-four hours.

A Spaniard of our acquaintance, Count Fernando Casa Equia, arrived from Mexico City on the Sunday afternoon train. He was so excited and so full of stories that at first we could hardly make head or tail of all his tidings. But it did seem that the Felicistas had

marched into the city, captured the arsenal, and had the capital under bombardment. Federal troops were scattered all over town and Felix Diaz seemed plainly to be getting the best of the slaughter.

The train on which our Spanish friend had arrived, was the last to reach Puebla for three days. No real news filtered through from the capital—only ghastly rumors. With Wallace and Alice-Leone, my daughter, in Mexico City, I was in a fearful state of mind. On the fourth day came word that at midnight they were running a train to the capital. I prepared to take it. The count said I was perfectly mad to do so, but when he saw that I was determined, agreed to accompany me. I think at the bottom of his heart he was delighted to go back and see the fireworks, and wanted only a good excuse.

Except for the crew, we were the only people on the train. At Guadalupe station, the last stop outside of Mexico City, we bought newspapers which said that a two-hour armistice had just been declared. This was good news, as those hours would give us a chance to get to our homes without dodging bullets.

At eight in the morning we pulled into Buenavista station amid a perfectly audible bombardment. No shells seemed to be landing near by, however; and with the naïveté which the literate display toward anything seen in print, we credited the newspaper report about Madero agreeing to an armistice.

We had been told in Puebla that there was a great scarcity of food in the capital. Accordingly I had brought baskets of eggs, vegetables, and bread. Besides, I had a quantity of antiques which I had bought

in Puebla, and in addition to all this, my accustomed profusion of hand luggage.

The courtyard of the station was jammed with coaches for hire. We engaged one. The driver assured us he could get us to the Hotel Geneve. Nothing, he said, was easier. We piled all our odds and ends into his cab. The other fifty or sixty cabmen, who had expected a train-load of passengers, hurled vile and envious insults at the one who, among them all, had found a fare.

Everything went beautifully until we neared the Colonia station. Then came the most awful crashing of glass. Shells screamed and struck one after the other, around us. We saw great branches of trees being cut down, and as we came up to the station we realized that we were directly in the line of battle. Bang, crash, bang, crash, went the windows of the station. Then I saw two men drop hardly ten or fifteen feet from us, caught by bullets. They fell like sacks dropped from a height, and did not move.

I cried: "For goodness' sakes, let's get out of this!" At the same moment we realized that the coachman had left his box. We looked all about for him, then saw him under the coach. My escort said many rude things in Spanish, using the toe of his shoe to make these observations emphatic. By this time the lead was flying so thick and fast that I shall never know how it happened to pass us. All around, we heard bullets striking, and I do not exaggerate my impressions of the moment when I say that bullets in flight have rapid, whirring little snake tails on them.

We turned back the way we had come. In the Santa

Maria part of town we found it quite safe. But by this time we felt the need of guidance, and both remembered that in this part of the city lived a certain lawyer, whose chief client was credibly supposed to have helped finance this revolt against Madero. We drove to this lawyer's house. After much vigorous knocking, the great street door was opened about an inch, and the aged councilor peeped out. He was in his bath-robe, and wore a nightcap. At first he pretended not to know us, the old wretch, though he knew us perfectly well. He was badly frightened. At length, after much talking through the door, he let us in; and explained that Madero had used the armistice to move some of his troops to better positions. The Felicistas, discovering this, had let go in great style. So that was it.

How, I asked, was I to get to my family at the Hotel Geneve? The telephones were all out of order. After a good deal of consideration, the old lawyer, a Mexican, offered to send a note to some acquaintance who would be able to tell us a safe detour which would take us to the hotel. Not caring to feel in my flesh some of that lead I had so lately heard buzzing around me, I insisted that he ask his friend to also bring me a *salvo conducto*, or safe conduct. After some three and a half hours we received our papers, and a note as to the detours recommended.

It was now almost noon. Starting out at once, we made a detour of the entire city. Once in every block we were stopped by evil-looking soldiers. Each time, our carriage, ourselves, and all our luggage were searched. And each time, I lost a little more of that store of food which I was conveying to my family. The

soldiers would dig through it until they found something they wanted, then with a half wave, half flourish of a hand tightly clutching the food, they would say: "*Muchísimas gracias!*"—"Many, many thanks!" quite as though I had given it to them.

We made our way up the Anzures Road to Chapultepec Park, then down through Colonia Roma, past the bull-ring and the American Embassy. Here we were just in time to see Henry Lane Wilson, the American Ambassador, waving his cane wildly, and attempting to restrain the federal officer commanding the cannon at the Insurgentes tramway station from firing in the direction of the Felicistas. Such an attack would certainly have drawn a return fire into the neutral zone where all the people of the various foreign colonies had been placed for safety by agreement of both Madero and Felix Diaz. Madero had had this cannon placed in the neutral zone during the armistice that morning. All we could catch of Mr. Wilson's protest was, "Intervention! Intervention!" The word had the desired effect. The cannon was moved. A few years later that threat would only have brought their thumbs to their noses. By that time, the United States had woof-woofed them so often they had no belief in our threats.

At the sight of the cannon and all the ruction our coachman gave a little yelp and ducked down behind the coach again. He mumbled, writhing, that he would go no farther. The count almost threw him back on the box again, and made him drive past the cannon. Bending double and calling brokenly upon all the saints (and, as nearly as I could gather, a good many Aztec deities), the poor wretch lashed his old bony horses,

and we clattered along as though we had devils at our heels. We drew up to the hotel with so much dash and racket as almost to precipitate a panic. The besieged were gathered just inside the door, expecting the worse. The nerves of the women, especially, were thoroughly on edge. This was Friday. Most of them had not been to bed since the Saturday night before.

Wallace and Alice-Leone were quite upset to think that I had not remained in Puebla, away from the roar of the cannon and the smack of rifle-fire. They laughed at all my baskets; they had abundant stores of food. The Indian chauffeur had gone on foot every day to Tacubaya, crawling most of the way, and had brought them all they needed.

WALLACE, who finds pleasure in everything unusual, had many diverting stories to tell about the week of the bombardment. On the eve of the Ten Tragic Days he had attended a rather heavy lumberman's banquet and had arrived home about five o'clock in the morning, with only one desire; to sleep. At seven o'clock Alice-Leone tried to awaken him. She had news. The cook said there was a war on downtown. The servants often had rumors to that effect. Wallace told Alice-Leone that a war downtown didn't interest him, and begged her not to disturb him again until it got close to the house. But Alice-Leone kept rushing back to tell him that this was a real war, so please get up. At last, still incredulous, he arose, and after a leisurely breakfast started downtown to see what all this excitement was about.

He was walking up Avenida Juarez when the Felicista troops came through Rosales Street, crossing Avenida Juarez on their conquering way to the arsenal. Then suddenly he realized that his daughter was alone at home with the servants, and that the war of which she had prattled looked serious. He claims to have left the Iron Horse at nine fifteen and to have arrived at home at nine thirteen. Half-way back, he met an elderly spinster, tripping with dignity toward town and gun-fire. He stopped her and asked her where she was going. The old virgin looked coldly upon him and repelled his interest. "It can be of no possible interest to you," she said, "where I am going."

Wallace bowed. "Dear Madame, none, I am sure," he said, "but if you continue in the direction you are facing, you will indeed find something to interest you!" And they passed out of each other's lives.

As I have said, a neutral zone had been established, by agreement of the warring factions. Included in this zone was the Hotel Geneve. Here for the Ten Tragic Days we lived. With us were all of the women and children of foreign antecedents that could be located in the press of events. The men formed a guard. At night they patrolled the district to see that no soldiers from either side came into the neutral zone. Wallace was one of the commanders of this guard.

One night, he and some others were patrolling back of the hotel when they were suddenly ordered in Spanish to halt. Three ugly-looking guns confronted them from behind a wall.

They called back in Spanish, "What is wanted?" Three soldiers stepped out. "We want food," they said.

Their captain had instructed them two days before to stay until he returned. He had not returned, and they had not eaten since.

Wallace asked them, "What side are you fighting on?"

"*Pues quien sabe?*" they answered. "Why, who knows? We are fighting for Captain Lopez." Poor devils, that is about as much as they ever know.

On the second day of the bombardment, Wallace decided to make a tour of the town. He took the direction of the arsenal where Felix Diaz was entrenched. Everything seemed so peaceful at the moment that he walked much farther than he had planned, arriving finally at the town clock which is in the center of the street on the Calle Bucareli. As he approached the clock the arsenal suddenly opened up with machine-guns, and the soldiers of the opposition started down the street toward it, hell bent for fury. In a flash the clock was blown to fragments, and the bullets flicked at the paving all around. Wallace looked wildly for a bullet-proof hiding place. Barely a yard away he saw a man-hole of a sewer which crossed under and drained the street. Down into the sewer he went. After two hours in this smelly hole he was completely cured of all curiosity. During a lull in the bombardment he made his way back to the hotel.

It proved a difficult and worrisome task to gather all of the women and children of neutral families into the neutral zone. Wallace had been detailed during the first days to assist Dr. Ryan, who afterwards became well known as a Red Cross worker in the World War. On the second day of the bombardment, they received word

that an American woman was sick in bed in an apartment directly in line with the firing from the arsenal. Dr. Ryan and Wallace jumped into a Dodge runabout and set out at top speed to rescue her. As Dr. Ryan stepped inside the door of the apartment house the firing started full blast. Several three-inch shells crashed through the building across the street. Wallace jumped out of the car and crouched behind it on all fours. The firing continued. Wallace declares to this day that the Dodge car has the largest wheels and fewest spokes of any car in the world. After moments that seemed like days, Dr. Ryan came staggering down the apartment house stairs, bearing a woman who would easily have tipped the scales at a hundred and eighty pounds. He fairly threw her at Wallace, who gasped under the impact. They started the car and dashed up the street. The bullets were coming like rain on Wallace's side. He is not quite sure that in his excitement he did not hold the lady in front of him as a shield. They managed to get her to the hotel without injury, although the car was punctured by many bullet holes.

As always in a time of tragedy and pain, ridiculous things kept happening. Among those taking refuge at the Hotel Geneve was a rather objectionable old man, very officious and especially anxious at this time to bring himself to the attention of the American Ambassador. One morning, feeling in high spirits, one of the men called this old busybody, who had been nicknamed General Toots, on the telephone. His wife answered the telephone, saying that the "General" was asleep. She was told to awaken him at once; it was most important, as the American Embassy wished to speak to

him. When he came to the telephone he was told that the ambassador wished him to come immediately to the embassy for a conference on the best way of protecting the lives of the foreigners. He was very excited over the message and answered that he would do himself the honor of calling on the Ambassador within twenty minutes. The men congregated in the patio of the hotel to watch General Toots' departure. In about fifteen minutes he came through the patio on a dead run, dressed in morning coat, spats, and high hat. They tried to stop him to ask what all the excitement was about, but he only called over his shoulder that the American Ambassador desired his presence immediately and that he did not have time to tell them about it. In less than twenty minutes he returned, his tail-feathers trailing. It seems that the embassy staff had been a little abrupt with him. He was very cool to all the men, but did not refer to the incident.

I have spoken of the robust Mr. D. E. Thompson, Ambassador to Mexico during Don Porfirio's régime. He, too, was with us there at the Hotel Geneve, having come to Mexico on private business. An elderly man, the racket of the bombardment and the people at the hotel, got on his nerves; he wanted at any cost to get back to Florida. The embassy sent him word that there would be a train to the north one night, and he was in great excitement as to how he was to get to the embassy for his passport. Wallace and a friend of his volunteered to accompany him, but told him to be on the alert to run, as there was a sniper hidden at the Insurgentes station, which they had to pass, and that this sniper had several times taken aim at them. Mr.

Thompson became much perturbed; he said he simply couldn't run a step; that he had jumped down from a low veranda the year before and had suffered ever since from injured arches.

When they were about half-way to the embassy the sniper started to shoot at them. The first bullet struck just ahead and ricocheted off one of the iron posts, then another hit a post close beside them. Thompson cried: "My God, boys! What's that?" Another bullet hit the same post, and the next moment he was going up the street toward the embassy as if he had been shot from a gun, shouting war-whoops as he went. It struck them as so funny that the two idiots instead of running too, stood there and laughed themselves to tears. They were recalled to their senses when two more bullets struck so close to them that they heard them sing as they went by. So they, too, decided that the neighborhood was getting too warm for comfort, and took cover at the embassy. They claim that for a man who couldn't run Mr. Thompson gave a fine exhibition of flying.

Another blithesome incident is related of the British Minister in Mexico at that time, a charming man with certain attractive oddities. He had, for instance, a parrot tamed to ride on his shoulder; you often saw him walking about with this adornment (one not inappropriate, the malicious said, for a diplomat). But my story is about this minister's fresh eggs. He simply had to have them all through the bombardment. Four a day. An English friend, Jack Cosgro, undertook as a loyal Briton to fill the bill. Angeles, the federal general, had a battery just behind the British Legation, so it was quite a feat to get in and out without having your head

shot off, but Cosgro, that loyal subject, managed by dint of running and crawling to get the minister his four fresh eggs a day.

After the *Decena Tragica* was over, the minister thanked him most effusively for having fetched his dear parrot those eggs so faithfully. Jack was furious.

The Chilean Minister, who had an apartment at the Geneve, kept his own cow at the back of the hotel. She furnished unwittingly the milk for the many delicious hot punches that the guard drank every night. Each night the men on guard would milk her. The minister was greatly perturbed. His cow, he complained, had suddenly gone completely dry and she was not expecting a calf. The men explained to him that all cows held up their milk when it thundered, and that undoubtedly the bombardment had caused the cow to go completely dry from extreme nervousness. The poor old minister, quite ignorant as to agriculture, swallowed the story, hook, line, and sinker. He was overjoyed when at the end of the Ten Tragic Days his cow again gave her full amount of milk.

The men also amused themselves with a poker game which never stopped day or night during the whole ten days, different players coming in and going out of the game as they went on or off duty, the women making coffee for them during the night.

Our apartment was at the front of the hotel and out of line of the firing, which was coming from the back. We put up about thirty strangers, never the same people, every night. They would rush from their apartments when the firing started on their side and take refuge with us. I myself grew so used to the thunder-

ing noise of the cannon and the rapid-fire guns that it was only when they occasionally ceased that I would awaken. But those ten days, even so, were the longest that one could imagine. Every one's nerves were worn ragged.

The Decena Tragica started on Sunday, February 9th, 1913. On the following Sunday a second armistice was declared. Hopefully, we concluded that the shooting was really over, and could hardly wait to start off in our car to see what damage had been done to the city. We went to the Paseo de la Reforma to look at the house of a friend of ours which had been practically demolished. This house had been in a direct line of an artillery duel between the Felicistas at the arsenal and the Maderistas battery behind the British Legation.

We stood there surveying the wreckage when suddenly these two batteries opened up on each other again. Shrapnel started to fly in every direction. We were in a bad position, and one of the women in the car reacted to the emergency by fainting dead away. There was nothing to do but risk it and make for home. This we did, arriving safely. By the time the bombardment was really over, and Madero taken prisoner, we had become so skeptical that we didn't dash out until the news was thoroughly verified.

The President of the Senate, by vote of that body, went to Madero on the 15th of February, 1913, and asked that he resign, telling him that in so doing he would bring glory to his name, as the people were being killed by the thousands and the town put in ruins. Madero, by this time, was so overwrought that he was more than half mad. His answer became a byword

among the Mexican people: "I would rather be the ruler of a people of corpses, of a city in ruins, than resign."

The Senate then represented to General Huerta, First Military Chief, and an old supporter of Don Porfirio Diaz, that it was more patriotic to be faithful to the interests of Mexico than to cleave with fidelity to a madman. Huerta replied that he could not turn on Madero, but as the Senate's delegation was leaving he added: "Of course, if the legislature and judicial bodies have ordered me to do so, I could then refuse to recognize Madero."

On the 18th, Lieutenant Colonel Riveroll went to the palace and presented to Madero the Senate's demand that he resign. Madero heard him calmly; then in a sudden fury drew his revolver and killed him instantly, there in the palace chamber. Major Izquierdo, who had been standing at the door, rushed in and was also shot dead by President Madero's aide. Then like a man demented, Madero rushed to the palace doors, only to encounter there armed soldiers who had accompanied the dead Riveroll. With no show of fear, ridden even now by his pathetic conviction of complete "legality," Madero cried out that he was the President of Mexico. An order had been given that no shot was to be fired. General Blanquette, commanding the detachment, walked quietly up to Madero, took his pistol and made him prisoner, along with his cabinet.

Madero and the Vice-President Pino Suarez were imprisoned in the palace. On February 19th preparations were made to ship the Redeemer out of Mexico on a Cuban battleship, along with all his family, the whole

to be escorted by the Cuban Minister. No one will ever know why this plan was not carried out. But those insiders who know everything and whose chatter seemed, for this once, to have the support of logic, reported Huerta as feeling that Madero free, would be too potent a source of counter-revolution.

Be that as may, it was suddenly decided better to keep these two men for a while imprisoned in Mexico City. Huerta told Señor de la Barra that he was sending them to the penitentiary. Knowing his country only too well, de la Barra implored the general to see that everything was done correctly, and advised him to have Madero and Suarez tried on some legal charge. Huerta bowed to convention. On the 12th he gave order to have Chief Justice Perez Tagle investigate the legality of detaining Madero and the ex-Vice-President. Their fate was sealed.

On the day they died, Count Casa Equia, who had returned with me from Puebla to the capital, had lunch with us. He seemed to be thoroughly *au courant* with the new régime. By this time the feeling was general that Madero deserved to be shot; even the masses, who, two years ago to a day, had hailed his entrance into Mexico City as the Redeemer, now were more than reconciled to see him sacrificed. Yet I, who had never believed in this prophet, was shocked to hear my Spanish friend relate, with expectant vivacity, the set-up for the finale. He told me a certain Señor X. had hired a car from an Englishman who had a motor stand on the Alameda. Now, Señor X. was the same anti-Maderist lawyer trembling under a nightcap, to whom we had applied for the low-down upon our arrival from Puebla.

This hired car was to take Madero and Pino Suarez from the palace to the penitentiary. "But why under the sun," I cried, "is X. doing this for Madero? Every one knows he hates Madero like poison!" (A great landowner, his properties had been damaged by the Maderist revolutionists.)

My Spanish friend gave me a very knowing look as he answered, "I wouldn't be surprised if this is Señor Madero's last day on earth."

Long shall I remember that day. The town so still, but so violent—heavy with emotion, everything at the breaking point. Would these two unfortunate men be permitted to live? This was the question asked on all sides, and all of us felt we knew the answer. Death was in the air.

There are many gruesome versions of the deaths of Madero and Pino Suarez, but the first one told me has always remained imprinted on my mind. I do not present it as history, but it comes as close to the actual truth, perhaps, as any other account. No one except a certain Colonel Cardenas knows to a nicety all that happened that night, and he will not talk. So this is my choice of many guesses:

Madero, still dressed as he was when taken prisoner—morning coat, ascot tie and all, nervously pacing the floor of his temporary cell in the palace. His short black vandyke beard accentuates his deathly pallor, his eyes are like two burning coals. A deathly figure always, he knows that his own death is near.

Now comes a politely suave messenger from General Huerta, holding out to Madero a hope for life. The message tells how everything has been arranged to re-

move him, in company with Pino Suarez, to the penitentiary, where they will await their trial by civil court. The hour for this removal has been set for eleven that night.

Fifteen minutes before this hour I see a man slinking along the walls of the dimly lighted hallways, creeping gradually closer and closer to Madero's cell.

Here this man waits, patiently alert. He watches Madero pacing back and forth in his cell like a caged animal, from time to time thrusting his hands nervously through his hair, taking out his watch to note the hour, pacing again.

The crouching figure draws nearer. The troubled Madero pauses for a moment in his striding, and looks out of the narrow window, through the bars. A shot rings out. For Madero all is over. A moment later Pino Suarez, facing the muzzle, meets the same death.

Instantly now from the dimness of the palace hallways men appear. They lift the bodies, still warm. Between two men each body is walked solemnly down the great stairs into the patio of the palace. Here three motor-cars are waiting, the first and third already filled with an armed escort, the center vacant, except for one man at the wheel. Slowly the procession passes out through the great iron doors of the National Palace. Half-way to the penitentiary the cars stop. Guards descend and engage in a sham battle. The motor-cars that contain the bodies of Madero and Pino Suarez are riddled with bullets. Then they are again under way, rapidly now, back to the palace. As the cars pass into the palace court the bells in the cathedral tower strike the hour of midnight. The guard reports an attack by

Madero sympathizers and the unfortunate death of their prisoners.

Cabinet ministers are hurriedly called from their homes. They find Huerta at the palace, dazed, with no explanation as to what has happened except what the guard has told him: That suddenly from the side of the road a great number of armed men had sprung, demanding Madero and Pino Suarez; then a heroic resistance, but useless; then the outcome, Madero and Pino Suarez dead.

The outcome is the most important part of the story, and as to that, no accounts differ. The British Chargé d'Affaires took up the English cab-owner's claim for his damaged car. It had been completely riddled by bullets.

One theory is that Mexicans of large interests had joined, quite apart from Huerta's knowledge, to get rid of Madero—this man who had in two years paralyzed their country's progress. There remains always the possibility that General Huerta, then acting President, was in no way actively to blame for the event, but this possibility seems—to me at least—exceedingly slim. Be that as may, Huerta was morally responsible. And the death of Madero, planned or not, was to Huerta a catastrophe. Madero proved to be much more powerful dead than alive.

XI

RED MAN

AGAIN now an Aztec rules Mexico. A tough old brave, in his sixties, carelessly clad in the dress of the conquering white. In the later days of his presidency, he appeared occasionally in frock-coat and top-hat, ingenuously remarking that such adornment gave the office the proper tone. But no garb, however unsuitable, and no degree of personal intemperance, could mask in him a certain native power and dignity. The tragic story of his presidency is written with an occasional burst of comic relief, but Huerta, himself, was never ridiculous.

As a boy he had been clever enough to educate himself beyond the three R's. Later as a young man, his developing personality caught the attention of Don Porfirio Diaz, who saw in him good military timber and had him sent to the Chapultepec Military Academy. Admittedly, Huerta had every pleasurable vice known to men; women, liquor, and war to him meant life. But his weaknesses were those of military and political Latin-Americans, and they were weaknesses offset by the three most essential qualities necessary at that moment to put Mexico again on her feet. He was brave, he had military genius, and he was possessed of a sincere desire to stabilize his country.

For residents native to the United States, his ascendancy seemed fortunate. He liked and admired America and Americans. That, as the British Minister Carden had tried to tell President Wilson, was important. If all the political-military Mexicans were put in a sack and shaken up, the minister told Wilson, there would be little or no choice in point of virtue as to the one you pulled out; the main thing, therefore, was to try to pull out the one who was friendly to you. Huerta was friendly. Even to the last, he never turned on the Americans in Mexico, nor blamed them for the treatment accorded him by the pedantic Mr. Wilson.

Huerta had the army behind him. He believed he could stabilize Mexico. But he reckoned without that tight-lipped dreamer, the President of the United States. Mr. Wilson ruled by words, and was accustomed to punish disobedience. He was intolerant. Never in the world could he understand this Aztec Indian, now at the head of Mexico, nor accept this Indian's realistic point of view. No more could Huerta understand Wilson's idealistic objections. Do not all, or nearly all, Latin-American governments come into being through revolution and murder? Huerta had, indeed, been more than usually delicate in taking the empty chair. He held it, after all, did he not, by order of the Senate? Thus he reasoned, so far as he reasoned at all.

Señora Madero was feminine enough, on the other hand, to sense from afar Mr. Wilson's weakness, and to throw herself emotionally upon his mercy. She went straight from her boat to Princeton, fairly dripping widow's weeds, and wept on Mr. Wilson's shoulder,

crying that Huerta was the murderer of her husband and a traitor.

Now what part Huerta actually played in having Madero killed no one will ever know; he himself vigorously denied, until the day of his death, all connection with it. But at the least, he was guilty of grave political error; he should have seen that Madero's life was protected. "Murderer"? That word loses meaning in wartime, but a "traitor" Huerta certainly was not. He had refused as military chief to turn against the President until the legislative bodies had deposed Madero and given him the command.

Wilson refused to recognize this fact. He consoled Señora Madero and promised to punish this murderer and traitor. From March 4, 1913, it was a personal war between two men, pagan and Presbyterian, who couldn't hope to understand each other. The red man was beaten from the start; the balance of power was all against him.

Victoriano Huerta was unprepossessing in appearance. He was weatherbeaten, with a shiny skin that seemed stretched over his skull. The thing most memorable of his countenance were his somber burning brown eyes. He was built like an ape, with broad shoulders, and long swinging arms that he waved all the time, loosely; his body was long, his legs short, his hands too small and too soft. His dress, manners, and morals offended the excessively fastidious, but he was a grand old character, for all of that.

It had been a custom for the Americans in Mexico City to invite the President and his cabinet to their Fourth of July celebration. When Huerta was President

in 1914, Henry Lane Wilson called the chairman of the committee in charge to the embassy, and showed him a telegram from Secretary Bryan. The telegram said in effect that the American government did not wish the American Colony to invite to their party that awful General Huerta and his cabinet. At first the Americans thought the best way out of an embarrassing situation would be to call off the affair entirely; but in the end they decided to go right ahead and invite the President and his cabinet, as international etiquette demanded. They left it to the discretion of the ambassador whether he wished to attend.

The ambassador and the consul-general went down to Vera Cruz. It became publicly known that neither they nor any other American officials would grace the occasion. Huerta's cabinet tried to persuade him not to go, but Huerta replied: "I have been invited by the Americans in Mexico. You can do as you wish, but I am going. I am not at war with the United States."

The members of the committee appointed to receive him stood outside the Tivoli dressed in morning coats, high hats, and white spats, looking too elegant for words. They stood there for hours. They had noticed a rickety old carriage drive up and a little old man in a wrinkled gray suit and soft felt hat pulled well down over his eyes, getting down from it. This man, unaccompanied, entered the grounds. A few minutes later some one from the inside ran out crying that the President had arrived. The astounded committee dashed in after him, only to find him already ensconced at the bar, grinning, with his favorite *copita* of cognac before him.

The committee greeted the President, explaining that

they had arranged a buffet luncheon for him in the pavilion. One of the members had brought out two bottles of very fine old cognac in his honor. This was opened. The first drink Huerta poured for himself was half a goblet. This he drained in one swallow. He stood there and talked for fifteen or twenty minutes. He had as yet had nothing to eat, but had polished off a bottle and a half of cognac in this space of time. Finally he picked up the half-filled bottle. "This is very fine cognac," he said, "I will keep this." He corked the bottle and put it in his pocket. He had a great time that morning. Everybody cheered him as he walked about the grounds. On leaving he thanked the committee. "I have been greatly contented," he said, "with my American friends."

FROM within Mexico, three leaders threatened Huerta: Carranza, Villa, Zapata—a scheming hypocrite, a thoroughgoing blackguard, and a bandit patriot.

General Carranza had been plotting to overthrow the Madero government long before the Felix Diaz revolt was even thought of. He had even gone to the extent of committing himself in writing on the proposition. Later he was to stand against a wall and dispose of one Garcia Granados, because of these letters. And now Carranza was crafty enough to observe that the United States was taking a sanctimonious attitude toward Mexico, and was looking upon the crude Huerta with disfavor.

A Washington lawyer who had been the adviser to most of the Latin-American revolutionary leaders, got

in touch with Carranza and became the real brains of the Carranzista movement. He tipped Carranza off as to the feeling in Washington, and proposed to Carranza the name of "Constitutionalista." This tag, he said, would go down well in America. Carranza took the cue, and turned "Maderista avenger."

Of Villa I have already spoken. He was a loathsome animal. He had killed Englishmen and Americans and gotten away with it; he had raped women and had tortured prisoners unspeakably before killing them. Among the most amazing of all judgments credibly vouched for, of the scholarly Mr. Wilson and his Mr. Bryan, is their later decision that this Villa, who declared against Huerta, was "a good man to tie to."

Of Zapata, too, I have spoken. He killed and raided for one cause only: land. Not land for himself, but for the Indian, the native Mexican. Zapata was quieted only when he was killed by Carranza's orders, and this was accomplished by a striking bit of treachery; I shall tell of it later.

Huerta was in a difficult, not to say impossible, situation. The Maderos had left the treasury empty, with many debts. Plots and counterplots seethed within Huerta's own camp. But he had a considerable backing. To begin with, he had an army fifty thousand strong. He had the business element of Mexico with him; not that they approved morally of him any more than did President Wilson; but they felt that if Mexico was to be saved from complete ruin and chaos, Huerta was the man.

This group is ordinarily very powerful in Mexico.



HUERTA

"Again now an Aztec rules Mexico."

It includes not only the city business men, but the "hacendados," the clericals, the diplomatic corps to a man, and the American Embassy. All residents—with hardly an exception—became soon convinced that Mr. Wilson, for all his pretty words, was pressing upon Mexico an imperialistic long-range dictatorship that would so weaken Mexico as to drop what in the end was left of her, into the hands of the United States without a struggle. Foreign observers in the capital came to much the same conclusion.

The German Minister once said to me, "How can any American be such a poor business man as Wilson is proving himself to be in this matter? How can such a commercial country as yours let him do what he is doing?" If all this had happened at the end and not at the beginning of Mr. Wilson's term of office, it would have been more understandable. America's "war to end war" and the "peace without victory" or vice versa, were still to flow from his school-room idealism.

I believe that Huerta could have enforced peace in Mexico, with the United States non-partizan; but he could not fight both the rebels in his own country and a President of the United States, morally inflamed. England and France had recognized Huerta. France promised him a loan, then President Wilson sent France a note saying he would consider such a loan an unfriendly act. The offer was withdrawn. But the crowning triumph of the dreamer in Washington was his lifting of the arms embargo. This put new and better weapons in the hands of Huerta's enemies. Until that happened, Huerta really had the rebels quieted.

THOSE were dangerous times. I recall especially one amazing evening that I would not care to live through again. Madero had just been shot. Huerta was in full command. Count Casa Equia invited us to have dinner with him and the Count and Countess du Boisrouvray at Sylvain's. As we entered the restaurant, we met Mr. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the American Chargé, coming out. With him was an ugly, dark-looking man. This man was giving Mr. O'Shaughnessy an *abrazo*, that polite inter-masculine embrace, which Anglo-Saxon diplomats find so trying in Mexico. Mr. O'Shaughnessy's and Huerta's *abrazos* became quite a joke, I believe, among newspaper readers of that period in the States.

A little later this same dark, ugly man came in and sat at our table. Upon closer view, I found him even more unpleasant than I had imagined. Furious, I turned my back on him and said to our host, "What is this *antipático* person doing at your table? He gives me the creeps."

Casa Equia replied in a whisper, "For God's sake, keep quiet! He is Enrique Zapata, the Governor of the Federal District. Can't you see that he's drunk and mean?"

Rolling around in his chair, the governor presently produced a paper headed with the names of a prominent American resident, head of vast interests in Mexico, and many other important American, English, German, and Mexican men whom we knew.

"We took this paper," said the governor, "off Madero when he was arrested. These are the names of the men he planned to shoot if he came out victorious against Felix Diaz. The reason? Very simple. He knew

that these men had directly or indirectly assisted Felix Diaz in his revolt against him."

How true this was no one will ever know, but it is true enough that Madero was out of his mind, and perhaps revengeful, at the time.

The governor next regaled us with the entire story of Madero's capture. He himself on that occasion had been shot through the hand by the deposed President. We asked him for the true story of Madero's death, and he gave us the official version; Madero's friends had tried to recapture him on his way to the penitentiary; and so on.

We asked for the true story of the death of Gustavo Madero, Francisco Madero's brother—he who had made in his heyday a remark widely quoted, "Of a family of smart men, they have chosen as President the only fool."

The governor said that Huerta was lunching with this Gustavo Madero at the Gambrinus restaurant when the news came of Madero's arrest. "I must go to the palace," said Huerta, "lend me your revolver; I haven't mine with me." Gustavo handed over his pistol. Thus disarmed, he was arrested by Huerta's order, and imprisoned in the arsenal. A few nights later while he was being removed to a safer place, at Huerta's order, the guards told him to run; he was free. Gustavo ran, and the guards (on their own initiative, said the governor) availed themselves of the *ley de la fuga*—that is, their right to kill a prisoner fleeing. They shot Gustavo down.

The governor added that Huerta had had the entire guard shot for this crime. But one couldn't believe this

any more than one could believe the countless other terrible versions of Gustavo's end.

After half an hour or so of such stories I told our host that I couldn't endure this beast a moment longer. "All right," he whispered, "you and Madame du Boisrouvray pretend you are going home. Say good night to him. Then go upstairs to the first private room on the left of the stairs. We men will join you there."

The countess and I made our adieux to the governor accordingly, circled through the restaurant, and dashed for the stairs.

We had hardly entered the private dining room when in came a procession of waiters, each bearing a magnum of champagne in a cooler. I tried to tell them they were in the wrong room, that the wine must be for the Governor of Colima, who was in the next room to ours. No one of our party, I was sure, had ordered champagne in such prodigal quantities. But the waiters insisted it was all for us; that it had been ordered by his Excellency, the Governor of the District.

"The best thing for us to do," I said to the countess, "is to make a break out of here and get home while we can." But at that moment the governor, with the other three men, entered. He had ordered our coffee to be sent upstairs, he said; and sat down, with drunken complacency, between the countess and me.

Tearing, one by one, the petals of a rose, he dropped them into his coffee-cup, and turning to the countess remarked: "I understand you sing beautifully. There are three things I love most in the world; beautiful singing, beautiful women, and rose leaves in my coffee."

Afterwards we were told that he had been there at

Sylvain's since eleven that morning, drinking, and smoking *marihuana*, a drug.

At that moment came a messenger to call him to the telephone. The instrument was just outside the door. We heard him giving the weirdest orders about ten thousand rounds of ammunition and three hundred men; San Angel. We had no idea what it was all about. Soon after another messenger arrived. The governor heard his message, and answered, "Very well, then; instead of ten thousand make it twenty thousand rounds, and tell them to send six hundred men and go on without me; I will be out there later." Then he turned to me and asked, "How would you like to go to San Angel and see a little fighting?"

I tried to make my reply banal enough to reach him. "No thank you. I am married; I get enough fighting at home."

It succeeded. His Excellency was amused. He swayed and roared. Then, steadying himself, he said, "To-night, I am going to take you to-night to witness something that you have never seen."

He rang the bell to summon the waiter. When the man came, he bade him phone the palace and ask the President to send his closed car to Sylvain's. After some general conversation, the governor addressing me directly, said, "I am taking you with me while I kill four governors at the penitentiary. They are General Huerta's enemies. He refuses to kill them, but I will do what he refuses to do. Huerta the greatest man in the world. I would burn Mexico to the ground for him."

I said, "You sound like a veritable Nero."

"I am where Huerta is concerned," he answered. "Afterwards we will go over to Belem on a little personal account of my own, to kill the vilest man alive, General Hernandez; he killed my brother in Pachuca."

I protested that it would be impossible for us to go on as I had a little girl and must go home to her.

"Why, I have four at home," said the governor. "What is one baby at home compared with four?"

Wallace was not drinking anything; he was very cool. The governor turned to him abruptly. "You are *all* going with me!" he said.

Wallace answered, "I am very sorry; but my wife and I are not going with you. We must go home."

The governor was exceedingly annoyed, but rather uncertain. He protested: "But by not going, you are putting me in a most embarrassing position. I have ordered the President's car in which to take you. And I want you to witness what I am going to do to-night."

Wallace answered bluntly: "We would rather see you in the embarrassing position than ourselves." Our host had purposely escaped, as we thought, by going to the next room to speak with the Governor of Colima. Wallace and I rose to leave, making signs to the countess to follow us. She refused to understand the signal. Both she and the count said they would await the host's return.

Suddenly the governor's good humor was recovered. He insisted upon escorting us to our car. As we went down the stairs he turned to me, saying, "For what I do to-night Huerta will execute me, although I do it to avenge him. You are the most beautiful woman I

have ever seen. I beg of you one favor—please place just one rose on my grave.”

By this time I was almost hysterical, but I managed to jerk out, “Certainly, I shall do it with pleasure!” (I didn’t have to keep my promise; his was a watery grave. He was killed at Vera Cruz and buried at sea.)

At this moment a big yellow machine, well known as the government’s “killing car” pulled up to the curb. In an autocratic manner the governor ordered our own car away. I shuddered even at the sight of this yellow motor, but there was nothing to do except get into it; his Excellency was again in no humor to be antagonized. Wallace and I are said to be the only persons ever ordered to enter that car who arrived at their destination alive. The governor had us driven home.

Next morning the papers were full of his deeds the night before. It seems that after we left, our host, who had been talking in the next room, returned to find us gone. He was furious that the countess and her husband had not gone with us, and told them for heaven’s sake, to get out of the place before there was a scandal. They were rushing down the stairs when they met the governor returning after having put us in the car. He forbade them to leave. Casa Equia was insistent. The countess was tired; she must get some sleep; she had not been well, etc.—the usual excuses. At length the governor permitted them to leave on one condition; Count Equia was to return, and they were to leave with him Count du Boisrouvray as a hostage.

Dropping the countess at her hotel, the harassed Count returned to Sylvain’s. He found the governor entertaining du Boisrouvray with an exhibit of perfect

markmanship. He was picking off every bottle on the shelf; liqueurs of all kinds were streaming down over the bar. He then led the two men out, put them into his motor-car with an officer between them, and told the officer that if they tried to get away he was to shoot them. First they drove to the governor's house. There, for some unknown reason they changed motor-cars. The governor reminded the officer again that if these friends of his made any attempt to escape they were to be killed at once.

From the house they went to the penitentiary. Here the governor roared at and threatened the warden until he admitted them. Then the governor demanded by name the four State governors he wished to kill. Before he could accomplish his purpose, however, the warden's son got in touch with the President, on the telephone. Huerta asked to speak with His Excellency. They talked briefly over the phone. Then the Governor left the penitentiary in a towering rage, swearing that he would return and kill these prisoners later that night. The two guests were again put in the back seat of the car, with a guard between them, and off they went to Belem.

Here the governor had more success. He swaggered in and demanded Hernandez, who was dragged kicking and screaming from his cell. Over this city jail the Governor of the Federal District had authority. He demanded a firing squad. Hernandez was put up against the wall and shot. Kerosene was poured over the body and it was set afire. The governor, with a writhing Spanish oath, went over and gave the body a kick.

He then conducted our two friends to one of Mex-

ico City's famous houses of ill repute. There, to prove that he was not only sober, but wholly unexcited, he emptied his automatic through a knothole in the floor, not once missing it by a hair's breadth.

Luckily, our friends, as foreigners, were more or less under diplomatic protection and so were in no way involved, but they were green and shaky for many a day.

Later, the story went about that this governor was really Huerta's illegitimate son. Son or not, Huerta made him pay later for this madness with his life.

XII

“WATCHFUL WAITING”

IN October of 1913, Huerta became President in the legal sense of the word so far as this is understood in Mexico. Soon after, he bagged one hundred and ten deputies who were plotting against him and put them in the penitentiary. This distressed the United States Congress. They couldn't approve of anything like that. The immoral Huerta became in the States more of a bogey-man than ever. Wilson had raised the embargo on arms, and the little Indian brothers were again at the old game of killing each other off.

Wallace and I, after a short trip to the States, returned to Mexico at the moment of the Tampico incident. A couple of sailors from the United States whale-boat *Dolphin* putting ashore at Tampico, were arrested by the local authorities. It was the blunder on the part of some officious subordinate, and soon remedied. The men were released at once, and an apology was made. Washington chose, however, to remain indignant.

Back in Mexico City, we saw the President almost daily in El Globo, the fashionable tea room of the moment, drinking his *copita* of cognac and matching pesos with the girl cashier. If the girl lost the proprietress paid, as Huerta was a great drawing-card for the place.

Huerta was a hard man to reach in those days. You

had to know where to look. An American who was connected in some way by marriage to the Madero family was acting as a sort of underground post-office in Mexico City for the Maderistas. The Huerta government finally caught him receiving their mail, and he was thrown into jail. The famous Article Thirty-three—the right to deport pernicious foreigners without trial—had been applied against him. Having a business in Mexico he applied to the American consul-general to get him out of this jam. The consul-general went in search of Huerta, in order to get a few days' stay until the American could name some one as his attorney.

He finally located Huerta at one o'clock in the morning behind the scenes at the Principal Theater, where he was drinking champagne with some of the dancers. Seeing the consul-general, the President asked, "Another gringo in trouble?"

The consul laughed, "Yes, that's why I'm here," he said. They had some champagne together, and the consul-general argued for the American's release.

Huerta declared, "I'm not going to release him. He has been mixing up in things that don't concern him, and he must go." The consul pleaded with the President to give the man a few days at least in which to arrange his affairs. Finally, with a string of oaths, Huerta signed an order for the man's release, but added, "Tell him if he doesn't mind his own business next time I'll have him shot."

The American arranged his affairs, and took next night's train for Vera Cruz. He died of heart failure in his berth. Sheer fright had actually finished him.

Huerta would hold his cabinet meetings at any hour

of the night or day, usually at the Café Colon. One old cabinet member, awakened at two one morning, was told that the President had called a cabinet meeting for three A. M. at this café. The poor old man pulled himself out of bed, and drove, half frozen in the chill morning air, his teeth chattering, crying, "My God! That old Aztec will kill me yet."

Huerta was always getting in or out of his motor. He would make the American Chargé d'Affaires chase him for days when he was evading another message from Washington. His only chance now was to mark time. He drank much more during those last months he was President than he ever had before, and slept very little.

Huerta was especially worried about the Tampico incident. His representative at Tampico, General Zaragoza, had apologized fully and in due form to Admiral Mayo; surely thought Huerta, honor was satisfied. But notes kept coming from Washington. At heart the old Aztec knew that Mr. Wilson was only seizing an excuse to embarrass him, so he played the only cards he held—courteous delay and evasions, and tried in every way to avoid being entangled in anything that might mean intervention from the north.

But when Mr. Wilson demanded in addition to the apology of the President a salute of twenty-one guns, without a guarantee that the salute would be answered, Huerta refused. All his Indian dignity and sense of personal honor surged to the fore. Wilson, without knowing it, had at last touched the one vulnerable spot in Huerta's nature—pride of race, pride in country; it was this which delivered him finally into Wilson's hands.

Huerta refused outright to give the salute. He held that the United States was infringing on Mexico's sovereignty. One must admit that with all his faults there was something big about this man. For a while longer, at least, he could have saved himself by complying with Wilson's demand, but he preferred not to go on at the price.

It was soon after this that things began to hum around Mexico City. People began to leave, while they could, for the United States. Many went to Vera Cruz to catch any outgoing steamer they could find.

On a Sunday we were playing bridge at the house of some English friends. All afternoon they kept asking, "Do you really think that Mr. Wilson will occupy Vera Cruz?" Being the only Americans present, we were somewhat embarrassed; they were not any too kind to the United States in their remarks about the whole affair. On the whole, however, I thought it a great deal of talk about nothing. I hadn't realized, even then, how much might be made of such a trifle as the Tampico incident.

The next morning I went into town to buy a little sunshade that I had seen in one of the older sections. It was to be one of those cloudy mornings which are so exceptional in Mexico. There seemed to be fewer people than usual in the center of the city, and I noticed they gathered in little groups, discussing something with great intentness. No one seemed quite so friendly as usual, but the reason still didn't dawn on me.

I went into the old part of town, bought my sunshade and was about to get into my car when a very pleasant officer who was standing on the corner came toward me.

"You should not be in this part of the town," he said. I asked, "Why not?"

He answered, "Don't you know that the American marines may land at Vera Cruz at any moment, and that in that case I might have difficulty in protecting you?" Most politely he put me into my motor and told the chauffeur to drive me directly home.

When I reached Plateros I met our *Chargé d'Affaires*, who was much surprised to see me still in town. "I thought everybody had left for Vera Cruz on Saturday," he said. "At any moment I expect to receive my own papers to leave." He received them the next day.

Reaching home, I found that Wallace had ordered the maid to pack our trunks. All the space on the train had been taken, so he had asked the railway officials to put on an extra car. I said I was not going, that I had just returned to Mexico from a trip of some months, and did not intend to run out on any excitement. Wallace answered, with patient gallantry, "Well, as I must stay here in the city and shall probably spend most of the next few weeks under the house, I don't care to be embarrassed by having two beautiful young women to defend. You and Alice-Leone must go."

Still determined not to leave, I went to a party that one of my Mexican friends was giving that afternoon. Upon my return, I found the motor waiting to take us to the station. I had barely time to change into my traveling clothes. The trunks had been sent ahead. How many times in the next ten days I was thankful for those trunks.

On this night when everybody was leaving, hysteria

ran high. One prominent American became so apprehensive that he had his chauffeur drive him to the station, and boarded the train and left, completely unmindful of a wife and family left behind.

At the station we found a lot of people running around in circles, husbands saying good-by to wives, wives refusing to leave husbands, and sending their children on with other people. I, who thought I was to have a whole car to myself, had to sleep double with Alice-Leone in a narrow berth. The drawing-room alone had fourteen people in it, and the aisle was full of snoring men. I was warned to pull down my window curtains as we left the station, and did so, feeling that it all was silly and exaggerated; that the whole world was over-acting a part.

The train was run in four sections that night; ours was the last section to get through. The line was cut near Vera Cruz before the next could pass. The train which carried the *Chargé d'Affaires* and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy got only as far as the cut line; from that point they had to get into Vera Cruz as best they could.

XIII

CONQUEST

THE next morning when we alighted at Vera Cruz, we felt quite at home. A considerable number of Mexico City acquaintances were on the platform, dashing hither and yon to ask if mother, daughter, sister or some other relative were aboard that train.

Seeing a young bachelor of my acquaintance, I asked him, "What under the sun is all this excitement about?" The United States marines, he said, were expected to land at any moment. Much excited, he advised me to go at once to the American Consul.

I did so, and the consulate gave me a small bit of typewritten tissue-paper which stated that Mr. Bryan declared me a refugee and ordered me to go on board the *Esperanza*. This annoyed me. I was not a refugee, and I refused to go on any boat unless it was absolutely necessary to do so.

I started back to the station to pick up my trunks, not knowing exactly what I was going to do. I engaged porters, who piled my trunks on their backs, and looked at me inquiringly. I motioned in the general direction of the town. Just as I was crossing the common, I met a man I had known in Mexico City, but only very casually. He stopped me, asking bluntly, "Where are you

going?" I told him that I was going to try to get a room at the Hotel Diligencias. He said it was absolutely out of the question; for days every room in the place had been taken; but that if I were willing to go to his house and share a room with the wife of one of his employees, he would be only too pleased. I accepted at once.

He told the man where to carry the trunks and took us in a *coche* to his house.

After bathing and changing my clothes I felt that I should like to go into town to send a few telegrams and cables. I left Alice-Leone playing with some of the other children who were staying in the house. My host very kindly offered to accompany me on my errand. We first went to the telegraph office, which backs on the harbor; then we crossed the big common to the cable office. Here we found a newspaper correspondent; his cables had been refused; but the man at the desk took mine together with the money. Needless to say, the cables were never received.

We left the cable office shortly before noon. There was a deathly and sinister stillness over the town and every shutter in sight was closed. An immaculately dressed Mexican officer on the corner raised his hand in the air, sounding one shrill whistle after another, and making a complete circle with his body—a signal of some kind. You knew at once that something had happened. I started to run. My escort ran with me. Arriving at the corner, we saw that the marines had landed.

I dashed to the consulate. Crowds of people were there watching the landing from the doorway. I asked the consul if he thought I still had time to get my little daughter, naming the address where I had left her. "If

you run like mad," he said, "you may get there before the firing starts."

I started off. As I crossed the first corner, marines from the *Florida* opened up with a rapid-fire gun. I clutched myself, thinking that after all it didn't seem to hurt much to be shot clean through. Then I saw a door being closed just ahead of me. I hurled my body against it. My escort, who was only a step or so behind me, followed suit, so also did two American laborers—Heaven knows where they came from. The four of us were able to hold the door open, demanding meantime at the top of our voices to be let in. It finally was opened just enough to let us through, then closed with a bang. At the same time I heard a charming voice say, "Why look who's here!" Our hostess, it proved, was a lady I knew, a sister of Señor Francisco de la Barra. I had fallen among friends.

We all rushed to the roof of the house and from there saw a young marine drop to the ground. Before he died he raised himself on his arm and fired a shot upwards. A young Englishman beside me remarked coolly, "Undoubtedly, he was picked off by a sniper from that balcony, and knew it." All I could think of was that this boy was dead.

The firing began to be so hot and furious that we had to leave the roof. We barricaded ourselves in a small store-room on the ground floor. There were twenty-three of us in this small space. The bullets came into the patio like hail. Later, when it was over, we picked them up by the basketful.

The firing had started at eleven in the morning. After an hour and a half I remarked: "I cannot under-

stand, if the Americans are taking the town, why it takes them so long."

My hostess answered indignantly, "You may not know it, but Mexicans are brave. They can fight even such a strong country as yours." I was sorry I had said what I did, as I wouldn't for the world have given offense to this kind Mexican friend, but my daughter was two blocks above the Diligencias Hotel, and the Americans were shooting in her direction, and I was in such a state that I didn't care who fought or who won so long as it would be over quickly.

At two o'clock the fighting somewhat abated. By creeping on our hands and knees across the hallway to the stairs which led to the house proper, and by clinging close to the stairway wall, we were able to get to the dining-room and eat our luncheon. The Mexican servants had cooked the usual twelve courses; they served it as though a battle in front of the house were an everyday occurrence.

Afterwards I ventured with three of the men of the household into a small room at the turn of the front stairs, which looked on to the common. From there we saw two marine guards shot down as they were picketing the postal and telegraph offices. We saw two other marines killed directly in front of the house, and just at the same moment saw four men carrying away a poor old negro woman whom a sniper had picked off as she stepped out of her door. They were taking her body down to throw it into the sea. At this I left the window; I could bear no more.

Toward four o'clock the fighting changed direction and was much less violent. My host told me he had been

advised to take his family on board one of the ships in the harbor, and advised me strongly to go with them. I refused. Alice-Leone, so far as I knew, was still on land, and until I knew where she was, I wouldn't leave.

He argued with me: "But you are perfectly foolish. Wirelasses are coming through from Mr. Wilson; unless the Mexicans surrender he declares he will give orders to level the town. And I don't believe that the Mexicans will surrender."

I still refused to leave. The man who had come with me that morning confessed himself thoroughly frightened; he said he wanted more than anything else to take refuge on shipboard; nevertheless, he would remain with me in the house if I were determined to stay. For a man who made no heroic pretensions, that has since seemed to me truly brave. The others all departed. We were left with only the servants in that huge house, which occupied three sides of a block.

All afternoon I watched long lines of women and children being taken by the soldiers to small boats which conveyed them to various ships in the harbor. I wondered if my child were among them, but I had a feeling that although she was only five years old, she too would refuse to leave until she knew that I was safe.

Men from the United States transport *Utah* were stationed in front of the house. I pleaded with them to take me under a flag of truce to my daughter. They told me we wouldn't last five minutes on that street; that throughout this very neighborhood were snipers they had been unable to locate. They had their suspicions, they added, of the very house in which I was staying. That, I told them, was ridiculous. No shots could come

from our house, as we were all barricaded together in one little room on the first floor. There were, to be sure, two revolvers on the table upstairs, but they could easily see that these had not been fired. They asked permission to go on the roof of our house and reconnoiter. This permission was granted.

At sundown these men, more friends, said they must take things from the store-rooms with which to make a barricade. They were about to drag out some great sacks of tobacco—the owner of the house was a commission merchant—but I persuaded them to look about for something less valuable. They finally discovered some huge sacks of fertilizer and took those instead. At first they had taken barrels of wine from the corner *cantina*, but these made a horrible mess when pierced by bullets.

The servants kept following me around and begging me not to expose myself so rashly. Even in the anxiety of the moment, I remember thinking how naïve this was of them, and how fine. I was of the enemy, but they had no thought except for my safety. Throughout the night I heard sudden calls to halt, and sharp firing. Later, I learned that many of the Mexicans had tried to escape by dressing themselves as women.

At four o'clock in the morning, having tried my best to sleep, I went out to look things over from the balcony. Suddenly I saw that the harbor was full of transports; and that the men were debarking—clambering down from the sides like ants.

An American colonel and his Officer of the Day were standing under my window talking. The officer saw me and spoke to the colonel: "My God! An American!" cried the colonel. "What are you doing in this zone?

I thought we had every American woman out of here."

I told him about my child and how worried I was about her. He said he would have the various steamers wirelessly at once to find if she was on board and that the first military order when the Customs House had been taken would be to have Alice-Leone brought to me.

As we were talking, I noticed a wealthy Mexican who lived next door, standing in the street with his office-men and servants about him. A bullet came whirring between the two American officers. The colonel, in a rage, walked over to him, exclaiming: "By God, sir, I should search you and your men! I'm perfectly sure that one of you fired that bullet. It is hard to believe that a man who has accepted our hospitality on ship-board, who has been educated in the United States and whose wife is an American, could do such a despicable thing, but I'm giving you warning now that your house is under suspicion. And if another shot comes from your direction I shall see that you are punished." This said, the colonel stalked back and assured me again that he, personally, would restore Alice-Leone to me.

Now it was daylight. The marines were forming in squads and marching across the common to take the Customs House. I have never heard more stirring language than the officers used to those boys. Smaller parties followed the main advance, searching the houses, block by block, for snipers.

These mop-up squads were of four marines, carrying pick-axes. They would step up to a door and demand admittance. If not granted, all four pick-axes would come down with a crashing blow, breaking in the door

with a noise like thunder. This never failed to bring forth the inmates from their hiding places. Every man in the house was taken prisoner and marched at the point of the bayonet to the railway station which had been made into a temporary prison.

I saw one little boy following a father, so arrested. He thought naturally that they were going to kill him; it was both ludicrous and tragic. The poor child kept throwing his hat into the air and crying: "*Ay-ee! Ay-ee! Mi papá: Ay-ee! Ay-ee! Mi papá!*" Women leaped at the marines, trying to scratch their faces, but the soldiers were generally too spry for them. Poor frightened people! With a heritage of centuries of off-hand slaughter behind them, no wonder they were so desperately certain that death awaited their husbands and brothers at the end of that march.

ABOUT eleven o'clock that morning when the Customs House had been taken, the colonel with whom I had talked went to the address I had given him, not waiting for these blocks to be searched first for snipers or soldiers who might be in hiding there. There he found Alice-Leone quite alone in the house with the servants. She had positively refused to leave with the others. She was sure, she said, her mother would come for her.

Bullets had rained into the patio, and one or two had crashed through the windows of the room in which she cowered, alone, in bed. A Mexican soldier had tried to get to the house and loot it, but the servants had persuaded him to go away; either that, or he had grown

tired of trying to break open the door. My five-year-old daughter told me gravely how she had gone to bed at three and gotten up again at two, and how she had refused to take her clothes off, but had put her nightgown on over her dress when the servants had made her go back to bed again.

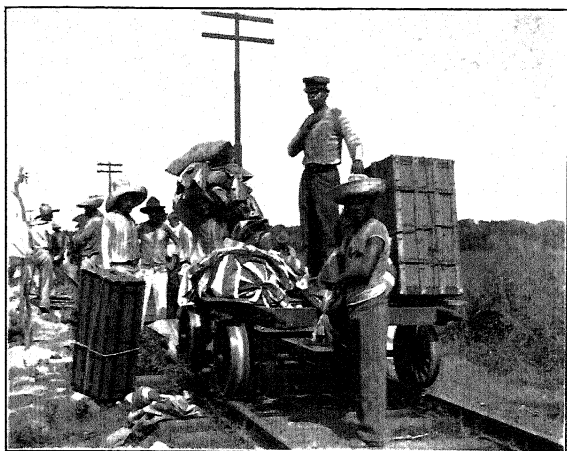
The colonel arrived with a large ham under one arm and my daughter in the other. Alice-Leone told me excitedly that there were dead men piled as high as a house in the Plaza. "Vera Cruz," she said, was "a river of blood." I must not go near the Plaza, it would make me as unhappy as it had made her.

"Were you worried?" I asked. "No," she said, "I was sure you would get into some hotel or restaurant where you would be safe."

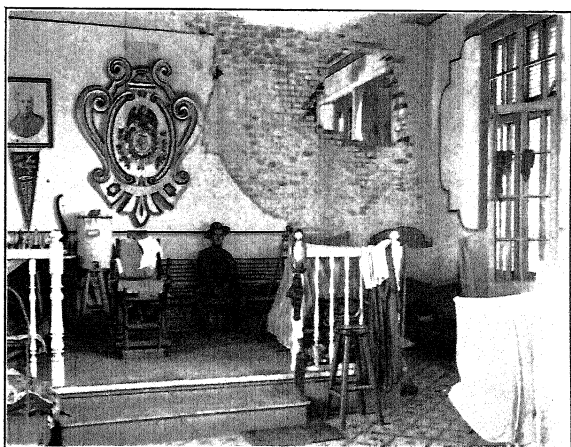
General Maas had evacuated the city early in the previous afternoon. In leaving, he had released all of the wretched prisoners of San Juan de Ullua, telling them they were free, and to fight for their lives. I saw some of the guns which these poor devils were given for the purpose—they were of the vintage of 1812.

The United States transport *Chesapeake* steaming into the harbor, had proved its fine marksmanship by using every window of the Naval Academy as a target. Most of the Mexican combatants had been either young cadets from this academy or poor San Juan de Ullua prisoners who hadn't seen the light of day for years. The United States' nineteen dead had all been killed by snipers. The church on the common alone had forty snipers hidden in its belfry. The marines located them. After three volleys not one was left to snipe.

The colonel advised me to go that afternoon aboard



REFUGEE LUGGAGE



THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

the *Mexico*, a Ward Line steamer then in the harbor. I had my trunks brought down to the front of the house. There I was, sitting on my trunks and reviewing all the excitement, which I thought was over, when four marines came to search the house. I told them that I had been there all the time, and so was certain that there had been no sniping. As we talked, my host, who had been putting his family aboard ship in the harbor, returned. He told the marines that since five men had been sniped directly outside his house, he not only permitted, but asked that the house be searched, to remove suspicion. They searched the house and gave it a clean bill of health. They then went to the home of the Americanized Mexican next door.

The owner—the same whom my benefactor, the colonel, had suspected and warned—was standing before barred shutters on his second-story balcony. He announced that he would not allow his house to be searched. "Let them search," urged my host. "Men have been killed on this street, and a search will clear you and your household."

"Never," cried the suspected man. The four marines demanded entrance. The owner of the house advanced with a pistol to the edge of the balcony and cursed them. The marines raised their pick-axes and smashed at the door. At the same moment, the Mexican fired on them, a bullet passing through the hat of one of the marines. At once all the marines dropped their axes and returned the fire. The owner of the house was hit through the hip and fell, hanging limply over the balcony. The marines entered his house.

At this moment the porters came to take me and my

luggage to the launch. Terrified and fascinated, I did not want to leave, but my host besought me excitedly to get out before worse things happened. Feeling that he had suffered enough for me, I left.

Later, I was told that when the wife of the defiant Mexican was notified that he had been shot, she cried hysterically, "He told me that after he put me safely on the boat he was going to kill every damned gringo he could." Afterwards she denied this, but the story was probably true. Her husband died three days later on the American hospital ship.

Alice-Leone and I were taken aboard the *Mexico*. We were fortunate; the wife of an officer on one of the transports invited us to share her cabin. She had been provided with mosquito nets and everything to make her comfortable, so our ten days on the *Mexico* could have been much worse. The boat was so crowded that you could hardly move about on deck. People were sleeping on or under tables or any place they could find. We were landed at New Orleans.

The passengers, especially the women, remained at a high pitch of excitement. One woman who came on board two days after I did, and who had been in Mexico City that much longer, dashed up to me, inquiring: "Is it true that your husband was killed in the Alameda by the mob?"

I had, of course, had no word of Wallace, but I had faith in his ability to take care of himself, and this hysterical female infuriated me. To say the least, she lacked tact. I told her, I hope politely, that if Wallace had been so careless, he deserved to die. Nevertheless, I worried all that day. Then a young Englishman told

me that only the day before our sailing, he had left Wallace pouring tea and hovering around a dozen or so pretty women who were playing the refugee in our house. So I knew he had not at least been bored to death.

MR. BRYAN, in ordering all resident Americans to get out of that country, had provided them with no safe-conduct to the ports. After the occupation of Vera Cruz, Americans in the capital or anywhere in the interior were without protection, in the midst of enemy territory. The British were running trains from Mexico City to Puerto, Mexico. It was on these trains, under the protection of the British flag, that most of the Americans had to leave.

Yet many of the men, having shipped off their women, chose, as did Wallace, to stay. I still regret that I allowed myself to be sent away. It was not, after all, so very unsafe. Old Huerta held, despite his scurvy treatment from Washington, a real feeling of kindness for Americans in Mexico, and afforded those who stayed a great deal more certain protection than did their home government. "Buzzards—and Huerta—watched over us," a friend of mine told me upon my return. Soon after, it was buzzards only; Huerta was dead.

When news reached the capital of the American occupation things looked pretty bad for the gringos. In a few hours the streets began to fill up with students marching around and yelling "*Mueran los gringos!*"—"Death to the Americans!" People were continually

calling the American Club to ask if it were true that the streets were already full of dead Americans, and at dusk small anti-American riots developed here and there. Groups of ruffians started through the streets throwing stones at all signs in English and shouting insults. Huerta ordered out the cavalry to quell the mob. They rode up the Avenue Sixteenth September, where the American Club was then located, and ran the demonstrators off the streets.

A little later, when the way seemed clear, one of the American Club members decided to make a break for home. Big Joe, the negro porter, let him out of the club door, quickly closing and barricading it behind him from within. The cavalry had passed up the street only a short while, yet already the mob had started to seep back again from the side streets, and the American found himself surrounded. With his hat pulled low, he escaped attention. He couldn't possibly get back into the club, so he edged his way along the wall to the corner, there hoping to enter a tram, several of which stood stalled near the club on account of the surging mob.

After much maneuvering he managed to board one of these cars. It was crowded, with people hanging on to the straps, and he hoped he would not be noticed. But that was impossible, there in the car. Suddenly a Mexican boy, about twenty years old, cried, "Look! There's a gringo!" pointing.

For a moment there was a tense silence, not a whisper. The American glared at the boy, and said, "*Quien sabe*; who is the better Mexican, you or I? I have lived in this country for thirty years because I liked it; you

are here because you were born here and can't get out!" Some one snickered at this. The tension was broken, and the American was allowed to go home.

This American lived on Lisboa Street, and his neighbors on both sides were Mexicans. He had never spoken to either of them, although their children and his were good friends. Soon after he reached home that night, he was told by a servant that one of his neighbors was at the door and wished to speak with him. The Mexican introduced himself, saying, "I am your neighbor and while I don't think there is going to be any real trouble, I have come to tell you that we have fixed up a room for you and your family, and in case of any disturbance you can come over to our house by way of a ladder which I have placed there for you." A little later his neighbor on the other side came to make him the same offer. The Mexicans do these kind things often, and always spontaneously.

During the night the statue of George Washington was thrown down and dragged through the streets to the foot of the statue of "Benito Juarez," but General Huerta next day ordered the statue replaced, and it was done. Our flag was tied to the tail of a donkey and used to sweep the streets. The cry, "*Mueran los gringos!*" was heard everywhere, but there were no actual attempts made on any American's life in Mexico City. Huerta had warned the citizens that any act of violence against Americans would be immediately and severely punished, and they took him at his word.

Wallace knew a man who got into trouble with the Huerta government. He was suspected of sending out "inside" news, or something of the sort; anyway, he

was jailed, and appealed to Wallace to get him out of the jam. Persuaded that the man was innocent, Wallace went to the palace to see the "Old Man."

Huerta was very angry. His greeting was: "What are you doing here? Don't you know that all Americans have been ordered to get out?"

Wallace said, "I came to Mexico because I wanted to. I mean to stay here until I am damn good and ready to leave—unless, of course, *you* order me out."

Huerta was pleased. "Stay as long as you like," he said. "The Americans who are here in Mexico are the only friends I have." Then, carelessly, hardly waiting to hear the argument that Wallace had worked out, the old Aztec ordered, "Release Mr. Moats' friend."

Wallace had twenty-three women and children staying in our house—refugees from the mining and lumber camps who were afraid to stay in these isolated places. A difficult household. Our faithful old cook took this inopportune time to produce twins. This was awkward, as Wallace could obtain no one to take her place. The twins died, unfortunately, three days apart, which entailed two funerals at Wallace's expense.

FUNERALS in Mexico City are a peculiar combination of Amerind stoicism and modern (or nearly modern) modes of conveyance. In the past two years there have been some auto-funerals, but coffin and mourners still are generally carried to the cemetery by tram-cars. Women rarely go to the cemetery. The coffin is placed on a flat car with hearse-like roof, and the flowers, made into huge blankets and set-pieces, are

placed on or about it. These pieces are generally huge crosses and crowns, and immense blankets of flowers which completely cover the coffin. Purple and white are the predominating colors.

The mourners follow in tram-cars, festooned and curtained in heavy black mourning materials. The degree of elaboration in the decoration of these cars denotes the wealth and position of the deceased.

In the small towns and villages such events are simpler and more touching. The coffin is carried on the shoulder of a member, or members, of the family, and all the mourners walk to the grave. In Xochimilco, funeral processions are beautiful; the mourners walk ahead, sprinkling flowers and petals before the passage of the dead. When it is a child the mourners are gay; "the baby is now an '*angelito*'—'little angel,' " and they all are happy at the thought. Death, like life, seems always more beautiful and dignified in Mexico than in modern industrial countries. But the undertaker is a realist, he must be paid in advance; he trusts no one.

THE day Huerta resigned he came back from the House of Deputies, stopped at "El Globo," where he had his *copita* of cognac, and then went directly to the San Lazaro Station to meet his family. It was arranged that they, together with several other sympathetic generals and supporters, were to take a boat for Spain. On his way to the station there were cries of, "Death to Huerta!" This angered the old Indian. He stood up in his car, crying: "I am no longer President of Mexico. I am a private citizen, and if any of you 'gutter-pups' "

—here I paraphrase—“want to fight, come on up and get in here with me!” Immediately the cry changed to “*Viva Huerta!*”

Almost every American in Mexico was sorry that this old man had lost his fight against Wilson. He may have been everything that he was painted, but he loved his country and tried against overpowering odds for sixteen months to bring her back to stability.

Later on, he went to live in El Paso. In July, 1915, he was there arrested, together with General Orozco, by the United States government on a charge of violating the neutrality laws. It was charged, probably with justice, that he was about to enter Mexico and head a revolution against Mr. Wilson’s pet revolutionary leader, Carranza.

Huerta seems to have been born for tragedy. His death, as the story is told, was horrible. A bearded man came one night to his house in El Paso. He introduced himself as a doctor, and said that he had been sent by friends of General Huerta to examine him. After a thorough examination he shocked Huerta and his wife by declaring that unless the general was operated on that night he would die within thirty-six hours. They consented to the operation. Giving no anesthetic, the pretended surgeon made two huge abdominal incisions, left the wounds gaping, and ran out of the house. Huerta died in agony three days later.

PART FOUR
ZAPATA AND VILLA

XIV

IN AND OUT

PRESIDENT WILSON had demanded an unconditional surrender to Carranza from the then provisional president, Carvajal. Instead, Carvajal resigned. He saw that it was useless to put up a fight against this claimant, who demanded unconditional surrender of the city and who refused to give the citizens any guarantee for their property or their lives, and particularly useless to oppose that claimant's backer, Mr. Wilson, with all the armed might of the States behind him.

Señor Eduardo Iturbide was governor of the Federal District until the city was given over to Carranza. Now began continuous persecutions of all who had been in any way identified with the régime of Don Porfirio Diaz. General Carranza and General Obregon waited outside of Mexico City, at Barrientos, prepared to take the capital the moment Carvajal resigned. Timorous, as ever, never taking chances, Carranza sent Obregon in first. When Obregon had taken possession of the National Palace and quiet reigned, he sent word to Mr. Wilson's hero that it was safe now to come into the town.

President Gutierrez, appointed during this time, seemed desirous of imitating the days of the Terror in Paris. He went so far as to contemplate the use of the

guillotine. Firing squads, he held, wasted too much ammunition. People disappeared overnight, never to be heard of again. Men were shot down as they left their houses by mysterious strangers, forever unidentified. In the early morning, one heard, customarily, the fusillades of Gutierrez's firing squads.

The country was full of roving bands of bandits. They all called themselves revolutionists and levied tribute wherever there was money. Wallace tells of a skirmish, not exceptional, always referred to locally as The Battle of Palisada. A famous bandit, General —, was doing a great deal of levying in those days. He had sent word to the Palisada Mill, owned by the El Oro Mining & Railway Company, that he must have ten thousand pesos by the Saturday following, and that, if the money were not forthcoming, he would come and do some killing. Wallace happened to be in El Oro at the time.

Some eighty Americans, Mexicans, and Englishmen banded together and went up to the mills. They had outfitted themselves well for the expedition; every man was hung and covered with guns and ammunition. Word was sent to the general that the money was ready; come and get it. The general, a little suspicious, felt that the invitation was somehow a shade too cordial, so he sent a scout to see what was up. The scout reported that there were easily four hundred Americans, the eighty having grown in the telling, and that these four hundred looked like *hombres muy malos*—very bad men. He thought the general had better wait a few days before advancing to collect.

After four days of waiting, one of the mills' out-

posts came running breathlessly to announce that the general and his men were coming down the hill. In great excitement all the men ran to that side of the mill yard; and sure enough, down through the trees they saw running toward them what appeared to be hundreds of men. One of the guards stationed on the superintendent's balcony started to shoot at the leader, who was on horseback, thinking this could be none other than the general himself. When they saw the horse fall all the mill men started up the hill shooting into the air, and yelling, "Hands up!" The supposed bandits, much to the defenders' surprise, turned tail and ran.

The men of the mill advanced to the wounded leader. There, instead of the general, they found instead a poor little shivering Chinaman on his knees behind the animal, praying frantically. He scrambled to his feet, threw his hands in the air, and cried, "Tell me, *quien vive*—who is your leader? I am for your man no matter who he is!" He was so pathetic and funny that the Americans were overcome by laughter. When the Chinaman discovered they were friends, his delight was boundless. He told them that he had been chased out of his camp, that all his stores had been taken, and that through whatever village he rode the soldiers would challenge, "*Quien vive?*" The first time he shouted, "*Viva Zapata!*" But he had picked the wrong general, for the crowd pelted him with stones and made him cry, "*Viva Villa!*" The next time he was asked, "*Quien vive?*" he threw up his hands and shouted violently, "*Viva Villa! Viva Villa!*" This time he just escaped being shot, as Villa was greatly hated in that particular village.

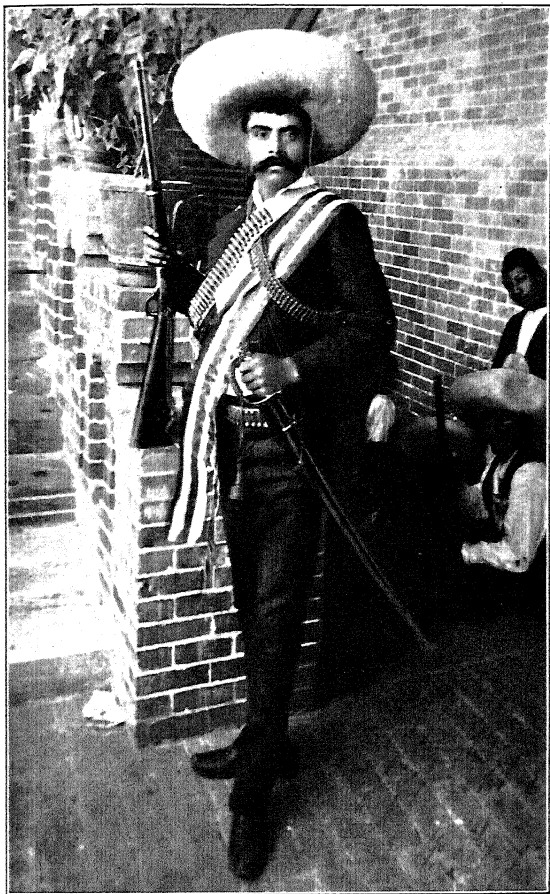
Of such was the Battle of Palisada. Would that all such local skirmishes had been as harmless and amusing!

Rumors had sped far and wide over Mexico that Carranza and his men were looting and killing in the north like men possessed. Accordingly, when the Indians at Texcoco heard that Carranza's army was coming into Mexico City, they hid everything they possessed. The last things to be hidden were the ancient bronze bells of the church. These, it is said, the Indians loaded into a canoe, paddled with them out to the middle of the lake, and then very solemnly dropped them into the water. This done, one Indian questioned the other: "But how will we know the place where we have dropped these great bells when we shall want them again?"

The second Indian very thoughtfully scratched his head, then took his knife out and cut a notch in the side of the canoe. "There; now we will know!" he said.

Again now in December of 1914, Zapata, champion of the landless, rides into the picture. Carranza, like all the other revolutionary leaders, had failed to restore land to the Indian; so Zapata is abroad on his famous white horse once more. Almost at this same time, Villa fell out with his chief. The convention at Aguascalientes repudiated Carranza and elected General Roque Conzales Garza as President. Villa, with the best army Mexico has ever seen—about 16,000 Mexicans and four or five American machine-gunners—started toward Mexico City to urge Carranza forth.

Carranza and Obregon left the capital for Vera Cruz without putting up a battle. Carranza didn't even stop at Vera Cruz. Taking no chance on Villa hemming him



ZAPATA

"A bandit but an admirable man."

in at the port, he installed himself and his chattering retinue of chippies and parrots, on the Sacrificios Islands. If Villa had only followed Carranza, instead of stopping in Mexico City, the noble general would probably have waded halfway to Cuba in his perturbation. But no; Villa had been in Mexico City but once before, and that when very young—now he must needs be switched off from his purpose by all the things which he found to amuse him in our sinful town.

In fleeing the city, Carranza took all the judiciary bodies with him. He did everything he could to force the diplomats to follow, but they refused to budge. Villa and Zapata took over the capital. They marched down Avenida Juarez together and took possession of the National Palace, where they gave a great dinner in celebration of their entry. Zapata was afraid of the city; a countryman by instinct, with a hill man's native sagacity, he betook himself to his private train, and did not rest until it was side-tracked well out of town.

Zapata was real. He stood for something, however uncouthly. I am reminded of a dinner that he gave a little later at the National Palace. The general had placed his wife next to him. Never having eaten at a table before, she proceeded quite naturally to push back her chair, put her plate on her lap and eat with her fingers. The Spanish Minister was sitting next to her. It took quick action on his part to get his coat tails well tucked under before they became a mass of grease spots. Some one had asked Zapata why he had placed his wife, instead of one of the other ladies, beside him. He answered in surprise: "But I know my wife, and what do you think I could talk about to the wife of a diplomat?"

EVER since the occupation of Vera Cruz, I had been in New Orleans, but one day I received from Wallace a long telegram. It said that things in Mexico were ricocheting from bad to worse, and that if we were going to remain out of the country on account of dangerous conditions, it would probably mean for the rest of our lives. He thought that at this particular moment it would be reasonably safe to return, and added that he would meet us in El Paso.

At the station in El Paso, the gateman told him he could not go through on to the platform; he would have to wait at the gate. Wallace answered, "Then you'd better go in and meet them; somebody must; they travel laden like a moving-van." Wallace was admitted. When we passed through the gate, attended by seven staggering Red Caps, all of us with our arms full of packages, not to mention a child and a nurse, I thought the gateman would collapse with laughter. Wallace gave him a broad wink, implying common masculine understanding that only a husband, if that, knows what to expect of a wife.

To all this luggage we added in El Paso two huge hampers of food. Everything that any delicatessen shop has ever sold we bought and piled into those baskets. To this we added spirit lamps, and set up housekeeping in the drawing-room of the train to Mexico. The Pullman conductor had, I recall, sold that drawing-room twice; but as we had the ticket for it and the other people only the conductor's promise, we retained possession.

We were four days getting into Mexico City, and that was the last Pullman to go over the line for ages.

We would have gone hungry without our hampers; and as the other people on the train were not provided it was lucky that we had been generous to ourselves. One of the numerous fathers of the Madero family was aboard with five of his offspring. On the last day we were down to crackers, and that was all we had to give them. The children were crying all the time from hunger.

The next train that left El Paso for Mexico was a mixed affair of box-cars and day-coaches packed full of soldiers. In one of the box-cars came the newly appointed Austrian Minister to Mexico. Five days; no food except the little he could buy at the stations; and what food! For sleep, a hard, dirty floor. To add to the embarrassment, there were in that car fourteen other persons of mixed sex and station, with children all over the place. What a reception for a minister! The poor man never quite came out of his daze.

XV

HUNTERS

VILLA was living in General Huerta's old house on Calle Liverpool. He had had a press for printing currency installed, and here day and night he turned out bundles of money. These bills were called "*Dos Caras*." Villa's first currency had been hand-printed, and was known as "*sabanas*"—sheets—because the bills were so large.

The Zapatistas and Villistas had moved into the largest and finest houses in the city. They used the Country Club as a barracks, and its ball-room as a stable for the Zapatistas' horses. The Casusus house was occupied at different times both by the Villistas and the Zapatistas. Señor Casusus's beautiful library of old books, one of the finest collections on the continent, was used for every purpose to which paper can be put. They tore the books to pieces, and chopped great nicks into the hardwood floors; they had slipped, they said, when they tried to walk across them.

Hattie Welton has told us of some of her experiences with these invaders. Formerly a circus performer, she now owns a riding school and stables in Mexico City, and is a unique personality in the foreign colony. She has had the children of all the first families in Mexico as her riding pupils, and her wedding in 1911 was per-

haps the smartest gathering that the capital has ever known. The Mexican aristocracy was there *en masse*, along with the best people of the foreign colonies and every diplomat who rode. I can't remember the bridegroom's name nor what he looked like, and doubt if any one else can. It was Hattie's wedding. There was a keg of beer in each corner of the drawing-room and plenty of sausage and liverwurst sandwiches to eat. I don't think that it would have occurred to even the most snobbish to have absented themselves.

Poor Hattie! what a time she had with these shifting military factions and their incessant demands. She had something they not only needed badly, but liked and understood. A horse and a gun spelled heaven to most of these soldiers, and Hattie was nearly driven mad by the men who kept coming to the stables and trying to get the animals. Her horses were her livelihood and she had, besides, other people's mounts in her stables for which she felt responsible. Her hot-tempered uncle, who worked with her, added to her anxiety by his cavalier treatment of the Indian soldiers; and in the end Hattie, nearly distracted, decided she must do something about it.

Dreading the effort, she decided none the less that she must use a little feminine appeal upon one of the officers in charge. She selected General Lucio Blanco, of whom she had heard as a very decent young aide to Villa. Blanco was stationed in the great house of the Casusus family. She knew the house well; the young men of the family were horsemen and polo players. They had had to flee the country when Carranza came into Mexico City in 1914.

When Hattie reached the gates to the garden her heart sank. The place was simply swarming with lousy-looking Indian soldiers. In the entrance hall they had kicked into the corner the great, lovely oriental rug, and the beautiful old Spanish-Colonial center table was one great litter of *chile tacos*—Mexican sandwiches—tortillas half eaten, guns, and every kind of wearing apparel.

A sergeant told Hattie she would find the general upstairs. She made her way up, feeling more and more uneasy. Just as she reached the next floor—it was around nine o'clock in the morning—about a dozen highly painted and perfumed girls emerged from different doors, flirting their hips from side to side and chewing gum with considerable vivacity. In high shrill voices they called out crude remarks about the night before and their *hombres*—remarks which brought forth great outbursts of shrill laughter. Hattie, having been brought up in the circus, was no prude, but this talk was too much for her, and she fled the hall.

A moment later she was ushered into the presence of General Blanco. He and his officers were still dressing. This abrupt introduction of a foreign woman to their midst occasioned a lot of hasty buttoning up and stuffing in.

General Blanco asked her what he could do for her. Hattie poured out a most pathetic story. She felt, she says, like Eliza crossing very thin ice; a word too much or too little might mean the loss of all.

Blanco was by far the most decent of all the officers who came in with Villa and Zapata. He sat for a few minutes rubbing his head; then he said thoughtfully,

"Well, Señorita Welton, you understand that we need horses like the very devil, and you have a stable full of them; but I give you my word of honor that as long as I am in charge of this town my men shall not take one horse of yours."

He ordered his colonel to give her a *salvo conducto*. The colonel asked her to follow him into the next room, the beautiful library of the house. Here were women, squatting on the floor making tortillas and cooking beans and coffee on charcoal *braseros* for the officers' breakfast. Priceless books were thrown about the room, and all its beautiful furnishings were ruined.

An officer wrote out the order that Hattie's horses were not to be molested, and handed the paper to the colonel to sign. The colonel looked embarrassed; he said he couldn't write; and Hattie was taken back to General Blanco, who in a great scrawling hand signed his name to the document.

Hattie tells another story about a ride which she took one morning with several girls and women of the colony. Among them was an American woman with bright red hair who was wearing a Texas cowboy's hat. This combination of hair and hat made Hattie feel none too happy, as she was sure it would attract attention, and attention at that time was the very last thing any decent woman wanted. Hattie was always discreet as to how far out of town she dared to ride with her pupils, but this morning everything seemed so quiet and the air was so deliciously fresh that she decided to take a good brisk ride out through the Hacienda Morales, at the edge of the city.

They rode through the open gates of the hacienda.

that is the horse for me," cried the colonel, "I will take him!"

Hattie answered, "Like fun you will! I can tell you, that horse will go out of this stable only over my dead body!"

"*Que valiente, hija mia!* How brave you are, my girl!" The colonel reached back and took out his gun. Hattie's heart almost leaped out of her mouth. He added, "You force me to kill you first, and then take your horse." She must have looked so green with fright that he finally relented, saying, "Oh, don't be frightened. You kill me; I will loan you my gun."

She answered, "I wouldn't soil my hands by touching it!" Now she realized that he was roaring drunk, and managed to convey to the groom by signs that he was to telephone Zapata at headquarters.

General Zapata wasn't there, but his brother Eufemio was. He asked that the colonel be put on the telephone, and ordered him to the palace at once. As soon as the colonel had left, Hattie raced for the palace, determined to arrive there first. She found Eufemio Zapata in a great room, with his feet up on the table, smoking a huge cigar. He asked, "And now what has this drunken scum been doing to you?" She told her story, but begged that he should not be punished, as nothing really disagreeable had happened. All she wanted was a *salvo conducto* for her horses—Hattie's life was made up of a succession of "*salvo conductos*" at this period.

The colonel walked in at this moment, looking very sheepish, and a bit afraid. Eufemio thundered that the patio of the palace was plenty big enough to shoot him



VILLA; AT HIS LEFT, ZAPATA

"They used the Country Club as a barracks and its ball-room as a stable."



"DOS CARAS" (TWO HEADS)

"Day and night a press installed in Huerta's old house turned out bundles of their paper money."

in, and that if he didn't beg the señorita's pardon at once, shot he should be.

When the pardons and explanations were made, Zapata made Hattie out a *salvo conducto*. Again the question arose as to who should sign it, as he couldn't write his name. After much hunting around the palace he produced one general who could write. Zapata then gave Hattie a great *abrazo*—it makes her scratchy to think of it, he was so dirty and full of vermin—and as a memento gave her a peso with "*Viva Zapata*" on it.

After weeks during which I did not venture forth on horseback, I went with some friends one morning for a cross-country ride. There were five of us. Everything went beautifully until our return. Just before we came to the Park, we heard a sudden wild shooting and yelling, and saw a horseman whom we knew, a German, being chased by soldiers on horseback. We were a little puzzled to know which would be the better policy—to go at the pace we had already set or put spurs to our horses and run for it. Suddenly three of the soldiers detached themselves from the other group and took after us. It didn't take us long then to make up our minds. We thought that at any moment they would start shooting at us.

We raced across the fields, picking up the Paseo at one point, jumping ditches and crossing into the Colonia Juarez side of the town. Then we outmaneuvered the soldiers by going up and down various streets until they gave up the chase. We never knew whether they caught the German or not—and were much too busy and concerned about ourselves to care.

At the stables, we sent for the proprietor, and advised him to raise the British or American flag over his establishment. He did so, but it was not long after that the soldiers discovered this stable and demanded his horses. Our own were among those he was forced to give up.

XVI

BEDLAM

FANTASTIC tales are told of those days when ignorance and violence, governing, made mock of decency and order.

At the convention in Aguascalientes, it is said, a certain law was being argued. The opposition claimed that it interfered with the law of supply and demand. Thereupon a twenty-year-old deputy, who had been using his desk chiefly for storing candy, jumped to his feet, crying, "Then, by God, we will repeal the law of supply and demand!" I have recently noticed a similar ardor in Washington.

Mexico was in a shocking state of disorder. House-breakings and crimes of violence multiplied in the capital. The home of one American resident of our acquaintance was entered by thieves fourteen times in less than a year. On the fourteenth occasion the wife heard noises, and the husband went out on the back balcony to see what was up. Two thieves, father and son (it turned out later that they had recently escaped from Belem) were clambering over the fence. The American yelled a challenge. They turned and ran. He fired his revolver, and hit the elder of the robbers through the heart. By some strange automatic instinct the man ran a full seventy-five yards with half his heart down on

his groin. Then he fell dead. The American went out to the body, a little perturbed. He had no sooner determined that life was extinct, when along came the youngest daughter of the family. She carried the dead man's hat. "This is his hat," said the child, with complete self-possession, and placed the hat, in the approved movie manner, over the corpse's face.

"Go back to the house; this is no sight for you," said the father.

"One dead man is nothing to me," the child replied. "I saw lots of them in Vera Cruz."

That was true. With her mother and sisters, this little girl had been among those shipped out on our boat, after the bombardment.

All this had happened in the early morning. The American returned to the house, called the police, and dressed. Then he set out to give himself up. "Where are you going?" his wife asked him.

"To the jail."

"Don't forget we have a dinner engagement," she said.

In another country such a remark might be incredible, but knowing the woman, I am sure that this is exactly what she said. She had lived long enough in Mexico to know how things are done there. Here was a plain case of a man defending his home and property. A robber had been killed, but that happened often. She expected no particular trouble in this case.

No more did other American residents, friends of the accused. So many of them flocked to the jail to see him that morning that the front room was given over to a sort of reception. A bar was set up with a jailer serving

as bartender, and the mad Americans employed the occasion as a relief from the tension of the time. Slightly macabre, perhaps, was the fact that the corpse lay just in the room beyond, but one gets used to things like that in Mexico. The host did not appear, however, to enjoy the party. He was a man of many concerns; he had that dinner appointment; he wanted a prompt hearing and acquittal. So he kept demanding trial. The jail officials replied with polite evasions. The judge, they said, was out.

Fortunately, this American had made a friend of one of Villa's colonels, a short, hard-boiled little officer, of great girth. The light-skinned, blue-eyed type, this Mexican wore the costume of a cowboy—khaki shirt, riding breeches tucked into high-laced leather boots, and a big Stetson hat on the side of his head. Guns and ammunition belts were strung all over him. He shot at the flick of an eyelash if that eyelash for any reason displeased him, but when once he gave his friendship to any one, he gave it for keeps.

At that time this colonel was Villa's personal representative in the north. He was out of the capital, heading a little guerrilla affair of some kind, when his American friend called him up and told him he was speaking from jail.

"What's the charge? Anything serious?" asked the colonel.

"Just murder," said the American, grimly impatient.

"Tell them I command your release!" the colonel roared.

"All I want is trial before dinner-time," the American told him, "and they say that it can't be done."

The fiery colonel requisitioned a steam-engine and came thumping down to the capital. It was something like a three-hour ride. Wrapped with guns, he strode at six into the court-room, just after the judge appeared. The judge said that the case could not possibly be tried before eight that night. To this the colonel objected. Fingering in each hand a revolver, he swaggered up to the judge, and said, "If my American friend is not out of here in ten minutes, I will scatter your guts all over the wall." The prisoner was at once released on bond, and in a few days was acquitted.

That was not the end of it. The judge nourished a grievance. When the Zapatistas came in, and all was in greater confusion than ever, the American was re-summoned to trial. Again he called the colonel, who went among his intimates by the name of Alec. "Don't go to the jail," said Alec. "Go to your club; I will join you there."

The House happened that day to be electing a new President (Francisco Lagos Chazaro, the fourth that year), but this didn't bother Colonel Alec, who was also a deputy, in the least. He jumped to his feet in the House, and asked the Speaker to call a recess long enough to make out an order of release for his friend and dismissal of the case. The Speaker complied, finding nothing extraordinary in the request. It was the first official act of the new administration.

Toward the end of the day, Alec joined his American friend at the club. He was thoroughly drunk by this time, and had with him a number of soldiers. Rocking with cognac, and getting louder every minute, he announced that he was sending for that judge, and

would have him strung up, somewhere there near the club, on any convenient lamp-post, for the world to see. The American tried to dissuade him. A compromise was finally arranged. Two soldiers were either to bring to the club the judge's person, for hanging, or his personal affidavit that the accused had been by him acquitted, and the case closed. The colonel accepted this idea on one condition; that his American friend spend with him a "quiet evening" with his, the colonel's "folks" there in town.

With this understanding they left the club. The colonel, now very emotional, kept telling the American how much he thought of his parents, and how sad it was that, in the stress of war and so on, he saw them so little. "I shall soon die," the colonel said. "I feel it. But before this happens, you, my friend, and I will bring to my old parents some innocent enjoyment and a feast."

The prospect enchanted him. He hastened the American to a certain leading Spanish restaurant. One of the soldiers still accompanied them. Striding up to the display table of meats and *hors d'oeuvres* in the restaurant lobby, near the bar, the colonel called to the bartender to check his purchases. Then he started grabbing turkeys, hams, and jellied salads from the table with great abandon, casting them into a blanket which the soldier held open. The bartender, who knew the colonel's reputation, and who was most pleased to see him in such good humor, quietly took a pencil and checked the items as they were taken, one by one. But the proprietor of the place, always a hairbrained individual, and now under stress of those days of tension, completely idiotic,

came hurrying forward to interfere. He shouted first that he was being robbed. The colonel, puzzled, but good-natured, drew from a knapsack a fistful of paper money of the period and threw it on the bar. "No; this is a family feast; we pay for everything!" cried the colonel, with a grand gesture, and in popped another ham.

The old proprietor roared that no sales would be made from that display table, and that anything bought in the restaurant must be eaten there. Beside himself, he moved toward the colonel. The bartender stopped checking off items and ducked behind the bar. Faster than sight could record it, the colonel's face tightened; his gun was out, almost touching the old man's stomach; he fired. The American had, however, grabbed at the hand holding the pistol, and the bullet bit harmlessly into the restaurant floor. (Wallace, it chanced, was in the restaurant when this happened; I have, therefore, a close-up account.)

The colonel stood there puzzled, rocking a little, his smoking revolver in his hand. Then, "You attacked me," he cried to the American, and whipped up his gun. Again the American got in close and knocked aside the muzzle. The colonel did not fire. "Your pardon; I am drunk," he said, gently. "But I must shoot this old fool who has insulted me."

"You must not!" the American said.

"Then," said the colonel, "*you* shoot him," and handed over the gun. By this time the bartender, emerging, had hurried the proprietor to the second floor of the restaurant. The American was able to get the colonel, the guard, and all the provisions out of the

place. The party proceeded to enjoy, as planned, "a quiet evening with the folks."

The judge, by the way, signed the paper the soldiers demanded, and they did not so much as touch him. The colonel by this time had forgotten the whole affair. This, however, the judge had no means of knowing, and a sense of doom so weighed upon him that he shot himself, poor man, that very night. I have told this incident with some detail. Mad as it sounds, it was no more mad than the general order of the times. And even this, as we shall see, does not end the story of our little colonel.

OTHER incidents and anecdotes, hardly less lunatic, may be set down almost at random. The British Chargé d'Affaires went, for instance, to see the Minister of Foreign Relations, Candido Aguilar, to talk over some dispute or other then arising between Great Britain and Mexico. The minister at length decided that since Mexico had no representative in England the Mexican Minister in Paris should go to London to discuss the question with the British Foreign Office. This was at the time when submarines were most active, and the next remark was advanced, in parting, in a spirit of friendly humor. "Well, Your Excellency," said a man who was sitting in on the discussion, "I hope your messenger's boat will not be rammed by a submarine while crossing the channel." Aguilar frowning thoughtfully, replied. "Ah, I hadn't thought of the submarines. I will cable at once that he is to go entirely by train."

When General Obregon came into Mexico City after

chasing Villa up north, the British were showing some films of the Battle of the Somme. They were anxious that Obregon should see these, knowing that as a military man he would be interested. Again, they naturally wished to move him in all ways possible toward sympathy with the Allies, as he was emerging as a figure of first importance in Mexico at the time. The films were shown at a fiesta given for Obregon, who sat surrounded by ten generals, in state. The Englishman who showed the picture, explained that it didn't have a Hollywood setting, that it was rather indistinct in spots, but that to take this picture three men had lost their lives as they crept out of the trenches with their cameras. At the word "trenches" Obregon exclaimed, "Aha, so the English fight in trenches! When we Mexicans meet on the battlefield," said Obregon, and slapped his chest vigorously, "it is chest to chest."

Of Obregon I shall say more later. He was no intellectual giant, but he was a brave and honest man.

Wallace and I decided one night to brave the dangers of the center of the city and go to the Principal Theater, where we had heard there was some amusing Spanish dancing. We didn't stay long; the place was full of soldiers and all the smells that go with them. Three Indian women were sitting in the boxes placidly nursing their babies. Café-au-lait skins saved them from looking as nude as they would have had their skins been white, and the sight was strange rather than shocking, but I soon had enough. I felt almost weighted down by the fleas I collected during the short time we remained.

It was a time of filth and pestilence. The city was

full of lice, and there was a terrific epidemic of typhus fever. We all had to join together in the support of soup kitchens in Mexico City and the suburbs; the poor people were absolutely starving. In her entire history Mexico has perhaps never experienced such widespread privation as during that long winter of 1915. The bread lines almost equaled those in the warring countries of Europe. Even foreign colonies suffered for lack of white bread. It was very difficult to get wheat flour, and only a few were so fortunate as to have cooks who knew how to bake it.

Wallace and I were in Vera Cruz during one of these military changes when the paper money of one faction went out of fashion and a new currency came in. Immediately we bought our return tickets to Mexico City and invited twenty of our friends to dine with us that night, ordering the finest dinner with champagne and paying for it in advance. In that way the restaurant proprietor could spend the money during the day. Later this money could be revalidated only with a great deal of trouble.

Wallace once asked a German broker who was very close to Carranza if it might be possible to revalidate money without so much red tape. The broker answered, laughing, "I revalidate my own. Here, borrow my stamp if you wish." After that Wallace revalidated his own bills.

Those were the days of opportunity for people with dollars and pounds sterling, as the exchange was then around twenty to fifty pesos paper money to one dollar American. I won a great deal of this paper money playing bridge, and was able to buy old silver, laces, bro-

cados, jewelry, and antiques with it as though it were gold pesos. For a while, too, the people were able to buy the necessities of life with this paper. But that, unfortunately, could not last. Paper—we called it “milk tickets”—went out of fashion so fast and furiously (very often not being redeemable) that the market people refused to take anything but gold and silver. That custom has to some extent continued. Even to-day one shops best in Mexico with a sack filled with gold and silver, not with a handbag and a check-book.

All values in those days seemed to disappear in a whirl of change and confusion. An almost incredible thing happened, I recall, to a friend of mine. One day she was offered by a *soldadera*—a woman who follows the army—what she thought at first to be a cheap string of pearl beads. But they looked unusually attractive, and as the *soldadera* was asking only twenty pesos for them, which at the time amounted to barely a dollar in American money, my friend bought the beads. She took them directly to a great French jewelry shop, and was told that they were real pearls, worth somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand pesos in gold.

VILLA was, literally, a living terror, a carry-over into this twentieth century of barbarian appetites and ruthlessness. His lusts for blood and for women were equal. When he had satisfied the one he would slake his thirst for the other. During his occupation of Mexico City he was riding around the streets one day when he saw a very pretty young Mexican woman, shopping.

With his henchmen he chased her. She ran like mad, panic-stricken. Her one idea was to get home to the protection of her husband and her house. Villa burst into the house, tied the husband hand and foot to a chair, and violated the woman before his eyes. Afterwards he threw her naked into the street, calling after her that any rag was better than she, who had thought herself so fine and grand.

He married seventeen times in almost as many days, and boasted that each night he had a new love affair. In the morning he would take the girl's *rebozo*—a native shawl—wrap into it great bundles of paper money and throw it at the girl, yelling insults after her and commanding her never to return.

Such was the man, or beast, Mr. Woodrow Wilson discovered "perhaps the safest man to tie to." William Jennings Bryan found him "an idealist." Mrs. Bryan wrote, "Although a Roman Catholic, Villa neither smokes nor drinks."

But Villa went too far on one of his little ventures, and brought down on his head the wrath of the French Minister, the French colony, and the Diplomatic Corps. He was lunching one day at the Palace Hotel when he noticed a very pretty girl, the cashier. He invited her to dinner at his house, leering, and leaving nothing to her imagination as to what he meant by the invitation. Frightened half, but not wholly, out of her wits, the girl answered, "Yes, yes, when I finish here to-night I will go to your house on Liverpool."

The minute Villa left, the proprietress, a Frenchwoman, told the girl to go into hiding at once and to

be sure she went to some place where Villa couldn't possibly find her. The girl didn't need any urging; she was out of the place like a shot.

Villa came back a few hours later. Not seeing the girl he went away, but the second time he returned he was suspicious. He demanded to be told where the cashier was. The Frenchwoman said, "I was compelled to send her away; she was so incompetent." Villa demanded her address. The Frenchwoman said she didn't know it. At this, Mr. Bryan's "idealist" picked up the proprietress and carried her out to his motor, shouting, "You are an old bitch, but you will this once!" The French people raised such a commotion over this affair that it really contributed in the end to Villa's decision to evacuate the city. His American gunners were so disgusted that they left him, and they could hardly be called squeamish men.

The desertion of these machine-gunners was a real loss to Villa. Afterwards they related to some of the American Club members how they had killed as many as six hundred in a day for their chief. One of the clubmen who went out with them to collect the settlement from Villa relates how he paid them each two thousand dollars in American currency, and then as they were leaving added, "You boys will need a little Mexican money while you are here," throwing them kilos of his *dos caras* currency.

At midnight of the same day Villa started to evacuate the capital. He left with sixteen trains loaded with soldiers, money, valuables stolen from different houses, motor-cars, horses, carriages and anything else that could be loaded on to the trains. The Carranzistas were

not told that Villa was taking flight, and discovered it only by accident. Two of their drunken officers who were stationed at Santa Clara had made a bet that they could get into the cathedral and ring the bells without being caught. A few hundred Zapatistas were left at the palace. When they heard the bells they, too, bolted, as well as they could. Running into the palace, they barricaded the doors; and it was then that the Carranzistas discovered that Villa was on his way north.

Now the troops of Obregon, which had been stationed at Sierra Gorda under Pablo Gonzalez, came into Mexico City. That was a fatal morning for the English colony. What every one feared more than anything else during these occupations were spent bullets. Usually all non-combatants tried to stay in their houses, but this time it was a surprise attack, and many people were caught unawares.

An Englishman named Marshall Miller and a Mr. Allen were walking to their offices early that morning. They were halfway up the Alameda near the Juarez monument when Marshall said, "I am going to change to the outside to get out of the sun." At the next step he cried, "That's me!" and fell. A spent bullet, coming straight down, had passed through the brim of his hat, cut across his cheek-bone and entered his heart.

The Obregonistas were shooting up all the side streets. At the same time they were chasing the Zapatistas out Avenida Juarez through Bucareli Street, where the Zaps were frantically trying to force tram-car motormen to carry them to San Angel. Never since the Ten Tragic Days had the town taken on an appearance so warlike.

Friends of the dead Marshall Miller tried to get to the Comisaria where his body had been carried, but it was useless; the fire was too thick. At last, when the shooting had abated a little, they made their way to the Comisaria. It seemed to be empty; no man, dead or living, in the place. They went in, cautiously opening one door after another, and at last found their friend's body sprawled on the floor of one of the back rooms. Some one had taken off his coat and put it under his head, and his hat was on the floor beside him. Then they realized that every man had fled, for fear of being involved in the death of a foreigner.

By the time they left the Comisaria, Gonzalez and Obregon were in the town. The troops rode down Avenida Juarez to the National Palace. As they came to each cross street they would shoot like madmen in every direction.

Practically the only other casualties during these occupations of the city were such accidental shootings of non-combatants as that of a man from Texas who was staying at Porter's Hotel on San Juan de Letran. This innocent visitor put his head out of the window to see what all the shooting was about and so died.

Too curious residents soon learned to stay at home. One, I remember, an American, who said, "I hear they are killing a lot of Zapatistas who are treed in the towers of the cathedral; let's go see." Another, equally restive, joined him. They went down, and sure enough, found a considerable number of Yaqui Indians sitting on their haunches in the shadows of the holy edifice. Every time a "Zap" head appeared they popped it off. As our friends started back uptown the Yaquis saw them



VILLA

"A carry-over of barbarian appetites and ruthlessness."

and started popping at their automobile. The organizer of the sight-seeing expedition claims that they passed a bullet three times between the corner and the cathedral.

Obregon followed on the trail of Villa; and at the famous battle of Celaya, Villa had him beaten, when by mischance Villa's artillery mistook their own cavalry for Obregonistas and mowed them down. Obregon saw his advantage and promptly followed it up. It was in this battle that he lost his arm.

Life was strange enough in those chaotic times. Nothing was lasting—in power to-day, out to-morrow. When Villa evacuated, there was one short space when no one at all was in charge of the city. The Villistas had moved to Toluca, the Zapatistas onto the Cuernavaca road outside of Xochimilco, and the Carranzistas to Santa Clara. It was then that the Carranzistas seized control.

TO some of the Villa and Zapata officers, Carranza, the triumphant, granted amnesty. Among these was our stout little Villista colonel. However, they double-crossed him; and when he saw that his chances for escape were slim, he took refuge in the Belem prison, figuring that this would be the last place on earth in which they would look for him. He had some old friends among the Carranzista officers who were stationed in command of that prison, and they undertook to hide him there until he could find some way of escaping.

The colonel then sent a most mysterious message to the American he had previously befriended—"The man carrying to you this note will bring you to me, and for

God's sake, come quickly. Come in a taxi; your own car would be identified." The American could not make out why he was being taken to Belem. But there he found the colonel in a back room playing poker with some of the Carranzista officers. "Sit down," said the colonel. Have a drink." The American did so. Then, "What brings you here?" asked the colonel, innocently. The American, playing up, asked the little colonel's help in locating a missing American. The colonel got up; the two of them walked out of the room, then kept on walking until they were out of the jail.

As they drove away, the colonel remarked, "That was a narrow squeak for me. You came just in time. I was beginning to be in the way there. They would have killed me to-night."

"You must come to my home," said the American. "I will hide you there."

"No," said the colonel. "It would endanger the women in your family. They will turn the city over to find me now."

They finally arranged to hide him in a small French boarding-house, respectable and dull. Here he stayed for two weeks before he attracted suspicion; then it was necessary to move him quickly again.

This time, his American friend took up the colonel's case with Countess d'E——, who doted on intrigue. She offered to take the colonel into her house and disguise him as a woman so that he could escape to California. This he subsequently accomplished, only to die there, of the flu. The countess was having a bridge party soon after she took the colonel in. In her bad French-Spanish she bade him remain in his room while the

women were there. But the women stayed too long; the colonel grew restless; he went out on the upper gallery, and was promenading up and down when some of the guests saw him. The story flew around the town that the old countess, who although nearing seventy, was well known for her amours, was having a new love-affair.

It is told of this countess that when she was spending a few months in the beautiful little town of Cuernavaca the news came of the approach of Zapata and his army. Her friends tried to induce her to leave, but she refused to hear them, saying, "I have been a widow for fifteen years. Many worse things could happen to me than being taken by Zapata."

XVII

ENTER ZAPATA AND OBREGON

FROM the day that Villa went north the Carranzistas and the Zapatistas popped away at each other, with occasional outbursts of heavier slaughter, until finally Zapata was killed by General Pablo Gonzalez. One day the Zapatistas would chase the Carranzistas out of Mexico City; and the next day the Carranzistas would chase out the Zapatistas. But whether they were in or out, the Zapatistas were always hanging around at the edge of the Federal District. San Angel was one of their hang-outs; almost always a little fighting was going on there. The town band played Thursdays and Sundays just the same; bullets or no bullets, one could count on that.

One of the English residents of San Angel tells how he went one day to the Plaza to see who the "Ins" were on that particular evening. As he was skirting the side of the wall, he came face to face with a Yaqui Indian, sticking his head inquiringly around the corner. The resident in question is of great height, considerably above six feet, and it added to his shock to find this Indian even taller, more than six feet, six inches. The Indian asked him where he was going, and our friend answered, "Only for a walk to the Plaza." So he had to walk to the Plaza, and that big Indian followed him

within easy gunshot, his finger on the trigger, every step of the way. After that experience, our friend stayed home.

There were days on end when one could not leave the house. It required only a rumor to cause the evacuation of Mexico City by one army and its occupation by another; and each exchange of conquerors meant just that many more bullets flying about. Inaction became intolerable, however, and one day, feeling restless from having been shut so long indoors, I decided that I simply had to go into town. Of course I did not know it, but of all particular days, it was my fate to choose one on which the Zapatistas were evacuating the city. I was driving in a closed coupé with one horse. As I arrived in front of the Hotel Imperial, a headquarters of the Zapatistas, about ten ruffianly soldiers, laden with arms and ammunition, issued forth. They stopped my carriage. I protested. They started to unharness the horse. My poor coachman was visibly trembling and utterly helpless. The whole thing infuriated me beyond reason or words. I got down from the carriage and stood there stamping my feet at them, declaring they dare not take my horse; that I simply would not have it.

Apparently, my Spanish amused them. They grinned and shuffled and started to go away. I protested violently that since they had unharnessed the horse, they must now reharness it. I must have been out of my senses, but incredible as it sounds, those horrible-looking ruffians did as they were told and seemed to be greatly amused at doing it. They left with many laughing grimaces. The coachman had by this time had

enough. He was all for turning about and making for home; but I felt that I wanted to go on and see more. Moaning, he drove on. As we passed the Iron Horse, I saw a most disconsolate-looking bride and groom sitting in their carriage, minus the horse, which had been led away. They presented a thoroughly pathetic spectacle, poor things, marooned there in the middle of the main thoroughfare, with a war going on. I can see them yet, clutching each other and staring.

My coachman and I drove up the Avenida Sixteenth September to pick up Wallace at the American Club. Just as we reached the front of the club the bullets started to come whizzing up the street from the direction of the Zocalo. The Carranzistas were chasing the Zapatistas out of town by way of San Angel and incidentally by way of this street. My unfortunate coachman promptly deserted the box and cowered beneath the carriage. I called to him emphatic demands to arise and take me around the corner. Finally he took heart, and away he dashed, lickety-split, swerving from the street through an open courtyard that hadn't seen a carriage for a century. Here we remained for all of an hour, until we were both persuaded that it was safe to make tracks for home.

On another day I went into town to the studio of Ramos Martinez, to whom I had promised a sitting. Everything seemed as peaceful as could be. I left my hired carriage on the street below, instructing the coachman under no circumstances to take another fare (by this time hired carriages had become very scarce; Carranza had sent all the best ones to Vera Cruz at the time of his first evacuation).

Leaving the studio after a couple of hours I heard distant firing, and found my carriage nowhere in sight. I looked around all the corners, still hopefully. No coach.

Starting to walk toward the club, I noticed that the shutters of all the shops were being pulled down and locked. Many were already closed and barricaded, and the streets were empty and silent. An Englishman, whom I knew very slightly, passed me on the run, calling back to me over his shoulder to get off the street at once, as the Zapatistas were coming into town by the Country Club road. A few blocks farther on, I met a young Mexican; he, too, admitted that he was frightened to death; but he paused to make the admission, and offered to conduct me to the American Club. Here I telephoned to Wallace. Believing that I would be frightened and go home, he had reached the house only to find me still at large. In a most disgusted tone, he bade me remain exactly where I was until he, with his masculine resourcefulness, found some way to get me back.

It was amusing to be there and see the Zapatistas straggling into town with all their *soldaderas*—women—wearing hats with feathers, and all the funny-looking coats and dresses they had picked up, on their march through the State of Morelos into the capital.

In the course of this march, the Zapatistas had done a good deal of damage to both native and foreign property. At the outskirts, they entered into possession of the Country Club, and here during a battle with the Carranzistas, shot up the place pretty thoroughly. Before passing on into town they hacked up with their

machetes the club's upholstered furniture, and then pulled out the stuffing and carried off the leather. They also took pleasure in ripping open the feather pillows and scattering both case and contents. When a few days later we went to the club-house to view the damage, we stood in feathers two feet deep.

An Englishman who that day was stolidly going on with his golf on the club's course had an experience that put him off his game for months. The Zapatistas rounded him in and stood him up against a wall preparing with all ceremony to shoot him. This they did nine times; then piece by piece they took his clothing from him; and finally, laughing themselves sick, they told him to run along home. Clothes or no clothes, the Englishman's one idea by this time was to go away from there. He swears it took him only two leaps to cover the four blocks from the club to the tramway station. Here he dashed into a grocery and managed to beg a pair of overalls and a shirt.

Next to shooting a man the funniest thing a Mexican bandit can do is to scare him to death. The invading hordes had a lot of fun, too, with the club's professional golf instructor, an inebriate Scotchman. They stood him up to be shot, telling him first to show his profile, then his full face. None of these positions quite satisfied them, so they withheld their fire, like artists, until the poor pro was an utter wreck. He took to the bottle more strenuously than ever. The nervous ordeal led to so gigantic an intake—or vice versa—that it soon killed him—perfectly legally—in bed.

On this particular Sabbath morning when the Zapatistas came into Mexico City, a friend of ours was at

the American Club with a certain Mr. McManus, who was experiencing the uplift afforded by a series of early morning drinks. The news came that the Zapatistas were entering. Mr. McManus waved his glass and announced that he would now go forth. When the Zapatistas had been driven out previously they had tried to take with them his cattle; whereupon, Mr. McManus had climbed to the roof of his home and shot several of the raiders. At that time, the Zapatistas had been in such haste that they hadn't found time to return the fire. Triumphantly, McManus had removed all his furniture and cattle safely into town. So nothing was out there now to defend except empty buildings. But McManus still felt that, in principle, there were cattle there.

Under the influence of a few more drinks and a lot of conversation, he began to feel so *valiente*, that he actually went out, despite all protests, to make war again. He placed a small cannon on the roof; he barricaded himself behind a brick wall; and when the Zapatistas came along, he opened fire. But this time they were in no hurry; they had all day. Like so many monkeys, they climbed into the trees and in no time at all picked off McManus. Within a few more days the President paid his widow damages to the amount of twenty thousand dollars in American money. Zapata always paid for everything, with beautiful gold and silver money that he minted in Mexico City.

TWO of our young men about town, waxing brave at the American Club's long bar, during this same

period, made a bet with some other bar-flies that they could stroll out to the Country Club, where the Carranzistas and Zapatistas were battling, and get their golf-clubs. The others, more moderate, tried to dissuade them, but finally let them go. The dauntless two gained without any conscious trouble the bridge at the foot of the club grounds. Here they found a Carranzista battery operating full blast. The colonel in command asked them what in hell they meant by being there and what they wanted. Both the men spoke excellent idiomatic Spanish. They explained that they felt it important to their happiness to rescue their golf-clubs from the Country Club.

The colonel cried, "*Dios*, you can't go there! We are having a battle."

"What's a battle to us?" replied the Americans. "Stop your old battle! We must get our golf-clubs."

"Just what are golf-clubs?" asked the colonel.

The Americans explained; and the colonel found it so very funny that finally he said: "Well, as far as I am concerned, I will stop the firing. But how are you going to manage the Zapatistas at the Country Club?"

"Leave that to us," said the valiant Americans.

They were permitted to go on. To the Zapatista officers they advanced the same argument with equal effect. The Zapatistas, too, stopped firing. The Americans got their golf-bags, showed them joyfully to the different officers as they passed, and came back into town. They collected the bet and continued to celebrate as the battle was resumed.

Other things that happened were disastrous perhaps, for those involved, but diverting to the calloused on-

looker. As for instance, when Carranza dismantled the Creel house on Calle Londres. He placed all the furniture on flat tram-cars; for days the gold Louis XVI pieces, with their frail thin legs sticking into the air, so fragile, so helpless, were left exposed to weather and to thieves, on a siding at Insurgentes. From the Jockey Club, that magnificent Spanish-colonial house of the Azulejos, came also loot. All the furniture was removed. The part Carranza couldn't send away, he stored in various warehouses; and a great deal of it later came on the market for sale. Carranza was against privilege. To prove it, he not only plundered the clubs and other well-furnished edifices in general, but turned this most exclusive and aristocratic club into the I. W. W. headquarters.

When Obregon came into the city from Vera Cruz many well-known houses and churches were sacked. As the Zapatistas left the city they cut off the light and water and left us for days without either. Santa Brigida, on San Juan de Letran Street, the smartest church in Mexico City, was sacked first, and came in for the severest treatment. The soldiers rode their horses up the aisles, even up to the altar, and with the flat of their swords knocked down or smashed the statues of the saints. Soldiers rode through the streets with their heads thrust grotesquely through some beautiful old painting of a saint, the gold frame hanging around their necks; others rode with headless and armless saints under their arms, or lovely old crucifixes slung upon their shoulders. This was one of the first signs of the anti-Catholic demonstrations, which later became so general in Mexico.

DURING the Obregon occupation Hattie Welton again came in for trouble. A horrid old lame colonel came to her demanding thirty horses at once. "Well, Colonel," said Hattie, "you seem to be in a great rush. Just who is your general? I am not giving up my horses without a struggle!" He answered that he had been sent forth by Obregon with orders to get every horse in the town. Bidding her uncle hold the colonel's attention as long as possible, Hattie slipped away, and quickly made her way to Obregon's headquarters.

Reaching the big house where he and his staff had taken residence, she was sent upstairs. Here in a large hall she found the usual number of painted, café-au-lait-skinned women lolling about chewing gum and chattering like monkeys. She told a sergeant that she must speak to Obregon immediately. The sergeant called, "Francisco!" and out came Serrano, whom Hattie had known years before. "*Hola, Hattie!*" he cried. "*Como te va?*"

But when she told him her story, he scratched his head. "Obregon," he said, "has given definite orders to take horses wherever they are to be found; and foreigners are not to be excepted."

Hattie argued: "This is my business, my only way of making a living. Then, too, I have all the horses belonging to the foreign diplomats."

"What do I care about diplomats?" replied Serrano, but added, "Sit down and let me go and see what I can do for you with the Chief."

Long minutes passed. Then a voice sounded in the hallway, "*Que pasa con la señora?*—What's the trouble with the lady?" It was Obregon himself. Hattie's

heart sank, and she trembled. But Obregon added very kindly, "Will you tell me your name and all that has happened?"

He listened attentively as she poured forth her woes. Then, "Give Señorita Welton a *salvo conducto* and twelve soldiers to guard her place while I am in town," he said. "Any woman who is brave enough to face me on this question of horses shall keep her horses."

She was given a *salvo conducto* signed by Obregon in due order, and down the street she marched with twelve soldiers as her guard. On the way she met some German friends. They gazed with amazement to see her under guard. Hattie called out to them cheerfully that she was to be shot, but not to worry about it as it couldn't be much worse than having to march through the streets with such scarecrows at her heels. The Germans were flabbergasted.

OBREGON was rather rough on the prominent citizens of Mexico. At one time he herded together some of the most eminent Spaniards and made them sweep the streets during the rush hours of the day. Again, he called a meeting of the business men at the Arbeu Theater, surrounded the theater with rapid-fire guns, locked the doors and demanded a large sum of money. Plainly, he had no intention of releasing them until he got what he wanted, and most of the men were inclined to yield. Certain Americans, however, stood out against this, and got through a telegram to Washington. In the end Obregon had to give in. On another occasion he threatened to hang four hundred business men to the trees in Cha-

pultepec Park unless they gave him money, but the Americans to a man stood out against him, and the matter was finally dropped.

It was unsafe to venture forth in your own motor-car. Cars were too likely to be commandeered by some officer and that was the last you would see of them. Such cars were shipped out by the hundreds and sold in Texas and Cuba. Carranza knew the value of all such things. He saw to it that priceless antiques which were stolen from the various houses, came safely into his keeping. Then he shipped them out to where there was a market for them.

UNDER such conditions there was, naturally, very little social life in the city. One sat at home for the most part and played with one or two guests interminably at bridge. On one such dismal night at the house of a friend we heard a sudden knocking on the door. A servant opened it; the daughter of the house and her brother came scurrying in. The girl was entirely without clothing save for a man's coat that had been hastily wrapped around her; her brother was in his shirt sleeves. Excitedly they told us that they had been motoring home when they were held up, just outside the door. The bandits took all their belongings, then at the point of the pistol they made the sister undress. This done, one of the band picked up her clothes, and with something between a wave and a flourish cried, "*Muchisimas gracias, señorita*; these clothes will look lovely on my sweetheart!" Then the gay little band appropriated the car and drove away into the night.

One heard a lot of talk about the fierce Yaquis that composed the greater part of Obregon's army. Soon after the Obregon occupation of the city Wallace and I were invited to have luncheon with the William Donleys in Tacubaya. Their charming house was back of the Tacubaya market. The day was clear and serenely beautiful. We were having our coffee in the patio after luncheon when suddenly we heard the beating of Indian tom-toms, blood-curdling shouts, and the sound of men running in the street. Then bullets began to rain into the patio.

We rushed to the front of the house. Looking out, we saw these fierce-looking Yaqui Indians, very tall, much like North American redskins, with red bands about their heads. They ran half-crouching, letting out their Indian war-whoops, and pausing to fire. Nothing I ever had seen seemed to me more frightful; my knees nearly gave way under me; my bones felt as if they had turned to water. Mr. Donley reassured us. He said that the walls were thick and that if we stayed indoors we would probably not be shot. But it wasn't the idea of being shot that terrified me; it was these terrible cries and the endless beating of the tom-toms.

Around five o'clock, with everything again quiet, we decided to try to get home. There was no sign of our motor-car; it was gone. Making our way to the corner, we had to step over a tremendous Indian lying dead in a pool of blood beside his tom-tom. At a distance we could see other dead soldiers, but these we did not have to pass. The tram-cars had been stopped; the news that the Zapatistas had taken Tacubaya spread through the town like wildfire; so we had to walk

home, a distance of some four miles. In the end, the Yaquis drove the Zapatistas back as far as El Desierto de los Leones.

In those days there was a "terror car," as grim a conveyance as anything that could be imagined for purposes of fiction. This *Automovil Gris*, was used by a gang that was said to be headed by one of the generals most in favor with Carranza. His mistress was a famous Spanish actress. The gray car darted around the city, gathering plunder, day and night. I recall that one evening I was giving a theater party with a buffet supper afterwards. Every one was afraid to be out late, so the performance began at five o'clock and supper was to be served at eight. Mrs. Clara Scherer, one of my guests, stopped off at her house on our return from the theater to see if her little daughter were safe. She found the house in complete disorder, with the servants gagged and locked in the dining-room. A safe under the stairs had been blown open, and the daughter had been locked in one of the bathrooms upstairs. The bandits had taken thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry and decorations. They were masked, the servants said, and had worked quickly, coming and going in a gray automobile.

Another family likewise robbed of priceless jewelry—jewelry seemed to be the *Automovil Gris's* weakness—attended the theater some evenings later, and sat in what is called a "mourner's box," back on the stage. During the performance the wife recognized two of her bracelets and a ring as part of the costume of the leading actress. The husband, who had at the time some influence in Mexico, notified the police. The police went to the actress and demanded to know where she had



CARRANZA

"He was against privilege. To prove it, he plundered the clubs."

obtained her jewelry. She answered boldly that her general had given it to her. This complicated matters. Nothing was done.

EXCITING things kept happening until they lost their savor. Terror came crowding closer and closer home each day. One of Wallace's business partners was a nephew of Garcia Granados. Carranza demanded that Granados turn over telegrams and letters then in his possession, which Carranza had written him during Madero's and Huerta's time. Granados refused. He knew that giving up these papers to Carranza would not save his life; that he would be shot down, anyway, on some pretext or other. He was nearing eighty, his days were numbered; and he felt that if President Wilson could see the letters, he would realize what an abject hypocrite Carranza was. So Granados gave over the letters for safe keeping to a minister of one of the European powers.

No one believed that Carranza would really shoot this fine old man, who was ill at the time. We all worked like demons; we used every possible influence to make Carranza reconsider his decision. But he refused, and one cold morning, very early, they came and took poor Granados out of bed to lead him before a shooting squad. He was so old and ill they had to tie him in a chair when they shot him. Even so, Carranza did not succeed in getting the papers, and the minister to whom they had been intrusted was so enraged at the execution that he bundled them off to Washington with a special report.

On the late General Agramonte's birthday he was given a luncheon at the American Club. One of our closest friends, an American, was scheduled to make a speech. At the last moment, word came that the speech was off. Just as our friend was leaving his office to come to the club-house two plain-clothes men had arrested him. Every one at the club at once got busy, exerting every possible shred of "influence." One American got through to the Minister of War. A Mexican close to Carranza went right down to see the First Chief and get it all arranged. The luncheon extended itself into the late afternoon, all the men hanging around, waiting for news. One by one the reports came in. The War Minister couldn't—or wouldn't—do a thing. So also the First Chief. Angry as fury, he, Carranza, sent word that our friend should not merely be sent out of the country, but shot. The American in question was loaded on to the Vera Cruz train that night and shipped out of Mexico by boat.

All sorts of fantastic reasons were assigned for this action. Our friend had been very active on war committees; therefore, the Germans who were close to Carranza hated him. And so on. But the real reason was this: the American Commissioner in Mexico at that time was a very great friend of the man deported. The commissioner, returning to Washington, had handed this man a cipher, saying, "I don't trust the people in charge of the archives at the embassy for straight news. *You* keep me posted."

At the conference in Atlantic City, Carranza's representative gave Franklin Lane glowing accounts of conditions in Mexico. Lane answered that he had in-

formation quite to the contrary from a thoroughly reliable source. This leak, traced to its source, accomplished our friend's expulsion. But we did not grieve unduly. The smart American in Mexico stands clear of Mexican political intrigues. Our friend was lucky to have got out of the country alive.

XVIII

BUZZARD MEAT

WHILE in the south, around the capital, the Carranzistas and the Zapatistas were fighting, Villa was terrorizing the north.

Mexico City can well be thankful that Villa, not liking the capital any too well, took to the north again in 1915. His deeds were too hideous to be completely told. He barbarously mutilated prisoners of war and turned them loose afterwards; he wantonly butchered men, women, and children, and tortured others to death in attempts to get them to reveal secrets. He lashed men together with wire strands and set them aflame with oil for having harbored the enemy.

Nevertheless, he managed to outlive all his friends and foes who began the revolution with Madero against Don Porfirio Diaz. Undoubtedly he possessed a keen innate intelligence, and he had all the native distrusts of the savage. He did not drink alcohol and tried to keep his men from drinking. Women and fighting-cocks were his weaknesses. Of these, the latter were his greater passion. "Women," he declared, "can be found everywhere, but good fighting-cocks are damn scarce."

The famous Benton case first brought Villa to international attention. This Englishman owned a little ranch south of the international border, near Ciudad

Juarez. His property was dwindling by reason of one raid and requisition after another. He became so infuriated that one day he sought out Villa himself and demanded that such raids cease. Not only that, he called Villa everything that he could lay his tongue to.

Having seen Villa, it is not hard for me to picture that meeting. Villa, in Texas hat shoved back on his head, hair uncombed, dressed in a sagging khaki uniform, with his butcher, Fierro, lurking near by. If the pin-point eyes of steel had not been warning enough to Benton, he should have taken heed from the grossly cruel mouth hanging open, answering not a word. But the Englishman's anger burst beyond prudence. He waved his arms in rage, and shouted. At length, feeling need of a handkerchief to wipe his perspiring forehead, Benton reached back for it to his hip pocket. Faster than his hand could move, a shot rang out from Fierro's pistol, and Benton had no more troubles.

Life hung by a thread for all in any part of the country that Villa occupied. His "Dorados" were the terror of the north. These men shot to kill and killed for the sheer joy of killing. Sometimes the bland assumption of comradeship, backed by a grin, would cause the rifle barrel to drop and the menacing finger to slide from the trigger. For many a foreigner there were ghastly minutes of doubt as to whether consciousness of their smile could penetrate through bloodshot eyes to a drunken intelligence before the reeling brain impelled a finger movement that would convert earth to earth.

One charming friend of ours who had many experiences with these "Dorados" remarked that he knows nothing less agreeable than a gun muzzle in the middle

of the stomach, the gun cocked, and a savage mind saturated with alcohol, fumbling for long minutes, undecided what to do next.

One such experience of which this friend told us I remember especially, perhaps because the wine we had drunk for dinner was mellow and his tongue was quick and vivid with the descriptive word.

It was his first experience in a large camp of rebels. There were three leaders of note; Venustiano Carranza, with a full gray beard, bland visage, and inscrutable eyes behind blue glasses. His fortunes at the moment were on the wane, but later he was to become by his cold tenacity, President of Mexico. Second, there was Tomas Urbina, companion of Villa; and third, Calixto Contreras, a paternal type of bandit, and leader of one of the most desperate bands of rapsallions that ever took to horse. These three worthies were engaged at the moment in a futile siege of the town of Torreon, held by the government forces largely impressed from the jails of the south, and commanded by the brusque General Bravo.

A few battered trains, their cars strewn along a track that ran under the shelter of a kindly hill, served the commanders of the revolutionists for headquarters. All around was strewn the litter of a disorderly cantonment—sore-backed horses, the ever-present women and children who follow their men to war, and lean flea-bitten yellow curs that alternately prowled with nose to the ground or flung themselves snarling at one another.

Men moved about, talking, or sprawled or slept amid soiled bedding and black mud, cooking-pots, cin-

ders of fires, and saddles and equipment, hacking meat from the reeking carcasses of slain beasts, tossing bales of fodder to tired horses, and leaving the remains of their repasts and every kind of human and animal litter, refuse and excrement to soil the ground. There was the usual group clustered over a game of cards, others sleeping with empty bottles lying by. Women washed clothes in the stream while the men sat by, scratching their naked bodies and patiently waiting for their clothes to dry.

At one point the hills which shielded this camp of besiegers from the fire of the town, broke away in a narrow cañon. Down this cañon spurted intermittent rifle and cannon fire, cutting a swathe across the camp. This swathe they called *Calzada de la Muerte*, or the Path of Death. It was one of the diversions of the wilder spirits to run whooping like madmen across this zone, which might be safe for hours on end, then suddenly swept with the fire of the town's defenders.

Our friend will never forget the spectacle of a worthy pedagogue who, heaven knows why, found himself in that wild spot, and was compelled, like all the rest, to cross the death path sooner or later. The wretched pedagogue started to crawl it, but his courage failed when something twanged like a banjo-string overhead. Rolling back, he lay for a while as if dead, then rose, feverishly clutching the hand of a near-by friend in final embrace, pulled his hat over his ears, turned up his coat collar, as if for rain, and then almost flew across the thirty-yard stretch, his legs jerking wildly and his coat-tails flying in the breeze. The camp roared with delight and begged for another performance.

Our friend, at this moment, was reclining lazily near the *Calzada de la Muerta*, reflecting uncomfortably upon the necessity of recrossing it within the hour—a feat difficult of achievement with that degree of leisurely dignity which is always expected of a gringo with the eyes of Mexicans upon him. Near by, under the shelter of the hill, a band of some thirty pieces was playing remarkably good music, breaking at last into a selection of airs from “Carmen.” It must have been the impulse of that music of “blood and sand” which did it; at any rate, our friend suddenly beheld, with the rest of the encampment, a tattered figure strutting right up to the middle of the death path, red cloak over one shoulder and held at the hip in true toreador fashion.

The man paused only when he had reached an eminence directly in the center of the dangerous zone. There he dropped his hat and gallantly bowed to death. It was Apolonio, the butt of the camp, derisively nicknamed Monosabio—wise Monkey—because of his often expressed desire to enter the bull-ring. The excitement of that very thought, from earliest youth onward, would always set him to leaping and exclaiming, the blood tingling wildly through his veins. The thronged camp became hushed as Monosabio stood poised there where none other dared to enter, and they watched him in silence as he swung off his hat at arm’s length and with the grandiose gestures of the ring addressed the audience, then flung the hat backward over his shoulder and unfolded the cape from his body.

As if in answer, there whizzed past him and exploded somewhere beyond, a shell from the defenders’

battery of French "seventy-fives" on an eminence outside the town.

The matador's body curved gracefully and his cape rose fluttering as the shell rushed by. Five more shots followed in rapid succession, the ragged lunatic with his faded red banner playing them like charging bulls, pirouetting, stiffening, curving, and swerving with twirling cape in the classic style of the matador. There must have been a genuine sportsman in command of the enemy battery that day, for although another salvo roared past this capering figure which now claimed both camps' attention, the musketry fire was hushed and the artillerymen disdained to make their mark save with solid shot. Moreover, they timed their shrapnel fuses to explode well beyond the man who stamped around out there and taunted them.

Meantime, under cover of the cliff the band continued to play, and shouts of applause greeted each graceful lunge or swing, true to tauromachio etiquette in that deadly game. Whenever the breathless and smiling hero swung his back to the adversary after a successful play, seeking applause, the band would crash into the wildest of "Dianas," that riotous frenzy of mystical applause that makes the bull-fighter's heart leap, marking the climax of his emotion and his reward in the game of death.

Surely no Fuentes, Bombita, or Montes ever rose to greater heights of emotion than did this poor scarecrow who turned now with renewed fury to renew the game, crying "*Otro toro*; yet another bull!" Again the heavy missiles hurled past him with the rush of wind

and a deadly crash, and again the crowd shrieked and waved, and flung hats at him in delight as he strutted, and again the band broke into a wild "Diana."

But at last word of the strange defiance got to old General Bravo, whose will and purpose was never swayed by any emotion. He sent word to the commander of the battery: General Bravo's greetings, and would that officer prefer to shorten his fuses or have the general shorten his life? A charge of shrapnel, exploding some thirty feet ahead of the gallant toreador as he faced his next bull, ended the play.

IT was Villa's practice in mobilizing his forces to reserve the inside of the cars for the horses only. The troopers traveled on the roof, accompanied by their temporary or permanent families, children, dogs, goats, and chickens, together with a mass of family utensils lashed into place. A Villa troop train had, altogether, the appearance of a gipsy caravan rattling along between earth and sky.

Whenever such trains moved out from a station under orders for some front or another, the troops on top of the cars would indulge in a burst of joyous firing, emptying the magazines of their rifles into the air, and generally, for their further diversion, firing off a belt or two of machine-gun ammunition. Until the men quieted down pandemonium reigned, and the people of the near-by country-side could be seen scurrying for shelter from this outburst of martial glee.

Wallace had a friend whose house was situated about one hundred and fifty yards from the railroad track at

the important station of Gomez Palacio. The windows of his house were prominent and at night were lit, so shots would be fired at them by passing troopers in the same destructive spirit with which small boys throw stones. Pretty soon there was not a whole pane of glass in the side of the house which faced the railroad track. The bullets for the most part drilled only a round hole that was easily plugged, but it became dangerous and a good deal of a nuisance to have to shutter the windows or else extinguish all cracks of light and crouch in the corners of the room until all the trains had moved out of the station.

On one occasion then, when Villa was in the adjoining town of Torreon, our rancher friend protested to him vigorously against the practice. He was, he told Villa, confident that such random firing was done without Villa's orders, and that it was something he would condemn. Villa said that this waste of ammunition should, and would, be stopped. Our friend mildly observed that sometimes Villa's orders were not carried out.

Villa was seated at the top of a flight of stairs during this conversation. The complainant stood on the stairs below him. At his expression of doubt as to the effect of Villa's orders, Villa's eyes dilated slightly; he flung the piece of fruit from him with an oath, and leaping up, demanded who said that his orders were not obeyed.

Mildly expostulating, our friend tried vainly to explain that no one could possibly know at all times whether or not his instructions were obeyed exactly. But he had pricked Villa's vanity and stirred him into action in a manner that he had not expected.

Villa caught him by the arm. They passed down the

stairs; then from the guard-room below, at Villa's gesture, two or three heavily armed men, members of his bodyguard of "Dorados," fell in behind them. Still silent and grimly purposeful, Villa strode down the street. Our friend, at his side, was almost unnoticed. At the hotel in front of the railroad station at Torreon they were joined by several generals. Villa sent by one of these a rapid order to some trains there at the stations, horses within, and humans without, ready to move. Then Villa and our friend climbed a small balcony overlooking the station yard.

Villa's good humor had returned, as it commonly did, at the sight of his own forces spread out in front of him. Smiling grimly, he turned to our friend, "You shall see," he said, "whether these sons of pigs and dogs will obey me!" The trains began to move very slowly out of the station. In dead silence, Villa saw them go. His mood became less grim, it seemed, momentarily. Then some one rashly broke into firing from the top of one of the trains.

Villa was transfigured in an instant; there was a wild beast now in his eyes and in the poise and swing of his body as he flung himself toward the rear of the balcony, seized a rifle from the nearest guard, and leaping back, emptied it with deliberate aim at the men on top of the receding train. He was a remarkable marksman; two, then three, of the khaki figures on top of the train swayed and crashed to the ground.

And yet this same Villa had complained to this same friend of ours earlier that morning about the pain inflicted by dentists. Forced to go to one, because of his suffering from defective teeth, the brave Villa had, that

very day, at the very first touch of the drill, bounced out of the chair, swearing a mighty oath that he would never undergo such torture again.

ANOTHER story of this same rancher had to do with Fierro, Villa's butcher. For reasons best known to himself and certainly not to his host's pleasure, Fierro became a frequent visitor at the ranch house. Our friend would see the tall swarthy figure coming up the path toward his veranda; then, after a touch of the coldest and clammiest hand imaginable, the bandit would sink into a chair. Here he might sit for an hour, saying little, apparently pleased just to repose. It was at this time that people were disappearing daily from the towns of Torreon and Gomez Palacio, to be released a few days later after paying a heavy ransom at Villa's Cuartel General. Either that, or their bodies were discovered shortly afterwards in one of those outlying cañons which reach down toward the town. Two of our friends' own employees were blotted out in this manner—carried away by night from their homes and murdered.

Fierro was Villa's instrument in all such deeds of bloodshed. He was in on the killing of Benton, the Englishman, at Ciudad Juarez. He stood at the head of Villa's body-guard of "Dorados," the very aristocracy of desperadoes.

In the course of those revolutionary years, our friend knew, there to the north, a number of other men of the Fierro type and can recall them by name—men to whom the taking of human life seemed passionately to

satisfy some bestial instinct. Our friend was unhappily present on one occasion when Fierro slew with his own hand and for the sheer delight of killing, twenty-one soldiers of the federal forces captured in the little town of Avilez. The men were tied hand and foot so that they could not escape. Some of them were pallid from wounds that oozed from their bloody rags; others lay prostrate on the ground with crushed and broken limbs. Fierro killed them all. He seemed to find some peculiar satisfaction in their convulsive movements and death agonies; so much so, that he motioned aside all who would join him in the killing, and did it all alone, slipping fresh clips into his automatic as the loaded ones were emptied.

Yet such are the complexities of human nature that, only a little later, this same Fierro sat on the veranda of his rancher friend enjoying the shade, and murmuring that his host should bring Pancho Villa to stay there with him too, as Pancho was killing far too many people, and the influence of those cool corridors and shade trees might be soothing.

On one of this rancher's almost daily visits to the town, during the noon hour when everything sleeps in the heat and the streets are deserted, he heard Fierro's voice behind him calling his name. It was not particularly pleasant to be so summoned; in those days one's heart beat faster every time that sleeping silence was broken by the jingle of a spur.

He turned to where Fierro stood beckoning, and saw with surprise that he had a small child by the hand, a little girl of two or three years of age, howling. Fierro broke out into exclamations of distress. He had found,

he said, this poor child lost on the streets and now he was at loss how to solace her grief and get her home to her mother. And her cries, said Fierro, cut him to the heart.

His ending was appropriate. The story is told that in crossing by night a part of the State of Chihuahua which was little known to him, he and his followers pressed into their service a peon guide who went ahead in the darkness, leading them upon a narrow track, to swerve from which meant danger or death in deep marshland. Some hesitation, or possibly some suspicious action on the part of the guide, infuriated Fierro. Jerking on the leading rope by which the peon was held, he drew the guide in close to his saddle and discharged his pistol full into the poor creature's face. Spurring on recklessly, Fierro and his horse almost in an instant were floundering in the morass of black, liquid mud. They sank deeper and deeper under the weight of Fierro's cartridge belts and the treasure of gold coin which he carried on his person. The great horse thrashed and plunged in an effort to release himself. Fierro shouted for help. There in the darkness his companions stood, vaguely, and made no effort to aid. Fierro, shrieking his hate at them, sank and was drowned.

SOME time after the revolution was put down, our same friend, the rancher, passed through the northern part of Mexico on his way to New York. As he looked out over the desert, there passed through his mind the memories of those revolutionary days, and of those men

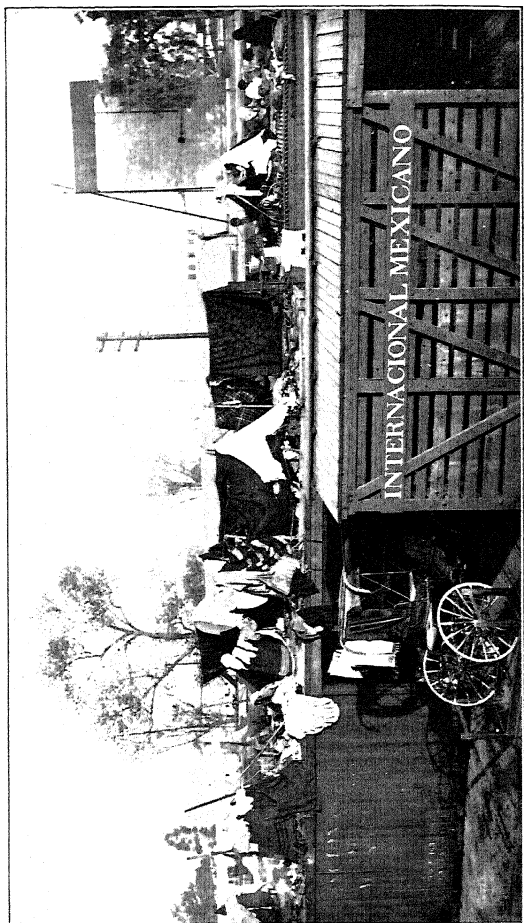
who at that time were the scourge of the country. Pancho Villa, the deadliest villain of them all; Canuto Martinez, a more forthright killer; Gregorio Sanchez, the outlaw; and last, that butcher of men, Villa's watchdog, Fierro. Now that he could look back on them, it was like some thrilling story of robbery and murder in the Middle Ages. Could all these things really have happened?

Just at this moment a short, sturdily built man in semi-military khaki came into the smoking compartment of the Pullman. It was hot; the man took off his coat; in a holster at his hip was the ever-present revolver. It was a beautiful pearl-handled automatic, with the date June 21, 1923, engraved on it in gold.

June 21, 1923—our friend's interest was intrigued by that date. In the back of his mind it carried some special significance. But what? He felt that he must know.

By way of opening a conversation, he offered cigarettes, and asked the owner of the revolver if he knew Gregorio Sanchez, who had followed Pascual Orozco in his uprising against Madero. Yes, the stranger said, he had known Sanchez.

"A great brute of a man," the American remarked, still seeking to lead the conversation. "I well remember the day I dissuaded him from killing the American manager of a mining property near Torreon. Sanchez had gone down into the shaft like a ferret after the men who were hiding there. I surprised him as he came out of the shaft with his pistol at the manager's head. He glowered at me, wavered, then lowered his gun. Established habit won out. As a guard on my hacienda



A TROOP TRAIN

during the Madero uprising he had taken my orders, and now those old days of obedience to me as master saved the situation. The last time I saw Gregorio, however, I think I saved my own life by not letting him see me. I crouched in hiding until he passed into a cliff in the mountains. I have often wondered what became of him. I knew that Canuto Martinez was swung from a high telegraph pole and that the buzzards picked his bones clean, but about Gregorio I have never heard."

"Gregorio too, señor," the Mexican answered.

"Indeed! Was he hanged dead or alive?"

"Dead. He was drunk, señor, and very reckless. When we chased him he could have got away as the others did, but he turned and shot back at us. I killed him with my pistol, and we hung him."

"But the date on your pistol is much later."

"I should think so!" the Mexican answered, and started to whistle one of Villa's well-known tunes. Now the American remembered. June 21, 1923, was the date of Villa's death!

"You killed Villa?" he asked.

"We killed him," said the Mexican, and told the whole story. Villa, grown heavier with years and from driving around in motor-cars had gone into town on some errand, female or otherwise, and on his return had been killed by these men, who ambushed themselves in an old house on the outskirts of the town.

A good act. The strangest and most dangerous man in Mexico was out of the way at last.

PART FIVE
CARRANZA AND WILSON

XIX

STAND AND DELIVER

IN 1915 Wilson recognized General Venustiano Carranza as President of Mexico. The country had again a government with a President of whom Mr. Wilson approved, and an American Ambassador in residence in the capital.

Even so, Mexico was far from being a stable country. Our embassy received from General Carranza daily assurances that Mexico was at peace, that Mexico was safe; but every day things happened which proved the contrary. For instance, the loss of two German boys; they went tramping to El Desierto de los Leones; only a few miles from the capital, and never were heard of again. The Zapatistas had been driven back only ten miles from the city, although we were told they had been forced back beyond Cuernavaca; and there were roving bands of bandits all over the country.

On the first Christmas after Carranza was recognized by the United States one of the managers of a mining property at Pachuca gave a Christmas house-party. Several people from Mexico City had been invited, among them an American named Arpee, who had just given himself a Pierce-Arrow sport model as a Christmas present. The Minister of Finance assured him that the road was perfectly safe, so he took two American

friends and a prominent Mexican lawyer along, and they all set forth cheerfully in the elegant new machine.

They were flying over the road at a great rate—Arpee is one of the finest drivers in Mexico—when suddenly they saw in front of them a good-sized crowd of mounted men armed with pistols and rifles—a wicked-looking lot. They seemed to have popped right out of the ground. "*Alto!*" they cried. Arpee stopped the car. The bandits bade him and his companions put up their hands and get out. They did so. The soldiers formed a circle around them, with their rifles stuck into their stomachs and their faces, and the officers dismounted to conduct a search. They took everything—watches, fountain-pens, cigarette cases, money.

One of the Americans was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. These caught the fancy of one of the worst-looking of the ruffians; he took them, but when the American explained that he could not see without them, the Indian soldier politely handed them back.

The rest of the band, meantime, were going through the luggage. As the men were going to Pachuca to attend a Christmas ball, their bags contained only dress clothes. One of the dirtiest of the bandits tried on a dress coat. This got a laugh out of his companions; and eagerly they all turned in and dressed themselves with everything in the bags.

A chief and two sub-chiefs started discussing in the prisoners' presence what disposition should be made of them. The Mexican of the captured party became spokesman for the others. He pleaded with the bandits to let them go on into Pachuca. The bandits wanted to

know how far away Pachuca was. "Thirty kilometers." The three officers conferred again. It became evident from their remarks that the band was part of the following of Manuel Palaez, then operating in Huastica. They had become lost on the plateau and were trying to find their way back to Vera Cruz.

The prisoners advanced another argument. These men, he said, were foreigners and friends of Mexico. "Kill them! They are gringos!" one of the bandits cried. The cry was taken up by the whole band. "*Mueran los gringos!*"

Things looked bad. The Americans were pushed roughly to the side of the road with the business ends of the rifles. "You are wrong! These are not gringos! They are Englishmen," shouted the Mexican lawyer. Not one of these three Americans took the trouble to enter a denial.

While the captains were again conferring, a lounging soldier stuck his knife into one of the tires, and the resulting pop so pleased him that he knifed the other three. This diversion quite possibly saved the prisoners' lives. After being lined up three times to be shot, with rifles at their stomachs, they were told that they could drive on.

But just as they started they were halted again. The leader explained that he had forgotten one little thing. "Would you please be so kind as to give us the clothes you wear?" he said. It was cold; all the party were wearing overcoats. These, in the end, they were permitted to keep, together with the lower half of their B. V. D.'s. In overcoats, then, and under-drawers, they drove on four flats at anywhere from forty to fifty miles

an hour into Pachuca. Arpee's new car was junked next day.

ZAPATA was making a good deal of trouble for Carranza to the south. First Madero, then Villa, and now the sanctimonious Carranza had pledged themselves to his cause, then failed him. He fought on.

Carranza sent Pablo Gonzalez into the State of Morelos to quiet Zapata. It is true that Zapata was ransacking that region, and killing some people, but his ravages were as nothing compared with the previous depredations of this same Gonzalez in this same State of Morelos. Zapata had now, in fact, thin pickings, for Gonzalez had shipped out furniture and other movables by car-loads after destroying the haciendas by fire. He had scraped off every inch of copper and steel and had sold everything for his own account. And now Gonzalez was going in to punish Zapata.

This he accomplished by the basest treachery. His crony, Colonel Guajardo, with about eight hundred men sought inclusion in Zapata's forces. Zapata was suspicious. He required that the colonel prove the sincerity of his change of colors by taking a town garrisoned with Carranzista soldiers. Carranzistas took Carranzistas, and the colonel in order completely to lull Zapata's suspicions brutally executed all the Carranzista prisoners he had taken. Zapata, to whom so elaborate an artistry of betrayal was inconceivable, announced himself persuaded.

He accepted an invitation to dine with the colonel, at the hacienda of San Juan Chinameca. With only ten

men he passed through the gates, as the bugles sounded the "Honor March." The colonel's troops were all lined up. The order to present arms was given, and in that instant Zapata's body was riddled with a hundred bullets.

Colonel Guajardo, fearful lest revenge be meted out to him by the Zapatistas, decamped at once before the news could spread. Carranza made him a brigadier-general and gave him fifty thousand pesos. And now of the trio who came into their own after Wilson forced Huerta to resign, Zapata, the finest, was gone. The year was 1918. Villa, as we have seen, was to last until 1923. Carranza's number was up for an earlier date.

SOON after the new American Ambassador reached Mexico the United States went into the World War. When the Mexican Congress opens the entire Diplomatic Corps is present at the House of Deputies. At this particular opening, as the German Minister entered, the audience applauded loudly and broke into a great demonstration of joy. When the American Ambassador arrived there was a tremendous hissing and whistling.

On the day following Wallace had occasion to go into a business house where the same *mozo* had been at the door for twenty-five years. Wallace remarked in fun, "Well, Nacho, I suppose you attended the opening of Congress yesterday?"

"Yes," replied the little *mozo*, amazingly. "Yes, I did! And when that tall, thin American came in I whistled and hissed like mad!"

"Why?" asked Wallace.

"I," said the little *mozo*, proudly, "am famous for being a loud whistler and the best hisser in town. I was given fifty cents to do my best hissing when the American Ambassador arrived, and my best applauding when the German Minister came in. And I can tell you, I did!"

Carranza was supposed to be pro-German, but he was less that, I think, than anti-American. The United States had done everything possible to make his term of office easy for him, and he was determined to do everything he could to slap us in the face. A sluggish, hypocritical old man who could not see beyond his nose, he nourished a deep spite and hatred for the United States. He went further; he hated everything and everybody that stood for breeding and wealth, and was most abusive to the diplomats. He gave the Belgian Minister twenty-four hours in which to leave Mexico, and also ordered out the Spanish Minister, Señor Caro. At this time I was reading Madame Calderon de la Barca with great interest, and came to the conclusion that 1917 was 1847 all over again. Only the names were different.

Soon after we entered the war I went to the United States. Going through the Villa country we saw dozens of men hanging from telegraph posts along the line as a warning to rebels.

I was told by an eye-witness the story of the hanging of one great tall fellow. The first hanging didn't kill him. When they cut the rope to let him down he jumped up and rubbed his neck, exclaiming, "Great

God! Do a better job than that, please; you hurt my neck."

They strung him up again and pulled the rope with a terrific jerk. And again they cut the rope to let him down. This time he got up a little more slowly, saying, "Well, damn it all, you did nearly break my neck that time." As they were preparing for the third time to hang him, along came the general of the division.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Why don't you get this man hung?"

The man spoke up: "Señor General, your men are bunglers. I don't mind being killed, but for Christ' sake, tell them to stop this foolishness and take me out and shoot me!" The general looked at the man, saw that he was a good strong fellow, and asked him if he would like to join his staff. He contends that to this day that the big fellow is the best aide he ever had.

Nearing Monterey, a little farther along the line, our train was attacked. About the only thing that happened was that the train's military escort got down and either ran away or chased after the rebels. We saw them racing hither and yon across a hard-baked desert, scantily covered with low scrub and scrawny palms, with here and there a clump of cactus. We never knew what happened to them, as the engineer of our train took this opportunity to get away and they were soon only little specks in the distance.

This incident was head-lined in the American papers and greatly exaggerated in the telling. One night soon after arriving in New York I was at a dinner-party where all the guests were speaking about a "train at-

tack." I was listening, never dreaming it was *my* attack they were talking about, when one of the guests turned to me, saying, "You must have been coming out of Mexico about that time?"

I answered, "Oh, yes, my train was attacked; but it didn't amount to anything." They produced the paper and proved to me that I had come unscathed through a pitched battle.

TO seek diversion at this time in the night clubs of Mexico City was to toy with dynamite. The generals used their guns so freely upon the slightest impulse that the proprietors had to ask them to park their revolvers outside with their hats and overcoats. Nor were certain of Carranza's cabinet ministers as exceedingly civilized as one might expect.

One such minister came in the small hours into one of these night clubs highly intoxicated. Spying an American friend, he went directly to his table and sat down. It happened that the man had with him some American women who wanted at any hazard to gaze upon life by night in Mexico City. The American felt rather uncomfortable, and more so when the minister asked him if he might have a dance with the lady.

The American replied, "Oh, you don't want to dance, and neither does she; she prefers to watch."

"You think I'm tight," the minister blustered.

"Oh, no," said the American, "but you can't get up and dance. Mr. Wilson wouldn't have it. You're not in the complete uniform due your rank. I was in Washington a few weeks ago, and Mr. Wilson's cabinet minis-

ters all wear three guns when they go out to a night club."

For a moment the minister glared—he had a revolver on each hip; then he saw the joke. Slapping the American on the back, he cried, "You goddam gringos, go to hell!" and bowed himself away from the table.

XX

AMBASSADORS

THE story of how Carranza returned with contempt and deception the blessing of a greater democracy is too well known to be repeated here. I do not deny the splendor of the dream which led to Wilson's tragic death on a stage larger by far than Mexico, with the eyes of the whole world upon him and in those eyes, despair. It is certainly true, however, that his chilly and disembodied idealism played the devil, first of all, with Mexico.

He sent enough lofty notes to the Mexican government to have papered the National Palace. Carranza simply tossed them into the corner and sat tight.

The ambition of Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, the new American Ambassador, was greater than his candor. In spite of hell and high water Washington heard what it wished to hear. There were moments when the more elaborate accounts proved embarrassing for the ambassador, as the consul-general was sending in literal reports. But after the ambassador's testimony before the Senate Committee, the consul-general resigned.

In the past twenty-five years only three or four American ambassadors have been sent to Mexico who seemed, to the near-by observer, up to their job. And even for these, Mexico proved the graveyard of future political hopes. The three men of whom I am fairly

certain were D. E. Thompson of Don Porfirio's time, and, during the Obregon and Calles régimes, Messrs. James R. Sheffield and Dwight Morrow.

Against a fourth, Henry Lane Wilson, ambassador under the régime of Madero, I am prejudiced. The liberal writers charge him with direct connivance in Madero's overthrow. This fails to shock me. It is the first job of every American official in Mexico, all cant aside, to arrange as tactfully as possible for the protection of the United States' considerable business interests beyond the Rio Grande; and I haven't the slightest doubt that against the threat imposed both by Madero's dreamy Utopianism, and his chuckle-headed do-nothing policy, Mr. Wilson, our ambassador at the moment, went pretty far. But whatever he did, it only helped to mess things up rather more horribly. As a diplomat, he was energetic and clumsy.

The first time I ever saw him I was sitting in a straight-backed chair on the lawn of the Country Club with a large group of the diplomatic clique. I had the chair tilted backwards and was hanging on to the arms of the chairs on either side of me. Along came his jovial Excellency, and passing behind my chair nearly jerked it out from under me. "And who is *this* pretty person?" he said. I decided then and there that I didn't care for him.

And now, having explained my wholly personal prejudice, I want to add that this rude ambassador had courage, at least. I have told how, returning from Puebla during the Felix Diaz uprising, I caught sight of him out there, bareheaded, shooing away a battery of artillery that sought to go into action at positions

dangerous to the men, women, and children in the neutral zone. Wallace, who was out with Ambassador Wilson on several such patrols, tells me of one such action that, here recorded, may for all I know filter in the course of the years into school histories, and make quite a hero of this Henry Lane Wilson.

The Felicistas sent a French "seventy-five," a captain and a gun crew to a certain plaza. The ambassador and his patrol came upon them there, going into action, with the muzzle of their gun pointing directly into that supposedly neutral part of town where Americans and other foreigners had taken shelter. Excitedly, Ambassador Wilson rushed up and warned the captain to look where he was shooting. "You cannot go into action here!" he cried. The Mexican captain was quiet and polite about it, but exceedingly determined. His orders, he said, came from his own commanding officer, and these orders required him to open fire at once. The crew now would load. Would the gentleman please stand back?

The crew loaded. The captain raised his arm to give the signal to fire. Shouting to one of his patrol to go to the Felicistas' headquarters and return with definite orders for the cannon's removal, Ambassador Wilson stepped up directly in front of the mouth of the "seventy-five's" and blocked the fire with his body. He stood there in the face of all arguments and threats, until word came officially from headquarters that the gun was to be taken somewhere else.

AMBASSADOR DWIGHT MORROW came into the picture much later and at a happier time. He was

not popular among the American Colony nor among the generality of American business men. They found him ingenuous in his attitude toward things Mexican, and exceedingly dreamy and absent-minded. He told, for instance, a business man of my acquaintance, trustfully, that he had looked into the question and that, "No one above the rank of sergeant here in Mexico now takes any graft." That statement would of course be ridiculous anywhere. Is there any one in this abandoned age so innocent of heart as to believe such a thing, for instance, of the United States?

Graft in Mexico does not swell to the monumental proportions that it does in countries more completely industrialized. A good deal of business is done, in fact, without the payment of any graft at all. One man I know whose business in Mexico is extensive, and who enjoys to an unusual extent the confidence of the Mexicans he deals with, told me ruefully, only a short while prior to the Obregon administration, that he has just had to pay out his first bribe after more than ten years of doing business in the Mexican interior. He got a laugh out of it, however, and the incident may be worth telling here, for the sake of comparison, if nothing else, with Mr. Morrow's idyllic view. I will have to be a little vague, for some of the persons concerned in the episode are still among us.

The American was asked by a certain New York business house to secure assurances that if the business men in question undertook a large project in the Mexican interior, the government would not oppose or embarrass them. The American went to the cabinet minister into whose department the matter fell. He knew this man

well, and had always dealt with him previously without paying even those trifles which in Mexico are known as "legitimate graft."

This time, however, things were different. Another group of foreign financiers, their representatives new to Mexico, had, the minister said, only lately approached him with the same proposal. The American saw at once that friendship alone would not swing the deal. The minister indicated that the consent of three other somewhat lofty government officials was involved. "Well, then, how much per man?" asked the American. The minister said that two thousand dollars apiece would be delightful: eight thousand dollars in all. "A thousand each is all I'll do," said the American, and picked up his hat. The minister said that would be splendid: four thousand, and friendship, were certainly enough. They shook hands on it, and the American rose to go, remarking: "As you know, I have done business here in Mexico a good many years. I deal C. O. D."

"Your word is your bond; we know that," said the minister, and bowed him out.

But in a few days around came the minister. The matter, he said, grew increasingly delicate. The other concern was offering six thousand dollars, paid down. "I'm out, then," said the American. "Four thousand, paid on delivery, is my top." The minister was most cordial. Everything, he said, might yet be arranged. That same afternoon, the American got what he was after, all written out in apple-pie order, and delivered the four thousand dollars. Also, it was later found, the less experienced mediators for the other concerns paid, that same afternoon, upon a mere verbal promise of

delivery, their six thousand. Thus those four engaging villains up there at the capitol took ten thousand in all, twenty-five hundred apiece, out of the smart foreigners; and the concern which paid the higher figure got nothing except experience out of it.

MR. MORROW was a long-range financier of no little ability, but he had never done business directly in Mexico, and could not be expected to understand the way things are done at the far end of the industrial conquest by the men on the scene. He was infinitely above petty connivance; and that is as it should be. Only, it is a good thing, at times, if you are going to understand a country, to know what is going on.

Habitually, he dwelt much within his own mind, and gave little heed to the mundane world around him. This is well known. His secretaries in New York had constantly to break in upon his daydreaming to remind him where he was, and the nature of his next appointment. Every one in the States knew this about Mr. Morrow; it was a subject, even, of journalistic chat and anecdote. Nobody minded it; for it was also well known, up there, that Mr. Morrow was, notwithstanding, a brainy and able man. But foreign residents in Mexico know astonishingly little of men and events beyond the border, and the new ambassador's gentle air of drifting reverie (an air first accentuated, I imagine, by the 7,200-foot elevation, to which every one has to get accustomed) set tongues to babbling in the colonies. Much of the comment was stupid and cruel; but for some of it there was, I think, cause.

I am thinking, particularly, of no action on the part of Mr. Morrow, himself, during his comparatively brief term in Mexico, but rather to the incessant ballyhoo kept up by the staff of press retainers sent along with him, I imagine, by the Grand Old Party to groom him as a possible successor to the presidency. In the hands of this energetic retinue of press-agents, the gentle and cultured Mr. Morrow was, it seemed to me, helpless. In their despatches home, everything was magnified and gilded beyond all sense. To live close to unalterable—or, at best, very slowly alterable facts—as we do here; and to see the problems of centuries magically solved, every time you picked up an American newspaper—that *was* a little hard to take. And I did not find Mexicans greatly impressed by all the press hullabaloo.

The good that did come, in the end, out of Mr. Morrow's brief and puzzled ambassadorship to Mexico, grew, it seems to me, out of his genuine and sensitive appreciation for that in Mexico which is most beautiful and certain to endure. His love, for instance, of Mexican antiques was not pumped-up or diplomatically pretended, but instinctive and real. Out of all the chaos and bloodshed through which Mexico had passed since the days of Porfirio Diaz an excellent impulse has been born: a disposition on the part of Mexicans no longer to imitate Victorianism, and more recent cultural shoddy of the pale-faced countries, but to look to their own native Indian sources, and develop these. Widely read and reflective, Mr. Morrow may not have understood very thoroughly in the short time allowed him the welter of revolutionary Mexico, but he did understand

that here were a proud race of people striking into their past to bring forward, out of wreckage, something great. I do not feel that the importation of Lindbergh and of Will Rogers and so on had as much to do with building up the much-talked-of "good will" in Mexico as did the simple fact that the Morrows really respected Mexico's racial aspirations, and all their personal dealings with Mexicans made that felt.

It is just possible that enough of this feeling, fed into the propaganda works of the embassy, altered a trifle the ignorant persuasion, back home, that all Mexicans are low-down "greasers"; but this I doubt. The "good feeling" those propagandists were after was the sentiment of "Morrow for President." And when one stops to think of the mounting trials of that office, Mr. Morrow's failing health and the great tragedy that was fated to darken his daughter's household, one can hardly be sorry that he had to die. Those larger ambitions were never to be realized, but in the short time allowed him in Mexico, he did some good.

But I have pushed ahead of my story. Let us go back, then, to Carranza, the Reformer.

XXI

THE ANOINTED SCAMPER

FROM the spring of 1918 until the spring of 1920, with a growing daughter to educate and instruct in the ways of the world, I was out of Mexico. On the train from New York returning, was an elderly American who knew a great deal about Mexican politics. He told me that Bonillas would be the next President; that Carranza was playing the same old game, putting in his own candidate with the idea that at the end of his term he would himself again come in as President. Simply to provide a little healthy opposition, I told the old gentleman that I was perfectly sure General Obregon would be the next President. He was horrified; it was, he said, absolutely impossible; the United States was in favor of Bonillas; everything was arranged.

"Well," I said, "Mexico is Mexico. When everything is arranged you can be sure that something else is going to happen."

Two thirds of this was said in jest, the old man putting me down, I am sure, as a thoroughly stupid woman. But what I said came true. When Obregon decided to run as a candidate for the presidency he went to the Minister of War and announced himself as such. Carranza opposed this so strongly as to force Obregon into a revolution. Obregon and Calles—two men simi-

lar only in that both were sincere patriots—started the revolution in Sonora.

I hadn't been back in town four days when Obregon sent Pablo Gonzalez into the city, waiting outside himself with the army behind him. Carranza was given a certain number of days to resign and leave Mexico. The excitement was tremendous. Always a coward, Carranza took the warning, and again was off to Vera Cruz.

His days of grace he employed in headlong robbery. You could not go two blocks without seeing a line of automobiles and carriages in front of some house, and into these cars were being loaded everything from old oak wardrobes to kitchen stoves. The whole city seemed to be moving. Carranza's satellites had as many mistresses as he had; so you can imagine what a lot of packing there was to be done.

Carranza might have escaped with his life if he hadn't been so greedy. His train stood waiting with steam up for two or three days, but there were always a few more things to be taken away. He even took the *cartones*—cardboard currency—which looked more like street-car tickets than anything else. He took the funds from the treasury and even the light fixtures from the palace. For days we saw these great government wagons moving through the streets, bursting with everything that could be crammed into them.

On the thrifty Carranza's last day in Mexico City, one of our friends lost his Packard. The car was in the largest garage in town. Early that morning some of the departing Carranzistas broke in, killed the night-watchman, and took all the cars nearest the door. Our friend was not wealthy enough to furnish any Car-

ranzistas with Packards without feeling it; all that day he rushed around looking for his car.

Everything was going out through either the San Lazaro or Buena Vista stations; so he sent one of his employees to watch San Lazaro while he kept his eye on Buena Vista. The last train from the station pulled out at four o'clock in the afternoon with everything on it from girls to grindstones, but no car. Never was seen such luggage—nearly one whole train crammed with nothing but chattering, painted females, the Carranzista harem, with their bird-cages, parrots, and stacks of luggage from trunks to bandboxes. The patio of the station was full of typewriters, chairs, oak wardrobes, and half of all this they were compelled to leave behind for lack of space on the trains.

In great distress, our friend went to the Café Colon and ordered a tall drink of straight Scotch. This made him feel so much better that he decided to have another, and that second tall one saved his car for him. As he came out onto the sidewalk, there limping down the Paseo de la Reforma, came his Packard, stacked high with luggage. The car had two flat tires and was moving slowly.

Our friend jumped on the running board and told the driver to turn the car over to him or be shot. The bluff worked. He made the soldier drive the car to the garage and there, for safety against further theft, dismantle it. The success of this recapture was further remarkable in that the American was unarmed, except for those two big shots of whisky, whereas the soldier had guns hung all over him.

The last time I ever saw Señor Carranza was on the Paseo de la Reforma. He was going hell-bent for nowhere, the driver using a police or ambulance whistle to open traffic. The car was a beautiful Packard cabriolet. I think this is about the last time anybody saw Mr. Wilson's favorite Constitutionalist in Mexico City. Five minutes later, he, all his followers, thirty or forty women, and sixty millions in gold and silver pesos, were gone.

An Englishman who was on that last train, trying to get a paper signed by Carranza—not realizing that he was really being chased from the country—relates how the train had hardly got out of the station before the ladies of the retinue were in their chemises, running their hands through the gold, opening bottles of champagne, and how a perfect orgy went on during the entire night. Other detachments left town by way of Guadalupe and San Juan Teotihuacan, and tore up the track behind them. They made no provision for water and oil. Gonzalez's men would tear up the track in front, and then run ahead a few miles and tear up some more. They kept this up until the Carranzistas were exhausted.

The Carranzistas decided to leave the train at Aljibes. Besides the Englishman there was a negro named Ellis on the train who had been working on a free port concession and so also was there to get Carranza's signature. Ellis woke up, looked out of the window and saw the First Chief, Luis Cabrera, Carranza's Minister of Finance, and a lot of others getting into automobiles. Everything was quiet in the car. Ellis

dressed, went out of the train, and secured the signatures he required.

The Carranzistas were leaving in their automobiles for Nautla, where Carranza was to take ship to Cuba. It was said afterwards that he was trying to get through the mountains to Coahuila. The cars were loaded with boxes of money, and the soldiers were throwing away their ammunition and filling their pockets with gold. They had loaded all they could into the automobiles. Ellis and the others decided that it would be better for them also to leave in a motor, so they took an automobile down from a flat car and finally found enough gasoline in other cars to start this one. Ellis put a lot of gold in the gas tank and into his pockets.

The Carranzistas started off first in automobiles with the horses following, but soon abandoned the cars and took to the hills on horseback. After a day or two there were only about thirty or forty of them left. In the end they had to throw the gold away, for weariness. For months afterwards the Indians' chief sport around there was picking up gold.

Snipers pecked at the fugitives from ambush all along the way. Ellis had taken a sheet from the Pullman car. As they drove along the road he would hold the sheet high up as a flag of truce. He was among the few who still held on to his car. The original party was now widely separated.

Finally Ellis's party ran on to General Trevíno, who stopped them and took all the gold he could find. This done, he allowed them to go on into Puebla, but only on condition that they turn the car over to the

military authorities. This they did. Ellis had hidden several thousand pesos *oro nacional* which Trevino hadn't located. He came out of the rout with a nice profit, not to mention a petition properly signed.

OBREGON came into the city two nights later. Wallace and I were driving that same day past the Iron Horse, when we heard an extra being called. Carranza had been killed, the paper reported. "I can't believe," I said, "that Obregon would fail to profit by General Huerta's mistake. I hoped he'd have sense enough, when he killed, not to advertise the fact." Wallace agreed; and said he was perfectly sure that these extras had been issued without Obregon's knowledge. This must have been true, for it wasn't two hours before another extra was on the street contradicting the first, with a great story about how the Carranzistas were overpowering the Obregonistas and that Obregon stood a very good chance of being beaten. That reassured us. Obregon, plainly, was not going to offend, as did Huerta, the moral sensibilities of the United States. Washington having recognized Carranza, might well have taken the same attitude toward Obregon; and no American in Mexico wanted further confusion. We were further comforted by a strong feeling that Carranza was dead, which he was.

The full facts came out later. Carranza kept going up into the hills until finally he was way up in the mountains. Here he was met on the road by a general whom Carranza did not distinctly remember, but who now

professed great loyalty and offered comfort, saying, "This is my country. No one shall harm you. I, myself, will guide you through to the coast."

The general's family lived in the Zacaltepec country. There had been a feud between his family and the Cabrerass. When Luis Cabrera was governor of Puebla he had arrested this general's father; and to all pleas for clemency Carranza had turned, as usual, a deaf ear. The general's father was shot.

And now Obregon and Pablo Gonzalez had sent word to this son of the family to head Carranza off, and hold him captive. They didn't want Carranza to go to Cuba, and didn't want him killed—at least not yet. Obediently, for the moment, the mountain general led Carranza and his party to a site carefully picked—a narrow piece of land sticking out over a barranca; you could jump down but you couldn't jump back again.

On this site was a little village. A hut had already been picked out for Carranza and cleaned and made ready for him. Bonillas and a certain general and some other officers were given huts on the other side of the village. The Indians very courteously got supper for all of them. About nine or ten o'clock that night, when everything was quiet, the general got up and went to Carranza's hut, striking a match as he came to the doorway. He had placed Carranza's cot on the opposite side of the room, and wished to know if Carranza had changed his bed around. Carranza woke up, startled: "What is wanted?" he cried. "I only wished," his host answered, "to see that you had everything you ought to have." At that he started pouring bullets in Car-

ranza's direction, and did not stop until his guest was a heavily-weighted corpse.

Bonillas in his excitement tried to climb down the barranca and nearly broke his neck. Cabrera also climbed down, and was lucky enough to get away. The other officers were brought back with Carranza's body to Mexico City. Carranza's heart was sent to his daughter for burial; the body was too decomposed for shipment. The general was tried and acquitted. He is now a brigadier-general stationed at an important outpost.

I believe that Obregon was perfectly sincere in his expressed wish that Carranza should not be killed. He gave the true story of Carranza's death to our State Department. Whether Wilson was too busy with peace conferences, or whether Carranza, as the current saying went, had been taken from the *sala*—drawing-room—of Mr. Wilson's affections and thrown into the cellar, none of us will ever know. But we do know that he shed no tears over the death of this one-time favorite, and what in 1914 had been an act of violence against nations and humanity, was in 1920 taken quite as a matter of course.

Obregon had lost an arm in the hard fighting of those intervening years of chaos. At his inaugural he raised not his good remaining arm but the battle stump, and swore to preserve in peace, as in war, his country.

PART SIX

OBREGON AND CALLES

XXII

WE DANCE AGAIN

ZAPATA was dead. Carranza was dead. Only Villa now was left on the field of battle, opposing the victorious Men of Sonora, headed by General Alvaro Obregon and General Plutarco Elias Calles.

Both Calles and Obregon were strong and decent men, ranchers up there in the north country of Mexico, and true patriots, not seeking gain and fame for themselves, but determined to bring back peace and order to Mexico. Control of the government now had passed from the men of the State of Nuevo Leon, where the Maderist revolution against Don Porfirio Diaz had started in 1910, to these Men of Sonora, who had joined General Carranza in his revolt against the Huerta government. The Sonora group grew rapidly in strength from 1916 onward, and in 1920 became the dominant political party. It remains so to-day, thanks to the wise, inflexible temper of Calles, who daily seems to gain in strength.

Señor Adolfo de la Huerta was made this party's first Provisional President after the fall of the Carranza government. De la Huerta was not particularly ambitious and not in the least sanguinary. Soon after General Obregon had started his presidential campaign, General Pablo Gonzalez turned against him, and formed

a revolt. Obregon asked the Provisional President to sign an order for the execution of Gonzalez. De la Huerta refused, saying, "We are all revolutionists. We hold power now only in the same way that he is trying to get into power, and I am not going to execute any man for starting a revolution."

In accordance with this policy, and also perhaps because Villa was such a hard man to catch, de la Huerta brought about the retirement of General Villa at the rather high price of a million dollar estate in the State of Durango.

General Obregon, nominated for the presidency, at once launched an extensive campaign himself, touring all Mexico.

At this time Doctor E. J. Dillon, an Irishman with a world-wide reputation in international politics, was sent to Mexico by an important group of New York capitalists to sound out General Obregon on his intended policy toward outside investors. Soon after the doctor arrived in Mexico City he sent a note to General Obregon asking him for an appointment. Obregon asked him to call at the palace at eleven the following morning. The doctor, who is very precise, was there exactly at eleven. He waited and waited. After cooling his heels in the anteroom of the general's office for three-quarters of an hour he grew impatient and, calling one of the attendants, said:

"Please convey to General Obregon my compliments and tell him that I have been received by kings and all the prime ministers of Europe and have never been kept waiting, and that I do not intend to be kept waiting by any revolutionary candidate for the presidency

of Mexico!" This said, the fiery doctor fairly slammed himself out of the room.

When Obregon received this message he was greatly perturbed, and sent a messenger post-haste to ask the doctor to return to see him at four o'clock. The doctor replied that it would be to no purpose; he had decided to leave Mexico that night. Obregon, whose own origin was Irish, his name having been originally O'Brien, liked the doctor's spirit. He sent a note saying that shortly before four o'clock he would send his motor-car.

These two men, so opposite in every way, made friends at sight. Obregon, who was leaving that night in his private car for a speaking tour of the west coast, insisted that this new-found friend accompany him. Dillon, a good politician, joyfully accepted the opportunity to get closer to Obregon. He rushed back to the club, where he was staying, threw a few pieces of wearing apparel into a bag, and was off.

Soon after this Obregon made another trip, this time to Yucatan, and again invited the doctor to go along. On their return to Mexico City I gave a small dinner for the doctor. He was in great form. It was always cold, he complained, in Mexico, and asked if he might wear his overcoat during dinner. There he sat, with the collar of his overcoat turned up, his bald head and fringed beard just peeking over its edge, telling us all the amusing difficulties of campaigning with Obregon.

At Esperanza, Obregon decided to have his private car sidetracked, as he wished to lunch with some influential friends who owned an hacienda near by. Obregon himself came from a family of *rancheros*. His father had had a big farm and many children, and he had

made them all work on it; Obregon really understood and loved Mexican ranch life.

The doctor had no interest, he said, in farming. He begged off, and settled down with a book in the railroad station until Obregon returned. Studious and absent-minded, he suddenly heard people exclaiming, "There goes General Obregon's train—*Viva Obregon!*" and a great deal of shouting and calling. Dashing out, the doctor by a frantic display of agility managed to swing himself on to the rapidly moving platform of the last coach.

But the shouts of the populace had been, as so often is true, misguided. This, it seemed, was *not* the general's train. It was a through train to Vera Cruz. The poor doctor tried to send off a telegram, but no one could help him, so he had them stop the train for him at the next station, and got off.

The station was nothing but a station and one or two mud huts, with no telegraph office, and no one in sight. It was pouring rain and dark as pitch. Out of the storm and darkness lumbered a two-wheeled cart with a man on it who was driving with one hand and carrying a candle with a paper wrapped around it for a light in the other. The doctor offered him a cab-fee big enough to buy cart, bullocks, and driver, and off they set, back for Esperanza, through the night. For hours they fell into one rut only to be bounced out of it into another. They jogged and splashed along, being almost thrown from their seats in their hurry; and the rain soaked them through. When they finally pulled up at the station, the general's train was still there. An hour or so later Obregon appeared, very happy and gay after his little

rural excursion. "Which teaches us," said the doctor, "not to despise simple pleasures."

But the very next day at Coatzacoalcos, again reading, the doctor heard them crying, "There goes General Obregon's boat—*Viva Obregon!*" And this time it was true. The party had really sailed for Yucatan. Wildly, his book clutched in his hand, his whiskers flying, the scholarly doctor gave pursuit in a hired motor-launch. The big boat was slowly sailing out of the harbor. The doctor stood up and waved frantically and the people on the boat waved back at him politely and the ship went sailing on. Obregon, however, happened to ask for his friend, the doctor, and no one could find him. Then some bright young officer remembered seeing a man standing in a launch wildly waving to the boat. Could that be he? This news was conveyed to General Obregon, who ordered the ship turned back.

That wasn't the end of the doctor's troubles. From Yucatan he sent us a distressed telegram saying that all his money had been stolen, so please send him more at once. We teased his young Irish wife a great deal about this, telling her there were very beautiful women in Yucatan, and that the tropic climate there affects even the most scholarly.

Mexican pickpockets are incredibly deft. Four or five golfers, I remember, in Mexico City always used the *rapido* tram-car to take them to the Country Club. They stood one day waiting for the *rapido*, with the usual swarm of bootblacks around offering them a shine, when suddenly one of the golfers cried, "My God, one of these lousy bootblacks has stolen my watch!" A policeman was called and the boys searched, in vain. The

men went on, played their golf game, and on the way back into town one of them put his hand in his pocket, and drew it forth, exclaiming, "Look!" It was the watch.

PEACE, it seemed, had returned to Mexico, and we were gay again. From 1920 onward there gradually re-assembled a young group of Mexicans recruited from the old society of the capital, the society disrupted at the time of the Maderist revolution, ten years back. The World War was over, things were changed; standards less formal, and life more frantic and joyous, it seemed, than ever before.

The French, Brazilian, Belgian, and Spanish legations entertained extensively. Chapultepec Restaurant had smart and joyous Sunday nights. Bull-fighters were in the rise socially—in Mexico hitherto an unheard of thing. Money flowed freely, and a great many interesting visitors descended upon us. Having a large house, I did more than my share of entertaining. Every Thursday from sixty to eighty people came at six for tea and a buffet supper, and stayed until four in the morning; and every week-end we took out from six to eight people to our house at Cuernavaca.

In 1921 and 1922 I traveled with my daughter abroad, returning just in time for the de la Huerta revolt against Obregon.

De la Huerta now was Minister of Finance in Obregon's cabinet. After he had negotiated the de la Huerta-Lamont agreement, the newspapers played him up as

the cleverest man in Mexico and Obregon, it is said, did not care for this.

Whether it is true or not I don't know, but the story goes that de la Huerta was to have been made the subject of a political demonstration at his house, and that when he answered the call of the people and came out on his balcony, he was to be killed. At any rate, de la Huerta spent several nights at the American Embassy, and then hastening from the city, started a revolution. Only a short while previously Villa, whom de la Huerta had paid to retire from active banditry, had been ambushed and killed. This, too, was held to be a move of political significance. Be that as it may, the de la Huerta revolt was soon put down, and General Obregon became more powerful than ever.

SOON after my return a Brazilian in Mexico on a government mission gave a large luncheon for the President. Here for the first time I met him, and I found him charming. He asked the host to bring me with those who were gathered in a small anteroom, for cocktails before luncheon, and seemed in no hurry either to get to the table, nor, once there, to leave it. At luncheon, he sent me by a waiter his menu card, autographed. A frank and simple man, he loved good living; and it was pleasant after all the toil and danger through which he had passed to see him having such a good time. I left the luncheon at six o'clock. The party was still going strong, with girls dressed as *chinas poblanas* dancing and singing. As I said good-by, the President

protested, "But you can't leave the party until I do."

I answered, "No, Señor President, but maybe you were invited for luncheon and tea; I was only invited to luncheon!" The shot didn't go home, however. The host told me afterwards that the President had only begun to weary of the party at one in the morning, after twelve hours.

Another party I remember was a beautiful ball at the Brazilian Embassy. All the descendants of the old-time régime were there, but how changed was Mexican society now! What most marked this change in my mind was that Dolores del Rio (Madame Jorge del Rio) suddenly started to dance a solo dance in the middle of the ball-room floor. She had a divine figure, and she was wearing a tightly fitted gown that showed every line of her body. At first people were a little taken aback, but as she went on and on, dancing ever more beautifully, they applauded frantically. This is the first time any one knew that Lola could dance solo. She was an important figure in Mexican society and every one was outraged when she went into the movies. The older ones still take that attitude, but the younger ones are modern enough to be proud of her success.

We were all very gay during this summer in Mexico. The Charles Seegers were with us for a few months, and other interesting people came visiting us from time to time. The diplomats were doing more than their share of entertaining. The Panis—he was Minister of Finance—entertained often and beautifully; and the President continued exceedingly sociable.

And then across all this gaiety was cast a great shadow, the murder of Mrs. Rosalie Evans. It is useless



OBREGON

"A frank and simple man, he loved good living."

here to repeat the story. She had a farm at the edge of Puebla, which farm, under the revised constitution of 1917, the government claimed. By tact and patience, she might have carried her point, but she was a woman alone in the world, frantic, and, toward the end of her lone stand against the inevitable, she was undeniably mad.

I was at a *thé dansant* at the French Legation when Señor Pani told me the news. I was unable to go anywhere for days. Ambassador Warren, who was present, heaved great sighs of sorrow. It was not he; it was Mr. H. A. Cunard Cummins, who played the noble part in trying to save Rosalie Evans and her property. Her letters to her sister read like some story of the fifteenth century. One cannot realize that all this happened in our own time. I knew her well, poor thing. It is foolish to tempt death. This she knew, but she was a valiant woman.

XXIII

FLURRY

THROUGHOUT most of 1921, 1922 and 1923, I traveled in Europe. In 1925 I went again to England to chaperone Alice-Leone and to be presented at Court. We returned to Mexico at the moment of the Serrano and Gomez revolt against Calles, who had succeeded to the presidency at the end of Obregon's first term, in 1926. My luck, such as it is, had held. There had been no revolutions in Mexico during my many months of absence.

The first week-end after my return we motored to Taxco—a lovely old colonial town, its buildings, roofed with red tiles, sprawled over the irregular ground, and threaded by a maze of narrow streets paved with pebbles laid level from house to house. For years I had wanted to visit this quaint old place where in 1522 the first silver was discovered and sent from New Spain to Europe, but it had been inaccessible by motor until quite recently the Obregon and Calles government built that splendid motor road which connects the capital with the port of Acapulco on the Pacific Coast.

After I had had enough of sightseeing I went to sit in the square and watch the people. The whole village and country-side was there in the Plaza, the men in their clean starched white cotton suits and their large

straw sombreros, the women in their gaily colored calicoes and *reboxos*. There they had been sitting for hours, selling the products which they probably carried on their heads or their backs half the night in order to reach the church in time to pray before their patron saints, San Sebastian and Santa Prisca (the mass had been denied them by the anti-clerical party now in power).

In some parts of the interior, especially in the mountainous districts, nowadays, the people are so poor that they cannot support a church. Their religion is kept alive with a small tin picture of a saint given them by a priest. This picture is given to eight or ten families. Each family keeps it three days. They prepare a small altar and keep a candle burning before it for these three days. At the end of that time the tin saint is put into a sack and carried over to the next hut, and so on, until in the course of a month or so, each family has enjoyed its blessings.

The priest usually makes them a visit every six months to collect what he can in each community. At this time he reblesses the saint. He holds services, baptizes such children as are brought to him, says a few masses and then is on his way again. Here in Taxco, the day was Sunday, yet no church bells rang, and the people seemed just as soulless and just as gay as ever.

Gracefully they wandered from one booth to another. Those picturesque booths, so temporary, made of four poles and a strip of *manta*, but sufficient, and not burdensome—no rents to pay. As market day ended, around three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw them pack up and start back to those mud-baked huts, with leaky

thatched roofs, there to sleep on the damp ground and shudder.

Those who live near by may come back the next day, but most of them will not return until the following Sunday. Those Sunday morning roads crowded with peons going to the nearest village in Indian file are unforgettable sights in Mexico.

All this was passing through my mind when I realized that my chauffeur was standing before me. He was excited. Something was wrong. "*Dios!* Don't tell me there is another revolution! And we a hundred miles from Mexico City," I remember saying.

The Plaza was suddenly animated. The peons had heard the war news too. They talked, they shrugged their shoulders, but seldom did I hear a voice raised above that deep murmur like the sound of bees in the air. The one sharp sound was the slap of their sandaled feet as they walked slowly about the Plaza.

I sat there wondering if these Indians would be part of the new revolution. Would they again be exploited in order to advance some one higher up? What could be said that so overcame their gentle wantlessness as to lead them on to such devastation as they accomplished under Zapata? All those broken walls, ruined houses, devastated haciendas, that one sees driving through the states of Morelos and Guerrero—one wonders how they were aroused to do it; and then, taking thought, one does not wonder at all. Four hundred years of oppression cannot be wiped out in one generation, nor in many. The poor peon's life is narrowly circumscribed; his impulse is to seek only sufficiency for the day, never giving thought to the morrow. He is still so much of a serf in

instinct that he would squander rather than accumulate. His poor worldly possessions never go beyond a few cooking-pots, a mat for a bed, a blanket to roll up in, a hen, a hog, and a dog, all accomplished scavengers. No wonder such poor human beings are eager to venture forth on a stolen saddle and horse, armed for any adventure.

We remained until Tuesday in Taxco, and then drove to Cuernavaca. On this trip we saw a gorgeous and unforgettable sight. Against the della Robbia blue of the Mexican sky and amid the torrid heat of her tropical sun rose into view the three snow-capped volcanoes, Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl, and the Peak of Nevada. At Cuernavaca we were given gruesome details about the shooting of Serrano's dinner party—thirteen guests in all. They were taken up a near-by road and shot when they were supposed to be attempting to escape. Thirteen small wooden crosses mark the spot, to this day.

This uprising didn't last long. By this time the revolution proper had long passed. Obregon had ended the real revolution in 1920; in 1927 he had only to stamp out the dying embers. Generals Serrano and Gomez were candidates for the presidency against him. They were both eliminated by the firing squad, leaving Obregon alone in the running as a candidate for a second time to succeed Calles. The Obregon-Calles combination was impregnable, but between the Serrano-Gomez flurry and the Church quarrel with the government, Mexico managed to keep up something of her old-time standard of excitement during the winter of 1927.

KIDNAPPING of foreigners for ransom became quite a vogue, and in the case of one elderly American the outcome was tragic. This poor old man, set free by his kidnappers, was trying to work his way back to Cuernavaca. He was past seventy and ill, and he knew not a word of Spanish. Naturally frightened to death by his experience, he was seen running in among the underbrush by soldiers at one of the outposts near Cuernavaca. They called out, "*Alto.*" He hadn't the faintest idea what the command meant, and not knowing if they were friend or enemy, tried to keep himself hidden in the brush. The soldiers, getting no answer to their call to halt, saw a stirring among the bushes. They fired a volley, and killed the unfortunate man. To put a stop to this kidnapping racket, the government took every tenth man from the village of Huitzilac and hanged them to trees along the road, as a warning.

Many stories were told that year of hold-ups along the Cuernavaca road. People strictly truthful in every other way seem to lose control over their imaginations when they talk about bandits and robberies. I doubt if any of these hold-ups we heard about that summer were any more exciting than the one Wallace and I experienced one Sunday afternoon on our return to Mexico City from week-ending in Cuernavaca. Suddenly from nowhere appeared a group of armed men, all in a semi-military garb of khaki, and surrounded our car. Wallace politely asked the *jefe*, or leader, what he could do for them. The *jefe* answered, "We wish money for our cause." Just as Wallace was fishing for some money to give him, the leader's hat blew off. In a flash our faithful old chauffeur was out of the car and racing

down the road after the hat. He caught it on the second bounce, brought it back, carefully dusting it, and handed it to the *jefe*. The leader said, "*Muchisimas gracias, Don Santiago.*" (This was the name by which Wallace was known on the west coast, so he must have been a former employee or a friend.) Anyhow, with a most graceful wave of his big felt hat and an "Adios," he and his men rode quickly away. I was sorry to see him go; he looked so nice and was such a polite bandit.

XXIV

LEADEN WHIRL

IN Mexico, where the most sordid things take on a romantic tinge and where the tragic is always lightened by the grotesque, many a good laugh comes by way of the police station. General Cruz, who was head of the police department at this time, had many black deeds recorded against him. Among his own people he was a terror, but to the majority of foreigners who came before him he was always exceedingly polite, and showed a great sense of humor.

I think, for instance, of a rather prominent American from one of the larger cities of the Middle West who came to Mexico. At home, on account of his prominence, he was compelled to observe the prohibition law in public. But Mexico wasn't home, so he had gone off at the deep end in great style. He was returning to Mexico City after having made an excursion into Orizaba. At one of the innumerable stations on the way up, some girls got on to the train. At the station they had been smiling and throwing kisses to their family. Our Midwesterner in his elevated condition had mistaken the family for himself and was enchanted at the girls' display of affection. As one of them passed his seat, he reached out and attempted to pull her down beside him.

She let out one of those embarrassing shrill screams

which can mean anything from murder to a mouse and before the bewildered Corn Belter knew what had happened the whole car was up in arms. At the next station the conductor had him arrested, and he came into Mexico City between two *rurales*.

At the Pyramids, San Juan Teotihuacan station, a good old sport, an American of thirty years or more residence in Mexico, got on the train. He saw at once that the prisoner was an American, and one who was probably well known at home, so he offered assistance. The prisoner answered ruefully, "They are going to shoot me," and told the story.

On arriving in Mexico City, the old resident rushed off immediately to find Cruz, who roared with laughter and promised to call up and arrange everything at once. The mediator went to the police station to get his man out. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes he told the police judge that he must have the man released *pronto*, else he would at once get Cruz on the telephone. The order was immediately given for the Midwesterner's release.

Within three minutes a cadaverous-looking Englishman who was well known for getting drunk, walked out. As he passed he murmured to the old resident, "Thanks so much, old fellow, for the interest you have taken in me."

"What's wrong with him?" thought our friend, then forgot about it. After standing about for another five minutes without any sign of his American, he began to demand action again.

"But where's the man that came out? Who was he?" asked the officer.

"I never saw him before in my life."

"Go in yourself and get your man out before half our prisoners walk out on us!" the officer said.

A few days later our friend met the Englishman on the street, and was thanked effusively. "Don't thank me," said the deliverer, and explained what had happened.

"Ah! My lucky day," said the Englishman.

One of the diplomats had the unfortunate habit of going on a great bender every once in a while. He would get lost for hours on end, his wife rushing all over the town trying to find him. The wife, who is a great friend of ours, was always nervous when her husband left the house in this condition, and I was often asked to help in the search. One day he slipped out quietly before luncheon, after he had been drinking for two days. She and I spent the entire afternoon and evening trying to find him, but no luck. At ten o'clock we returned to the legation at our wit's end; then in he came. Sliding across the room, he dropped on one knee, kissing his wife's hand and begging her forgiveness.

It seems that he had taken a tram-car near his house, and in his unsteady condition had fallen into the lap of a fat Mexican woman. It was so comfortable there, he had made no effort to get off, and his thanks for a couch so billowy sent the passengers of the car into roars of laughter. The woman, livid with fury, tried to push him away. Always polite, he protested, but when she wouldn't listen, he grew hurt and disgusted. "Señora," he said, "you don't think I fell into your lap by choice, do you?" Well, if she was angry because she thought he had, she was twice as angry to think he hadn't, and at

the next corner she called a policeman and had him arrested.

This ornament of diplomacy was far too tipsy to explain that he couldn't be arrested. At the police station he had a few more *copitas* and a nap. After his little sleep his brain cleared and he showed his diplomatic card to the police judge, who sent him home with General Cruz's and his own abject apologies.

Cruz is gone now, and the police force is far the better for it. But one misses the Cruz stories, just the same. His father, they say, had been a milkman in the prosperous town of Monterey. When his son became an important man in the government he was made an "income tax collector." Then the old man would drive through the streets at breakneck speed in a great Lincoln car, with his former friends of the milk-cart days yelling after him, "There goes Juan in a Lincoln-tax!"

ABOUT the time of Obregon's second campaign for the presidency, we were invited to a house-party at a beautiful hacienda near Puebla. I had not visited on a hacienda for many years. It was the same old life as in the time of Don Porfirio, except that the house had been ruined by bandits and it was rather more like camping than before. Our host and the three girls in the party lived in their *charro* suits and on horseback.

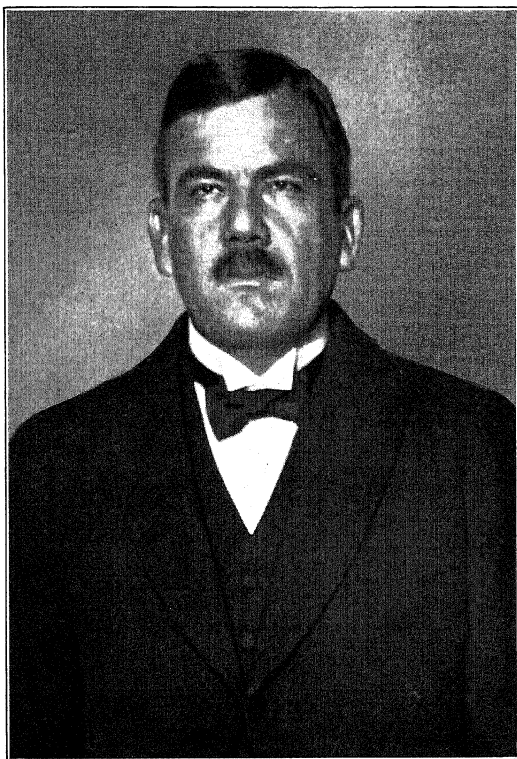
On the night before our arrival our host had passed a most exciting evening. He had been invited by the colonel of the garrison at a little town near his property, to participate in the murderous game of *Bailar el Cohete*—the Dancing of the Bullet. He was afraid to

refuse this invitation. All the big hacendados had suffered so much at the hands of the military that they wished at any price to keep friendly with the *jefe* of the garrison near their property.

The colonel invited him to dinner with ten other men. When they had eaten and were having their coffee, they played.

Bailar el Cohete is played with a loaded revolver, hammer cocked, which is placed in the center of the table. One of the players puts his finger in the trigger guard and spins it until it starts firing. You are not permitted to jump from the table—not unless you wish to be shot by a firing squad instead. You must sit there and take your chances on not being hit by one of the bullets. Five times this little drunken colonel had the revolver spun. The casualties were two dead and four wounded. Luckily, our host was unharmed. This is a great game in the small towns of the interior, and the more killed and wounded, the merrier the game.

OBREGON, elected for the second time President of Mexico, was destined never to take the chair. In July, 1928, some one gave a men's luncheon party for him at the Bombilla Restaurant in San Angel. The place was a bower of roses. At the back of General Obregon's seat was a great curtain of flowers, with "*Viva Obregon*" worked in a design upon it. A cartoonist—Toral—came in and drew cartoon after cartoon of the different men at the luncheon party. He had the complete confidence of every one there, moving from one side of the table to the other while the men ate.



CALLES

" . . . plays a wonderful game of poker."

The one he did of Obregon was excellent. He took it over and gave it to the general. As he leaned over Obregon to hear what he was saying about the cartoon, he pressed his revolver to the general's side and shot him dead.

They say that this Toral was a religious fanatic, and did his deed to avenge the Church. To all the crimes ever committed in the name of religion, this one then must be added.

The death of General Obregon was the greatest loss that Mexico has suffered since 1914. With Calles, he had been the outstanding figure in the Revolution since Carranza took over Mexico City in that year. We had watched him grow from a *ranchero*—with all the class prejudices and hates that that name implies—into a great general, and from a general into a great president, one who was tolerant, determined, and brave.

CALLES, however, was always the brains of the combination. As much as one liked Obregon, the fact remains that of the two, he could better be spared.

Obregon was the politician, in the popular sense of that word. He "played ball." Amiable, a good mixer, flowing with promises, and under it all sincere of purpose, he added greatly to the popularity of Carranza's overthrow.

Calles, on the other hand, was never the mixer. He has been ever since his arrival at the capital in 1916 a man of mystery. He stands in the public mind to-day for something strong, inflexible, even a little sinister. That is the only kind of government Mexico under-

stands. And whoever it may be that holds the title of President—the hidden hand of Calles is the iron hand that governs Mexico and keeps the peace.

Obregon slapped backs. Calles forgoes that gesture; and no one, you may be sure, has ever slapped his. He inspires fear. So, in his mighty days, did Don Porfirio. Yet, even as Don Porfirio, Calles in his personal and family life is a model of tender affection. No scandal about women has ever been connected with his name; and that in Mexico is as rare a phenomenon as a hen with teeth.

Miss von Lind, a German governess who taught Alice-Leone in her childhood and who since has taught the children of the Calles household, tells me that never in her life has she witnessed such grief as that of Calles, the Dictator, when he lost his first wife. She had been his closest councilor. Nearly always he lunched at home with her, and they would sit for hours afterwards discussing problems and policies. He never confided in any one else. When she died, his grief and loneliness was the more terrible, because he bore it so sternly, so utterly without demonstration. Now he has happily remarried, and his home life takes all his time apart from affairs of state. His children of the first marriage, all married, two of them to Americans, are much at the house; and by his charming second wife he has two younger children whom he adores.

Calles plays a wonderful game of poker. He has developed to an art the practice of letting some other man undergo the fatigue and waste of all the outward presidential functions, while he—Calles—exerts the actual power. He has actually occupied the chair for

one term only. Now, heavily guarded, he lives quietly and turns all his energies to the essential things. When he gives his word, he makes it good. His most recent official title was Minister of War. But when Alberto Pani, Mexico's ablest Minister of Finance since Limantour, was recalled from New York last winter and replaced in that position, which he had held during Obregon's first presidency, it is notable that he set out at once for Cuernavaca to report to General Calles, after the most perfunctory payment of respects to the President.

The Calles house is just down the road from, and opposite the castle. It is a common saying in Mexico City that over the castle gate is now engraven: "Here is the home of the President, but the President lives across the way." Alice-Leone told this to a mutton-headed young American diplomat at a recent dance, and the poor youth tramped all around the palace next day looking for the sign.

The Mexican cabinet at the moment is the best since the days of Huerta. The army has been reduced, yet made far more efficient. In particular, the ridiculous proportion of generals has been reduced. Calles has swept the boards clear of all the hangers-on of Obregon. He has pushed forward road-building to such an extent that next year we shall have a modern highway not only from Mexico City to Acapulco, on the Pacific Coast, but all the way—through Laredo, Texas—from New York. Formerly, if one wanted to go to Acapulco from the capital, it was a matter of going by mule-back for days, or else by rail and sea, via San Francisco, and back by sea and rail via El Paso. It is impossible to overestimate how much these miles of improved hard roads have

helped Mexico. They have done more to prevent revolutions than anything else. Again, Calles has taken a great interest in airplane transport. The passenger lines from Mexico City to the States is one of the best in the world, and air mail reaches New York in two days.

General Cruz and similar engaging ruffians no longer run the police of Mexico to suit themselves. City and rural police alike are polite and able now, and well disciplined. Many of them speak several languages, and are at the service of strangers as interpreters. The languages they speak are indicated by the flags of various countries embroidered on their arms. Mexico is safe to travel in again; safer now, by far, than at any time since the days of Porfirio Diaz. Out of chaos, another strong man grew.

Such men are few and far between. If Calles were to be killed to-morrow, I should expect to see Mexico plunged back into revolutionary turmoil and slaughter. *Viva Calles!* should be in Mexico not only a cry of praise, but a prayer.

THEY did revolt against him once, in 1929, when Portes Gil was President *pro tem*. Among the military at that time reigned a seething dissatisfaction. Calles, in the interests of economy and order, had just cut down again on the number of generals. For the first time in Mexican history, it was said, her army now nourished fewer generals than corporals. Not only that; tired of paying for pearl necklaces, etc., for the generals' mistresses, Calles had tightened up on money and accounts. This was intolerable. General Gonzalo Escobar lifted

seven hundred thousand pesos from the bank at Torreon and started a revolution.

Calles, who was ill at the time, took the field himself at the head of the federal troops and put down the rebellion concisely and with speed. He and Almazan did the job so thoroughly that all we knew of the affair in Mexico City was what we read in the papers. The whole thing began and ended very rapidly in the north.

Since that time there has been hardly any excitement, even in the press. The country is now so ruled and disciplined that it seems, by comparison, tame. Tamed, however, it most certainly is not. Mexico remains herself. All that is brought in from without touches only, and not always beautifully, the surface of her languor and her charm. But it amounts in the end to very little. The new is lost in the always old.

In the United States, things change people. Good roads and the motor, for instance, as they penetrate into the back, country, alter everything. Not only the pace of vehicle traffic changes, but the pace of the people walking, and the cadence of their speech, and the way they stand. The scenery, too, is transformed; it becomes hard-edged, blatant, and imitative. In Mexico this is hardly true at all. Mexico absorbs change.

Along the modern highway that Calles has thrown across the country trudge Indians ancient as doom. They make an unforgettable picture as they pause to see you pass, slowly turning upon you their disk-like eyes. They may hardly know, after so much *pulque*, whether they are at the side of the road or in the middle, but, drunk or sober, they are beautiful in their stiffly starched white garments, with bright, complementary colors, and their

air of belonging there. You are happier for having seen them. They fit so perfectly into an ageless background of mountains, *maguey* fields, and cactus.

So, too, the little towns: the new road passes through without touching them, in any vital sense, at all. As always, in the square in front of the church, is the market, a throbbing splash of color, with white-roofed booths; and all around are the villagers, slowly walking or sitting in groups to talk. Their voices come to you as a long-drawn-out murmur, rising and falling. You cannot pass through such a town without catching a little of its stillness, its mysterious peace.

Closer to the cities, the capital in particular, it is easier to see progress and to believe in it. Male peons who used to go slip-slap along in sandals are strutting now, stepping out a little, in cheap yellow shoes. Peon women who in other days went barefoot now totter along in machine-made dresses, with short skirts, on American high-heels, and bear their burdens a little more proudly in blissful belief that they are right up to the minute in style. Yes, the more urban peons have changed a little, outwardly. It is noticeable, too, that they have become of late years rather less servile and polite. Only the very old have that God-bless-you-Massah manner for which elder housewives of the resident aristocracy—how reminiscent of our own South after the rebellion!—can be heard to sigh.

No more than a week ago one of these old-time *peons* stopped by my car and asked me humbly for a small penny. He was drunk. I told him to go away. The poor thing pulled off his hat and begged to be forgiven for having so much as approached me. I would rather see

them wearing ugly American yaller shoes, and strutting a little, than like that. God knows they are humble enough.

In Mexico City, the impression of change is strongest. The good old coaches are gone. The streets seethe with careening motor vehicles. Reeling camions have displaced trams. Movie signs flare and beckon with grandiose vulgarity. Hollywood architecture has elbowed out the French modes favored by Lamantour and many of the native shops have traded their birth-right for a mess. The sharp, hard glitter of standardized commercial contraptions dims, a little, the old enchantment, and at times would seem to deny the very existence of the courtly, slow and charming Mexico we used to know.

But only a little, and briefly. Underneath, nothing is changed. Far more truly at one with the city than all this surface importations are the people's songs and fiestas, their funerals and the faded signboards of their *pulque* shops, which tourists rarely note. They are worth noting, those drawling, gentle names which Mexicans find for that forbidden abomination of the northland, the saloon; they tell so much of the Mexican outlook, slyly humorous, gently philosophic, the outlook of a people who really believe in nothing, watching life slip by. Here are the names of some *pulque* shops I remember having seen lately: I Feel Like Firpo. The Third Kick. My Office. Memories of the Future. And (best of them all, I think) The Library of Those Who Are Wise Without Knowledge.

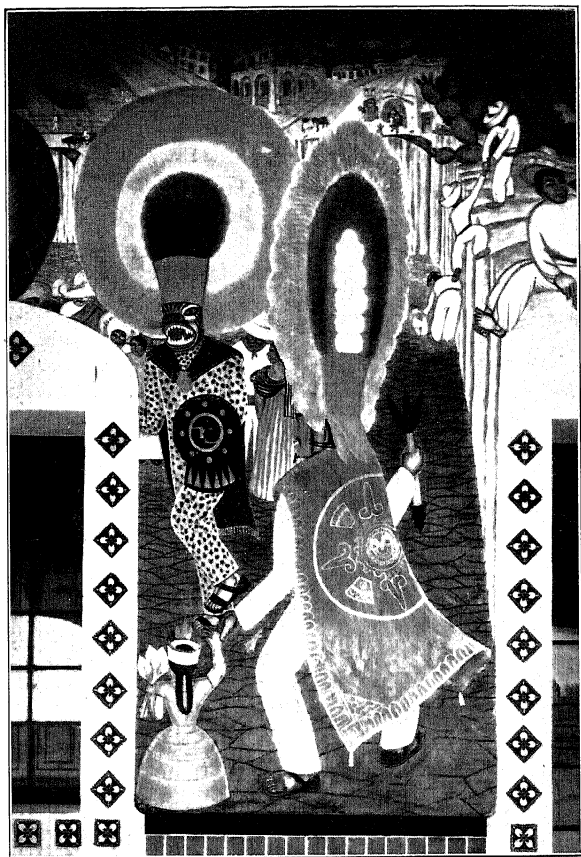
In the capital and elsewhere, pistols are not so much in evidence as they used to be. If they are worn now it

is considered better form to carry them out of sight. In plain sight, they were more picturesque, and hardly more dangerous than they are now, on the hip.

ALTHOUGH many of us who have come in from the United States and other countries may yearn, more or less, for the elegance, ease and security that we enjoyed during the lifetime of Don Porfirio Diaz; and although many of us have lost heavily in the revolutions from 1910 onward, I doubt if many of us would really want to go back to the Mexico of that time. "Those good old days in Mexico"—one gets a little weary of hearing about them just as one grows tired, in time, of aging parents muttering, "In *our* day, things were thus and so." From all these years of tumult there are certainly gains to be counted, as well as loss.

Throughout all the classes of Mexico, for one thing, the lot of women has been in recent years a good deal improved. Here is a real and definite change for the better. You can see the difference nearly everywhere you go. Their courtships are not so rigidly arranged for them. They walk with a more independent stride and have taken on an air of proud indifference. They work at all kinds of things; and, having gotten out from under the rule of the priests, are not nearly so religious as of old. One may speak to-day of divorce, and people are actually divorced now in the best society of Mexico. The same slackening is taking the curse off birth control.

"The priest? No, I do not miss him," a very pretty woman of the working class at Chalco told me. "He is



MURAL BY SANTIAGO

*"Revolutionary art comes up from the soil of Mexico and its suffering.
It will last."*

no longer there to scold or to hold his hand out; and I am glad. Besides, have I not all my saints and images to pray to, when I please?" The truth is, the greater part of these people were never true Catholics; but pagans who adopted such of the Catholic images as pleased them. Even now, in deepest Mexico, there are villages where the people flog these images if prayers fail to bring the requested amount of rain or harvest.

The best thing that has come out of all the whole upheaval since the overthrow of Don Porfirio Diaz has been the turning inward of Mexico to its own cultural sources, and the beautiful expression of this impulse by artists such as Rivera, Orozco, and, in the field of music, Chavez and Carrillo. This is the artists' day in Mexico. Their rise to eminence has been rapid, and has reached such heights as to command the attention of the civilized people everywhere. As recently as 1929, when Deigo Rivera did my portrait, they were paying him only twenty pesos a day. To-day, he is one of the most famous and best rewarded artists in the world. The revolutionary painters and musicians of Mexico inspire, I find, in these recent years, more interest and enthusiasm on the Continent than do any painters or musicians at work in the United States. Carrillo, if he can make good his belief that the note can be split into thirteen parts, may revolutionize music.

All this revolutionary art comes up from the soil of Mexico and four hundred years of trial and suffering on the part of the Mexican people. It derives from a long tradition of courage and dignity. It will grow.

XXV

EPILOGUE

ONLY last month an American woman new to Mexico came over to consult me, the older resident, on a domestic problem that was troubling her.

It seems that Juan, her house man, had come to her most respectfully, saying, "Señora, I must have at once fifty pesos, please."

His wages, fully paid to that day, were only thirty pesos a month, but he looked so innocent and kind and dependent upon her that she said: "Why, Juan, fifty pesos is a lot of money, with times as they are. But I will see what I can do. What do you want it for?"

"Señora, I got into a little discussion with Manuel, and I killed him, but if I give his family fifty pesos they won't denounce me to the police, so you see, Señora, I must have fifty pesos."

A few days later he returned all smiles, gay and innocent, the picture of a saint. "Señora," he said, "I am so grateful for the fifty pesos. We all enjoyed so much the funeral of Manuel."

The question was, if Juan killed so easily, whether he was a nice man to have around the house? He is still at his post, for indisputably, his mistress decided, Juan, the murderer, *is* a nice man to have around the house, and a charming and devoted companion of the children.

Any one who considers the Russians the hardest people on earth to understand ought to come to Mexico.

Back in the heart of the country, the enigma deepens. You see more plainly, out there, how unconquerable, in any final sense, are these peons who speak so softly, and move so gently, with such deliberate grace. Lately, I dashed over the fine road to Toluca. All along that road were Indians, going to market, jog-trotting on the hard, hot pavement and on the sun-baked paths at the roadside, with packs on them that mules would balk at carrying. So gentle, so timid; whenever we had to sound our motor klaxon they would jump to the side of the road like hunted animals, and turn upon us those centerless, fathomless eyes.

At Milpa Alta, the lovely Spanish colonial town where Zapata had his headquarters, I asked an Indian to show me the Rain God. He backed away, confused and frightened; but a soldier took me to the God; and there at that Aztec idol's feet were new-cut flowers, offered in placation, just as in the days of Montezuma. Time has a way of standing still in Mexico. The memory of this people runs back far beyond our own. An archæologist who visited Mexico City told me that in the south of the country there are still native priests counting in secret with grains or red corn the ancient Mayan calendar.

In Taxco, where I had received with mild animation some five years previously, the news of the Serrano and Gomez uprising, I sat again in the square to watch the people. The sun was very hot; it made one delightfully drowsy. The velvety voices of the Indians filled the air like the droning of bees and almost put me to

sleep. The sunlit plaza became a far-away scene, brightly lighted, and the people were like people moving in a dream. I do not think that I slept, for the actual time and place were never out of my mind; and it wasn't a vision, because I don't have things like that. What it amounted to was a very deep impression that these same people, or others so much like them as to make in the end no difference, had been there, just like that for generations and for generations, waiting perfectly confidently, perfectly tranquilly, and with exquisite manners, for death.

The thought frightened me. Yet they were not frightened; and that graceful acknowledgment of mortality which was now, it seemed, in their every gesture, in the way they stood, and quietly laughed, and exchanged goods and greetings, seemed to me gallant and fine.

To us life is the reality; to them, the reality is death. The poorest among them takes this world as he finds it, with an air of hauteur and aloofness, unafraid. There is something of the *gran señor*, in all of them.

The scene before me and the reflections that passed through my mind as I sat there had, both, that haunting air of exact repetition which excites in some people a belief in reincarnation; the feeling, I mean, that at some time far in the past, you have gone step by step, through the same experience, and spoken or felt the identical things, in precisely the same order and timing. But no: I had been here to Taxco only once before; and the scene then was different, the people less languorous and apathetic; another revolution, another call to meet the Inevitable Guest half-way, had just been pro-

claimed. Where was it, then, that I had sat in this same bright sun before, and watched these beautiful people with an infinite sense of peace upon me, until suddenly I caught from their humming voices and low laughter a graveyard chill that made my heart stop beating, and brought me to my feet trembling with the hair standing up and crinkling all over the back of my neck?

Now I remembered. It was at Guadalajara, more than twenty years ago now, on my honeymoon; the day I had left the hotel in defiance of Wallace's orders, and gone to sit alone in the Plaza and learn something about Mexico, first-hand. Everything changes, but nothing changes, I thought; and walking, like an idiot, rather faster than usual I hurried back to the imagined security of a modern hotel.

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